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THE NEW YORKER

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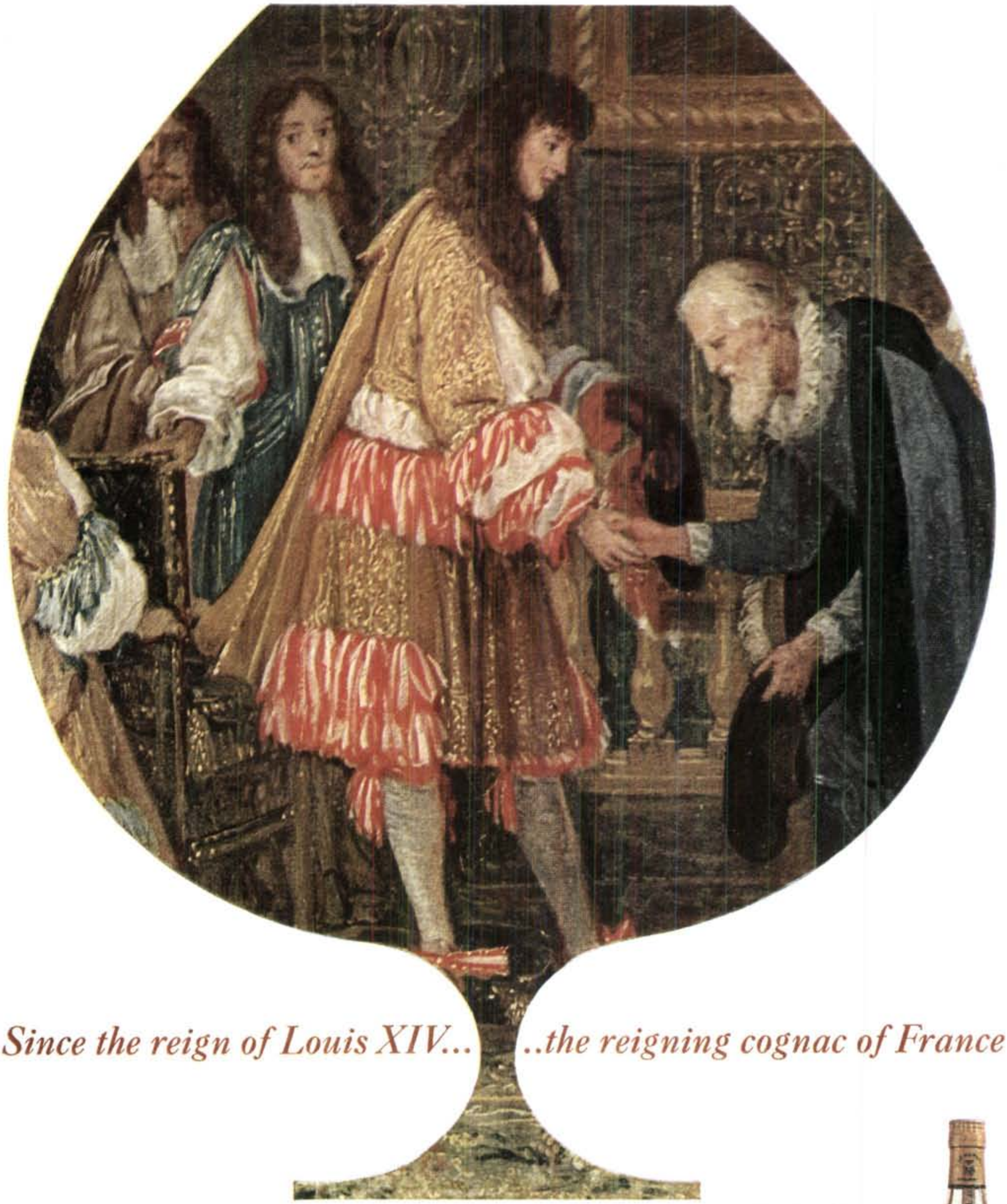

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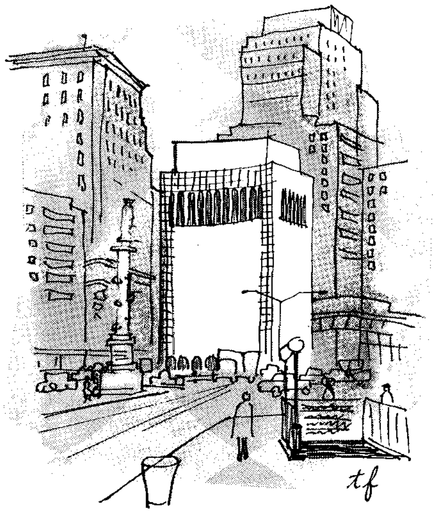

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A bright trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore are among those happily present. Mr. Burrows' direction of the comedy is alert and effective. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—A long-drawn-out struggle between a civilized Chicagoan and his beatnik son-in-law, who resides in a lower East Side loft. The play was written by William Goodhard, and is fortunate in having the services of Henry Fonda, who plays the father-in-law. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hostile Witness—A courtroom drama by Jack Roffey that moves along slowly in proving that a barrister accused of murdering a judge didn't do it. The cast is headed by Ray Milland and includes such worthy performers as Geoffrey Lumsden, Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King as a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. A frantic but not very stimulating comedy. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inadmissible Evidence—John Osborne's attenuated and cheerless drama about the disintegration of an English lawyer. Nicol Williamson has the taxing central role, which involves delivering practically non-stop monologues. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Lion in Winter—Rosemary Harris is superlative as Eleanor of Aquitaine in this pseudo-historical drama by James Goldman, and Robert Preston and the others in the company are quite helpful as they go about depicting twelfth-century royalty. But the play itself is only sporadically interesting. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 8-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Marat/Sade—The Royal Shakespeare Company, busily directed by Peter Brook, in a drama that depicts the awful situation of the inmates of an early-nineteenth-century insane asylum. Long and lugubrious. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's beguiling description of a romantic young Irishman about to leave his village for life in the New World. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb in projecting some facets of the youth, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others in the cast are laudable. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—An absorbing drama, by Peter Shaffer, that colorfully details some of the events that took place when Pizarro and his tiny band set about the conquest of Peru. Christopher Plummer cannot be faulted as Pizarro, and David Carradine is a tower of strength as Atahualpa, the Inca chieftain whom the Spaniards destroyed. The play is incisively directed by John Dexter, and has spectacular settings and costumes by Michael Annals. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 20.)

3 Bags Full—Paul Ford does his best to tease some laughter from Jerome Chodorov's adaptation of a French farce, but his efforts are unavailing, and he doesn't get much help from his supporting cast. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. (Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Wait Until Dark—In this drama by Frederick Knott, three badmen make life miserable for a blind girl because there's a doll full of heroin in her Greenwich Village apartment, but the dénouement of the business is a long time coming. Lee Remick is the put-upon young lady. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Where's Daddy?—Hiram Sherman and Betty Field are diverting as two older types in this William Inge comedy about a young beatnik couple frightened at the prospect of having a baby, but the play is fairly porous. Harold Clurman directed. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 19.)

You Can't Take It with You—A first-rate revival of the thirty-year-old comedy that is as funny now as when it was written. The play is enacted by the APA Repertory Company, and all of those on view do well by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb directed the show and he has done a scintillating job. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik plays a Jewish grandfather who doesn't believe in apartheid on the loose in South Africa, and Louis Gossett plays a native who is his custodian and his pal. A rather fragile drama, which was written by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon and has incidental music and lyrics by Harold Rome. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Sandra Smith and George Gaynes in a farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LUV:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Larry Blyden, and Gabriel Dell as three very confused (and entertaining) neurotics. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner hasn't been too successful in blending extrasensory perception and reincarnation into a smooth mixture in this musical, but the score, by Burton Lane, is bright, and Barbara Harris, as an ESP girl, is delightful. Oliver Smith has provided fine sets, and Freddy Wittop splendid costumes. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—A mediocre musical based on Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl," in which Julie Harris appears pleasantly as a lass whose head is full of dreams. The play was written by Peter Stone, and the music and lyrics are by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—A simple tale about a dance-hall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Neil Simon, who wrote the book, hasn't come up with much in the way of solid humor, but Bob Fosse's choreography and

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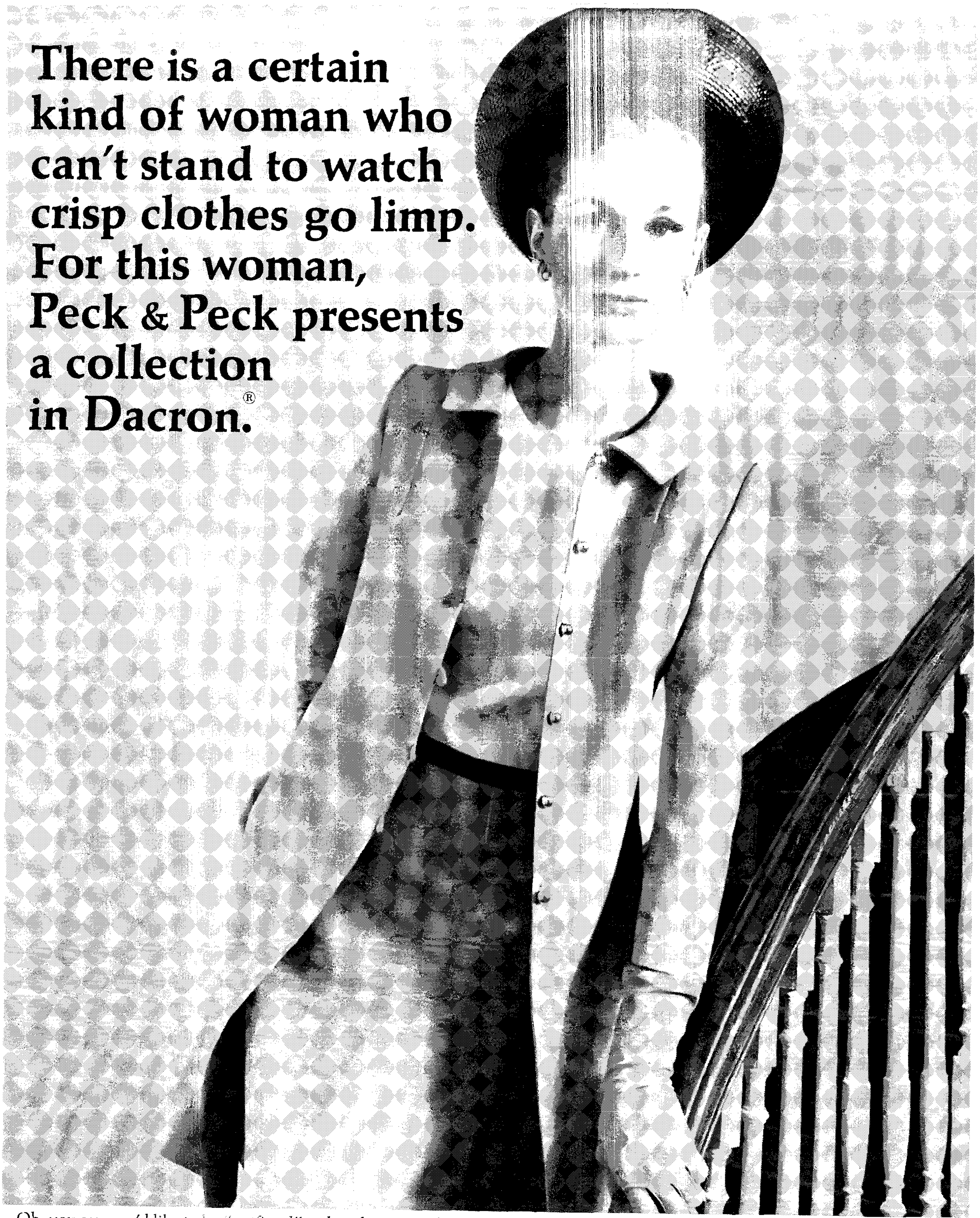

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

direction are expert, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are commendable. Gwen Verdon is fine as a girl with lots and lots of heart, and her supporting company is excellent. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa that is fresh and lively and has an admirable cast of eight, which sings assorted folk songs from all over the world, dances, and makes merry with all kinds of verve. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HALF A SIXPENCE:** Tommy Steele in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." Tony Tanner will succeed Mr. Steele starting Monday, March 21. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Mrs. Miniver. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Pousse-Café—A musical adapted by Jerome Weidman from the film "The Blue Angel," which was in turn taken from Heinrich Mann's novel. Duke Ellington wrote the music, the lyrics are by Marshall Barer and Fred Tobias, and the cast is headed by Theodore Bikel and Lilo. Staged by José Quintero. Preview Thursday, March 17. Opens officially on Friday, March 18. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mark Twain Tonight!—A four-week return engagement (new program) of Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at seventy. Preview Tuesday, March 22. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 23, and will run through Saturday, April 16. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**BUNRAKU PUPPET THEATRE:** Final performances of a two-week engagement (two programs) by this company from Japan, appearing here for the first time. Program II: Thursday, March 17, at 7:15; Friday, March 18, at 8:30; Saturday, March 19, at 2:30; Sunday, March 20, at 8:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, March 22-23, at 8:30; Saturday, March 26, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 27, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Program I: Saturday, March 19, at 8:30; Sunday, March 20, at 2:30; Thursday and Friday, March 24-25, at 8:30; Saturday, March 26, at 2:30; and Sunday, March 27, at 8:30. A limited number of simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—The company's final offering of the season is Bertolt Brecht's **THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE**, adapted by Eric Bentley. Previews Friday through Sunday, March 18-20, and Tuesday and Wednesday, March 22-23. Opens officially on Thursday, March 24, at 6:30, and will run through Sunday, May 8. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, March 19: **CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA** and **PAGLIACCI**. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, March 25: **TOSCA**.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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(Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, March 19, at 2:30.)

The Coop—A play by Ralph S. Arzoomanian. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, March 20.)

The Deadly Game—A revival of James Yaffe's adaptation of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's melodrama with philosophic overtones. The overtones get pretty annoying, but the melodrama—about what only appears to be a mock trial for murder in an Alpine villa—has its absorbing moments. The cast, which includes Rudolf Weiss, Roger De Koven, and Chet London, does quite well. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Half Horse Half Alligator—William Mooney in a one-man show he has derived from humorous pieces by such nineteenth-century writers as Mark Twain, James Russell Lowell, and J. Frank Dobie. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

Hooray! It's a Glorious Day . . . and All That—This good-humored musical spoof of musical comedies gets a bit monotonous as the evening wears on, but it has a few bright moments all the same. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 245-9569. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman, and the music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Monopoly—Four one-act plays by Jerome Kass. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Phèdre—Racine's tragedy translated into flat but insistent rhymed couplets by William Packard and, under Paul-Emile Deiber's direction, performed more or less in the French manner. The result is a production that is pleasant to look at—the movements are graceful, the set and costumes are decorative—but awfully wispy, since the acting is only so-so. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Serjeant Musgrave's Dance—A preachy melodrama done in the Victorian manner and set in Victorian England. John Colicos is effective as the fanatical leader of some deserters from the Queen's Army who come to a Northern coal town in order to expose the horrors and cruelty of war. The play, by John Arden, seems cluttered and synthetic, but The Establishment has given it a good production, under Stuart Burge's direction. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

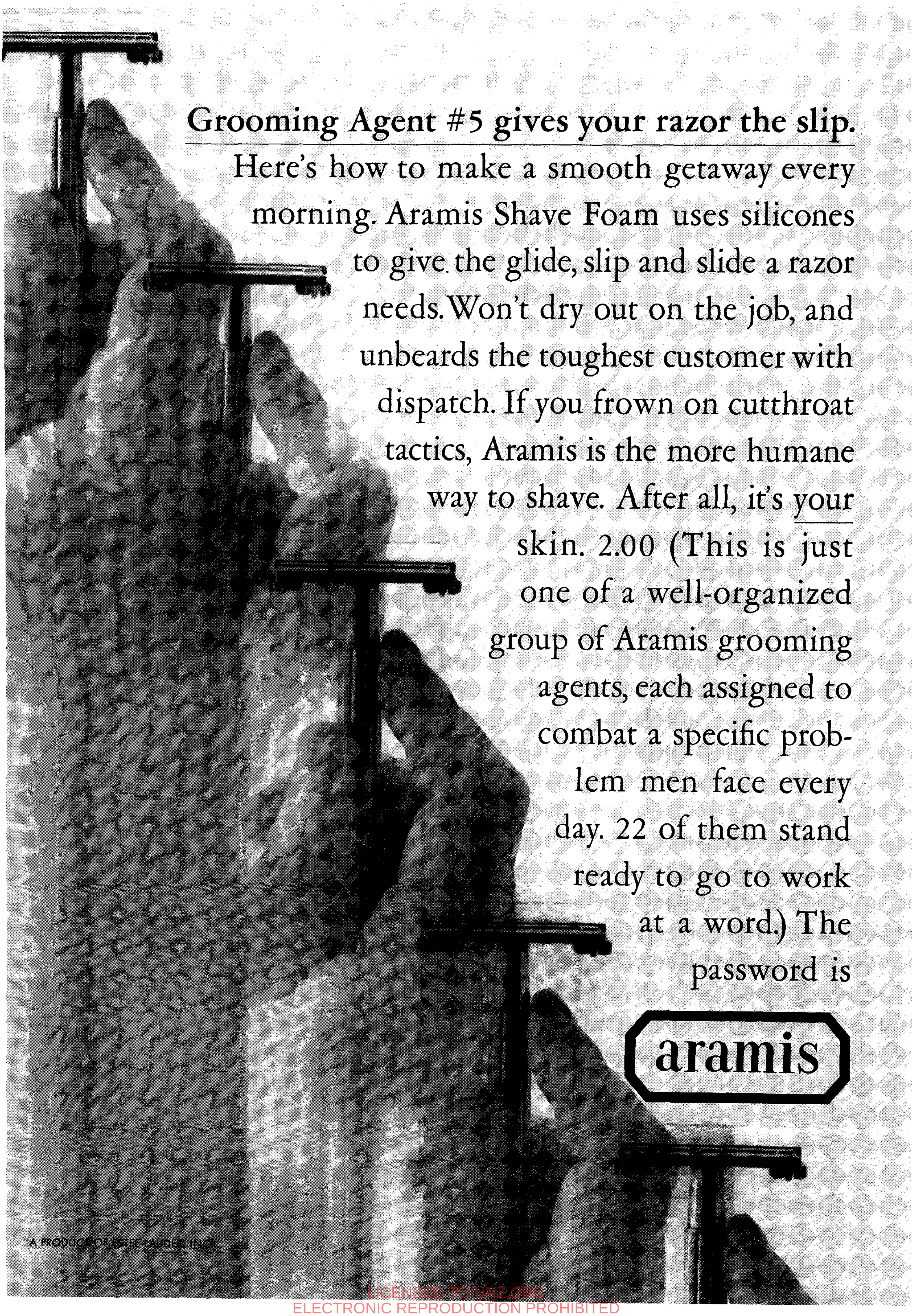
A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The White Devil—John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama, directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

José Greco—With his company of Spanish gypsy dancers, singers, and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 26, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 27, at 3.)

Paul Sanasardo—With his company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington

**Grooming Agent #5 gives your razor the slip.**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Hail the conquering heroine, generally known as Ella Fitzgerald, as she enters the Royal Box at dinner and supper to sing everything from ballad to bop with a verve and a vigor that belong to almost nobody else. Around the whole evening is the Lee Evans orchestra, all silk and a yard wide. Closed Sundays.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Seemly doings, seemly sound in seemly surroundings—the ground-floor restaurant. From eight to nine, George Anaya's Cubans execute listening music; after that, they play for prancing. The tunes run until twelve on weekdays, and until one on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Some of the latecomers who still wheel while they deal during the wee hours report regularly for duty. A brace of bands (Freddy Alonso's and Charles Bubeck's) play industriously for the entrancemakers in the main hall; in the Champagne Room, people who are just taking a rest cure listen to fiddle and pianoforte. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Fun and games for all occupants of the snug little Café Pierre is the purpose of Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the case of Diahann Carroll, who inherits the Persian Room at dinner and supper, beauty is indeed not solely in the eye of the beholder. She cracks the whip sharply on some of her arias, floats dreamily (and this is the best part of the evening) down through the others. The dance music issues from Mark Monte's gay troubadours and Burt Farber's stately contingent. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine every evening, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On a clear night, you can see . . . Or you can exercise, between courses, whenever José Melis and his orchestra issue their dulcet invitation to the dance, which they do from eight-thirty until one-thirty, Sundays not included.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The Society for the Preservation of the Big-Band Sound meets every evening but Sunday. Its current pleader for equal time is the crew of Si Zentner, sometimes complex to the point of being prolix, but a dance band all the same. On Monday, March 21, it will be succeeded by the Glenn Miller orchestra, now under the tutelage of the prominent Buddy De Franco. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The overhauled Maisonette is still making up its mind—is it a nocturnal library or is it an art gallery ablaze with murals?—but the guests remain single-minded; dine and dance is their purpose. The sound men—Charles Turecamo's orchestra (city-slicker music) and Quintero's Latin band—begin at eight-fifteen. Closed Sundays.

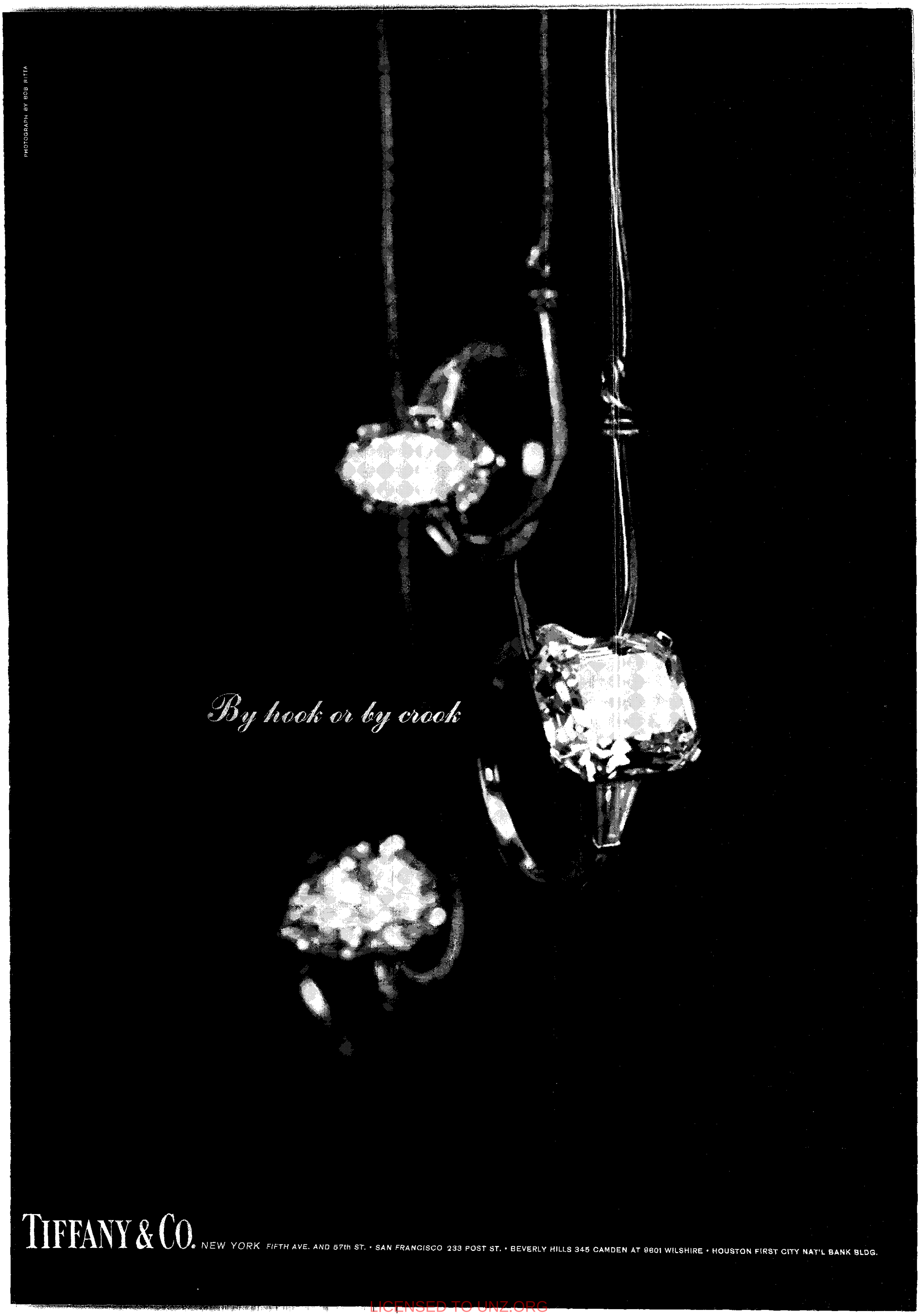
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley is at the keyboard in Peacock Alley, which resounds with his eclectic pianism from four to eight Tuesdays through Thursdays, from five to nine Fridays and Saturdays, and from five to eleven Sundays. A foursome does dance music from nine to one every evening but Sunday.

NOTE—At **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), footing it featly is the only dance within the law; no fruggers or hugger-muggers need apply. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays, understandably, are rest nights.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The Chatter Box would be as good a name, for the conversation pieces are forty words to the dozen. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **MIKE MALKAN'S**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): Too young to leave their mothers, too decorative to be kept home—that is the clientele hereabouts. The counterpoint is the dum-dee-dum piano of Mr. Malkan, prop., who works out from seven until a very late date, even on Sunday. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): It doesn't matter when the customers arrive, for if the musicians are not thumbing their way through Italian romance literature, some singer or other is giving Puccini his due or doing a similar favor for Broadway. This music is delivered night after night, and an easy-does-it dance band also operates from Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum. Laurie Brewis, whose piano choruses are sometimes sung by everyone on the premises, gets rolling in this, the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The cuisine is apt to go native, especially when it is spiced by the Jamaica ginger of the home-made ditties of Lord Superior or a faultless facsimile of him. The music happens from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven on Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The merriest toilers among the electronic performing arts get away from them all to the tune of Cecil Young's new-thought threesome, which is on duty every night but Sunday, when other groups ruminate from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, the Irene Bordoni



PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB RITTA

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(mile-long eyelashes and all the rest) of our generation, sings Bordoni songs beside, or on, the piano of her small dining room—at dinner through the week, at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports at eight beside a minute segment of parquet. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Riparian rights, and rites, along the Balkan sector of the Danube; i.e., zimbalon, fiddle, tenor, and soprano rarely cease sounding off—always with grace and gentleness. The tenor is that noble seigneur Tibor Rakossy; the soprano really doesn't matter. Béla Babai's band plays for those customers who like to dance. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The diner begins to think he has blundered into a rehearsal of "La Traviata" when his waiter suddenly becomes Enrico Caruso. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARLIE BATES**, 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Six characters in search of the Fey Nineties and the innocent music that went with them. The leader is Bob Emma, banging and chanting away at a condemned upright; the rest of the crew is Bob Gibson's threesome, which does songs of the open road. The humming begins around seven, and lasts and lasts, during the week; Sundays, instead, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band romps from four until one. . . . **BELL'S**, 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): A new New England homestead devoted to the care and feeding of young and old, as well as to frequent music—George Taylor's threesome, which has been known to break into song. The working hours are nine to three, except Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A good deed in the naughty world of Second Avenue, combining bar and grill in equal proportions. Charles De Forest, whose late-night songs are collectors' items, has a piano and a bass player on his side. He stays home Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): A memorial to the more vigorous era when New York was open twenty-four hours a day. Jimmie Daniels, a night mayor of the period, does his favorite old *chansons d'amour*, and Nancy Steele does her Theda Bara arias, and Murray Grand plays good-cheer piano. Mary Small, a later arrival in night life, gets to sing, too. They check in late in the dinner hour, but they all stay after school. Upstairs, in the **ESPIONAGE ROOM**, Bobby Short begins his night-blooming piano and songs at around the same time. Two sidemen back him up. Both establishments are closed Sundays.

NOTE—The discothèque, an epidemic phenomenon to which nowhere near enough deaf ears can be turned, is represented at its best by: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The pioneer settlement, but—frontier or not—opulent in appointments as well as menu. The citizenry is more senior than it is in most enterprises of this sort. The music—seven-thirty to three or four during the week, Sundays until one—is insistent and glittery, since it is all freshly squeezed out of a tube. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The ballet, by a distinguished cast of young volunteers, is fancy free, and every man to himself, every girl to herself. Heaven is as easy to gain admittance to. The music is sometimes robot, sometimes human. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Only Houdini could escape the knots the participants, mostly j.g., tie themselves into. Tanya Everett, the principal house dancer, is, though, an escapist far more expert than even Mr. H. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): From the song of the same name, and just as original. The *ballets mécaniques* of the house dancers are *sui generis* and amusing; the music, partly storage battery and partly real (that is, the Chambers Brothers), runs from nine-thirty to three. A certain amount of edibles, lots of drinkables.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano, receives in this sumptuous greenroom from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The extremely handsome arrival of the twentieth century in Iberia—a meeting effected without ignoring the vivid architectural past. Rogelio Reguera, the guitarist of the occasion, is a classicist and a flamencan practically beyond compare. He performs from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Visitors to this not-to-be-taken-seriously example of castle architecture along the Loire may stay on for dinner and serenading by the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes violin of Norbert Faconi, who is there every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about Loire architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, which looks and acts ancestral hall, Joe Moon is playing upper-echelon piano for anyone who is dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ Le Palais, a view of a Vienna that likes to take its time at dinner (seven to ten), offers a chef who comes from the Prater, and a zither (Hans Hansberg) from the same boulevard. Closed Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): See St. Petersburg and die—that is the theme of the heartfelt pavanes sung by Marina Fedorovskaya, the chatelaine of a comfortable and amply stocked *dacha*. She and a brace of musicians take turns from eight until two every night but Monday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The glory of Rome. The musicians, a worldly lot, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): When the eyes, fingers, guitar, and feet of the Andalusian gypsy Sarita Heredia take off, a small but purposeful cavalcade is the result. She is on hand in this resplendent refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport*. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James thought up this epitome of town-house design, from dining room to glass-topped conservatory. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and suppering in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with songs and guitar by Enzio Lembo, who runs from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The top of the evening on the Via Veneto, and just warm enough for comfort. Part of the warmth is the squadron of peregrinating musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600):

First you open the window. Then you stand up on your bed. "Now I am going to fly," you say to yourself. You spread your arms and let the air get the feel of you, and lean forward on your toes. Then say all the powerful names that have to do with flying: Orville and Wilbur and Peter Pan and Gemini, and suddenly, you'll be sailing up and banking around toward the window. On the way out be careful you don't get caught in the curtains, and hold your breath. Because it will take your breath away when you look down and see your house falling farther and farther behind, looking about the size of a lump of sugar.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Along this stretch of Bailey's Beach, the soft voice and piano of Karl Inwald will be heard for the last time on Monday, March 21. The enterprise resumes on Tuesday, March 22, to restore the watercolor piano and watercolor humor of George Feyer to the podium. Eight-thirty until about two is the speed. Closed Sundays. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Beneath the René Bouché murals (Rome on the verge of a summer dusk) in the Seven Hills, Mario Peralta plies an age-old bandonion from seven to nine, extracting from it any number of joyous sounds. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, which has an affairs-of-state look, Steven Weltner is doing piano full of variations on excellent themes. Six-thirty until midnight is his term of office. Silence on Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The calm spa and restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. In one corner is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, who flows like sweet Afton from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A new way of life for this time-honored restaurant and pub; i.e., the little dance band run by Horace Diaz moves in at nine during the week and stays until two; Fridays and Saturdays, it performs from ten until three. No music Sundays. . . . **SHERATON GLADSTONE,** 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): In the Bivouac Room, a bar that takes only Sundays off, Tony Gorody, once of Havana night life, sits down at his piano around six, and does not wander far from it until around one.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Steve Lawrence, one of the most acceptable of the boy wonders, is singing and talking; Sandy Baron, who has been making a name (Sandy Baron) for himself on Broadway, is moonlighting with jests of his own; the Copa ballerinas are in their permanent state of decorativeness and wondering what step comes next. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, jingle-jangle sets in on the podium at ten, and nobody thinks to turn it off until four or so. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Paris when it sizzles, or at least when it comes to a boil, as seen through the eyes of a sensitive tripper. During the evening, a lot of meaningful girls race on and offstage, among them a fine figure of a tiger-cat named Betty Jo Alvies. Pay strict attention to them and to Kay Starr, who gives her pop tunes a fine big soprano send-off; never mind the overwrought Hungarian ballet troupe. On Tuesday, March 22, Nelson Eddy, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, takes over from Miss Starr. Dancing for the diners, too. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Devotional services in praise of the maddest muses music has ever known are conducted with spright of foot and sleight of voice by Trini Lopez, our nearest approach to Pan. He sings the lines against a blast-furnace band, and the audience sings the responses. Fred Smoot, the humorist of the occasion, belongs in a smaller and less tumultuous public market. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Nothing is ever quite what it seems in "Pick a Number XV." Julius Monk's newest brief for dis-Establishmentarianism, for every prank, every parable, every bit of poesy turns out to be a witty engine of destruction. Elizabeth Wilson, Lee Beery, and Liz Sheridan are the avenging angels of the cast; Bill Hinnant, Dennis Allen, and John Keatts fill out a squadron of six that has the virtues and the strength of ten. The orchestra is the pianos plied by Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements. Nine and eleven-thirty are the zero hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Joaquin Robles is putting his flamencan stamps of approval on the floor of the back room, and his troupe of gypsies does its best to follow suit; the five young Mexicans who call themselves Los Vegas neatly, nimbly, and harmonically demonstrate that rocking and rolling would be ever so much better up north if it had been invented south of the border. The performers turn up at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. Sundays begin with a fulminating tea dance at three-thirty (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and end with a show at ten. . . . ¶ After ten, in the minute Flamenco Room, the guitar of Mario Escudero and the tenor of Domingo Alvarado perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The first few minutes of "Just for Openers," the new revue here, never would be missed; thereafter, the jollity is quite noticeable. R. G. Brown is up to his usual knowing tricks, and he is given loyal aid by Fannie Flagg and Richard Blair. Twice a night, except Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The centerpiece is Joan Rivers, who is using the shop as a laboratory to test (sometimes, of necessity, to destruction) her comic ideas on how to split a personality into smithereens. Sam Hamilton plays well-considered piano. Nothing happens before ten. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The piano of Bill Evans is concerned with the internal architecture of modern music rather than with such showoff devices as flying buttresses. His threesome will be supplemented, Fridays through Sundays, by the quintet of Gerry Mulligan, whose brasswork represents vim and vigor. Mondays are allotted to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen sidemen—all exulting at their temporary respite from studio work. Hank Jones, Bob Brookmeyer, and other eminences are usually included. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A double-decker operation—ground-floor dining pavilion above a grotto. In the pavilion, Dave Pike's jazz triad plays urgent feeding music every night but Monday, and Sunday afternoons (five to nine) the Jazz Inter Action Group plays urgent coffee-and-cakes music. In the grotto, on Friday and Saturday, March 18-19, Maynard Ferguson's sextet, plus Wes Montgomery and the Wynton Kelly trio, is the order of the night, and on Monday, March 21, the customary Monday session with Symphony Sid, a *Mad Magazine* sort of commentator, and a Latin band takes place. Next evening, Miriam Makeba, Africa's and Nature's noblewoman, begins another visit and another impressive song recital. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A *Brauhaus* whose only brew is coffee. Josh White, who officiated at the birth of folk music, is showing succeeding generations the means to the end; Jake Holmes is in a spoofing mood about the whole thing. The jesting is done by Howie Storm, a new hand. Mr. White signs off on Monday, March 21. After a short holiday, the Messrs. Holmes and Storm resume on Friday, March 25, along with Charlie Brown's Generation, who are rockers. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Way down yonder, where every listener is earnest and every note is fraught. Joy of living is the keynote of the sound Roy Eldridge produces, and his quintet follows suit. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Abbey Lincoln has fun with her ballads, more siren than serene, and Max Roach, for whom the word is formidable, is right there behind her with his fivesome. Their free-form flauntings occur every night except Monday, when another band is in charge. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The music to dance to that was invented by our forefathers is once again dance as well as listening music. It is turned out by Mr. Condon and a hearty crew, such as Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Roger Kellaway, and Morey Feld. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano, though often still cheerful, now and again considers "adjusted" (or "concert") jazz. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual Zutty Singleton is reaping the whirlwinds he so enjoys sowing, and he gets help from

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, Herman Autrey, and Max Kaminsky. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, there is even a bagpiper on the podium, too. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Young man, go south, and young woman, go likewise, to where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) knows no bounds. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. To top it off, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band rollicks on Sunday afternoons after four-thirty. . . . SQUARE EAST, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Nina Simone, high priestess of Delphos, is singing—to the sound of her own piano and trio—at nine and eleven week nights, and at one as well every Friday and Saturday. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Afro, Peter Lanyon, and César Manrique—Paintings; through Saturday, March 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Annette Bartle—Paintings; through April 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Harold Baumbach—Abstract paintings; through April 16. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chester Beach (1881-1956)—A memorial exhibition of sculptures in marble, ivory, bronze, and terra cotta; through April 1. (National Sculpture Society, 250 E. 51st St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Victor Brauner—Surrealist paintings; through Saturday, March 26. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sylvia Braverman—Oils and drawings; through Saturday, March 26. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Pol Bury—Moving sculptures; through April 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chryssa—Neon and metal sculptures; through April 6. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Cook—Bronze sculptures; through March 31. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Vieira da Silva—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Saliba Douaihy—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 26. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Lyonel Feininger—A retrospective of woodcuts, etchings, and lithographs; through Saturday, March 26. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Herbert George—Sculptures; through Saturday, March 19. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Michael Goldberg—Semi-abstract still-lifes and landscapes; through April 2. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Goodnough—Abstract canvases; through Saturday, March 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Léon Hartl—Landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 26. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marsden Hartley—Oils, drawings, and pastels (1909-43); through April 2. (Valente, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Barbara Hepworth—Sculptures in stone, slate, wood, and bronze; through April 9. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margo Hoff—Collage paintings; through Saturday, March 26. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Huot—Hard-edge paintings; through April 2. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Keyser—Abstract oils; through Saturday, March 26. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

John Koenig—Paintings; through April 8. (Fulton, 799 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.)

Alexander Liberman—Abstract paintings; through April 2. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter London—Paintings and drawings; through March 31. (Aegis, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Richard Mayhew—Landscapes; through Saturday, March 26. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Mary Meigs—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, March 26. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Claes Oldenburg—Pop art; through April 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Gabor Peterdi—Graphics; through Saturday, March 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Abraham Rattner—Figure paintings; through Saturday, March 26. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bridget Riley—Drawings and preparatory work; through April 2. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Peter Saul—Vietnam drawings; through Saturday, March 26. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Henry Schnakenberg—Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits; through Saturday, March 19. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Soto—Op art by a Venezuelan artist who works in Paris; through Saturday, March 19. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Frank Stella—Geometric paintings; through March 30. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Stout—Semi-abstract landscapes and figure paintings; through April 2. (Dorsky, 888 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert S. Titus—Landscapes; through Saturday, March 26. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Watts—Objects and constructions; through Saturday, March 19. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sol Wilson—Landscapes and cityscapes, with figures; through April 2. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the ACA HERITAGE, 63 E. 57th St.: A show commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Forum Exhibition of Modern American Painters, with works by Thomas H. Benton, Arthur G. Dove, Charles Sheeler, and others; through April 9. . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: "Sea and Coast," an exhibit of paintings by (for instance) Bennett Bradbury, Leonard Lane, and Stanley Woodward; through Saturday, March 26. . . . MILCH, 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Hassam, Twachtman, and Pleissner; through Friday, March 25. (Closed Mondays.). . . ZABRISKIE, 36 E. 61st St.: Paintings and drawings of flowers by, among others, Nell Blaine, Nicholas Vasilieff, and Andy Warhol; through Saturday, March 26. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the HAHN, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by such artists as Chagall, Giacometti, and Pollock; through April 16. (Closed Mondays.). . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Braque, Modigliani, and Calder (to mention a few); through April 23. (Closed Mondays.). . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Sixteenth- to twentieth-century drawings, by Boucher, Toulouse-Lautrec, Homer, and others; through Saturday, March 19.

Israelis; Group Show—Paintings by Mané-Katz, Israel Paldi, and Shalom of Safed; through Saturday, March 26. (Sheskin, 119 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Recently acquired European and American prints and drawings by a spectrum of artists ranging from Rembrandt, Peter Paul Rubens, and Claude Lorrain to Jack Levine. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A display of architectural drawings of projects and buildings by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, in celebration of his eightieth birthday; through

Tuesday, March 22. . . . ¶ Robert Rauschenberg's thirty-four abstract illustrations for Dante's "Inferno;" through Tuesday, March 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and collages (1941-55) by Nicolas de Staël, together with European drawings by such artists as Gianfranco Baruchello, Eduardo Paolozzi, and Antoni Tàpies; through April 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Marcia Marcus, Lennart Anderson, and George Segal are three of the twenty-nine artists represented in a showing of paintings, drawings, and prints purchased during the past ten years from a fund established in memory of Neysa McMein; through March 27. . . . ¶ Geometric abstract paintings and sculptures from the Museum's permanent collection, by, among others, Frank Stella, Wilfrid Zogbaum, and Ilya Bolotowsky; through April 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The fifteenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and eighty works by artists (among them Will Barnett, Robert Motherwell, and Louise Nevelson) from every section of the country; through May 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, drawings, and prints by George Bellows (1882-1925); through May 1. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through May 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Sculptures and recent paintings by Max Ernst; through April 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—"Designing for the Theatre by Jo Mielziner," a showing of scene paintings (1928-65) for "The Little Show," "Guys and Dolls," "Death of a Salesman," "Winterset," and many more; through April 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Spiral Press Through Four Decades," an exhibition of books and ephemera; through April 9. . . . ¶ Illuminated manuscript leaves; through April 23. . . . ¶ The Vinland Map and other early records of exploration; through April 2. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Tikal 1956-66: Excavations in Maya Guatemala," through April 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-first annual, composed of more than three hundred oils, sculptures, drawings, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through Sunday, March 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of the works of twenty-five American painters and sculptors who are candidates for awards. Among the artists invited to participate are Carroll Cloar, Maurice Grosser, and Ezio Martinelli. Through March 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, March 17: "Don Giovanni," with Ingrid Bjoner, Pilar Lorengar, Jeanette Scovotti, Cesare Siepi, Alfredo Kraus, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and Justino Diaz. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 18: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 19: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Reri Grist, Gladys Kriese, Nicolae Herlea, George Shirley, Fernando Corena, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 19: "Tannhäuser," with Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, John Macurdy,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Thomas Stewart, and Arturo Sergi.... ¶ Monday evening, March 21: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Loretta Di Franco, Carlo Bergonzi, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Tuesday evening, March 22: "Andrea Chénier," with Eileen Farrell, Ruza Pospinov, Franco Corelli, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 23: "Tannhäuser," with Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, John Macurdy, Thomas Stewart, and Arturo Sergi.... ¶ Thursday evening, March 24: "Falstaff," with Raina Kabaivanska, Judith Raskin, Lili Chookasian, Marcia Baldwin, Anselmo Colzani, Frank Guarrera, and Luigi Alva.... ¶ Friday evening, March 25: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Régine Crespin, Ruza Pospinov, Jeanette Scovotti, Carlo Bergonzi, and Sherrill Milnes.... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 26: "Tannhäuser," with Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, John Macurdy, Thomas Stewart, and Arturo Sergi.... ¶ Saturday evening, March 26: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Reri Grist, Frank Guarrera, Luigi Alva, Elfego Esparza, and Giorgio Tozzi. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, March 17: "The Consul."... ¶ Friday evening, March 18: "Katerina Ismailova" (in English).... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 19: "Street Scene."... ¶ Saturday evening, March 19: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Sunday matinée, March 20 (primarily for children): "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English).... ¶ Sunday evening, March 20: "The Consul."... ¶ Tuesday evening, March 22: "Capriccio" (in English).... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 23: "The Consul."... ¶ Thursday evening, March 24: "Katerina Ismailova."... ¶ Friday evening, March 25: "Danton's Death" (in English).... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 26: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Saturday evening, March 26: "Katerina Ismailova."... ¶ Sunday matinée, March 27: "Don Rodrigo."... ¶ Sunday evening, March 27: "The Love for Three Oranges." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Thomas Schippers conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, March 17, at 8:30; Friday, March 18, at 2:15; and Saturday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Max Rudolf directing, with Lorin Hollander, piano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Malcolm Smith, bass; and the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory Chorus and Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 22, at 8:30.)

Houston Symphony Orchestra—Sir John Barbirolli conducting the first of two concerts, this one with Evelyn Rothwell, oboe. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 24, at 8:30.)

Paris Chamber Orchestra—Paul Kuentz conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Festival Orchestra—Thomas Dunn conducting, with Charles Rosen, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting a chamber orchestra in two programs of Italian baroque concertos. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday and Monday, March 20-21, at 8:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Wolfdieter Maurer directing the last two in a series of concerts. (Town Hall. Friday, March 18, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 19, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 18, at 8:30.)

New York Chamber Soloists—With Charles Bressler, tenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 20, at 3.)

Régine Crespin—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, March 20, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Evenings for New Music—The third in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss, this one (which was postponed from Nov. 9) devoted to the music of Globokar, Nilsson, Carter, Von Biel, and Schoenberg. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 22, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-66—A concert followed by a discussion period with the program's composers, among them Ralph Shapey and Lester Trimble. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, March 23, at 8.)

Cesare Siepi—Bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 23, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Serkin, Alexander Schneider, and Leslie Parnas—Piano, violin, and cello, in two programs of Haydn trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 24, and Saturday, March 26, both at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Contemporary Music Society—The last in a series of programs of new music, this one performed by Milton and Peggy Salkind and Charlotte Hegyi, piano, and Julius Hegyi, violin. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, March 24, at 8:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the performance.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Bowman Room, Biltmore Hotel, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. Friday, March 25, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call CO 5-8444.)

Andrius Kuprevicius—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 26, at 5:15.)

Erica Morini—Violin, in a recital postponed from March 5. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 26, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 26, at 8:30.)

Peter Nero—Pop pianist, with an orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, March 26, at 8:45.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—"Jazz Arrangers Workshop," with Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, Bob Brookmeyer, Hank Jones, and others; Billy Taylor narrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 18, at 8:30.)... ¶ Jimmy Giuffre, with accompaniment. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, March 25, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, March 19, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Boston.... ¶ Tuesday, March 22, at 8:30: Knicks vs. St. Louis.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 18: Don Fullmer vs. José Gonzalez, middleweights, 12 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)... ¶ Monday, March 21, at 8: Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, March 23, at 7:30.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30. The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, March 19.

Professional Tennis—Kenneth Rosewall, Rodney Laver, Lewis Hoad, Pancho Segura, Alex Olmedo, Luis Ayala, Pancho Gonzalez, Andres Gimeno, Earl Buchholz, Pierre Barthes, Mal Anderson, and Michael Davies. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesday, March 22, at noon; Thursday, March 24, at

4; and Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, at 7:30 P.M.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, May 24.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The New York City Opera Company presenting a performance, primarily for children, of "The Love for Three Oranges," in English. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Sunday, March 20, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **EXPLORE, INC.**: "Buffalo Bill." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 19, at 2:30.)... **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK**: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS**: "Young Ben Franklin." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 19, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:30 on the day of the performance.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 210 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 2:30.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS**: "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.)... **STORYLAND THEATRE**: "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, March 19, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, March 20, at 1:30 and 3:30.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS**: "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show, "The Meaning of Spring," describes the motions of the earth and the causes of the seasons, and compares our seasons with those of other planets. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—A program of Russian-English works, read by Andrei Voznesensky and American translator-poets. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, March 24, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7; Wednesdays through Saturdays, and Monday, March 21, from 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 19, at 1:45: French and English furniture and decorative objects, belonging to several collectors.... ¶ Tuesday, March 22, at 1:45: Historical manuscripts and literary material; from various owners, including the Valentine Museum, Richmond, Virginia.... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, March 23-24, at 5:30: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by such artists as Braque, Matisse, Miró, Picasso, and Rodin; from the collection of the late G. David Thompson. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Casanova '70—A comedy in which little else matters except that Marcello Mastroianni plays the title role and that all his victims are beautiful. Directed by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through March 22. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 20-22.)

Dear John—A boldly written, boldly photographed account of a three-day love affair. With Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin, and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Doctor Zhivago—A movie that is mostly settings, with such actors as Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, and Omar Sharif milling about in what amounts to unemployment. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, March 17, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Flight of the Phoenix—A Walter Mitty dream come true: a band of brave men putting together a new plane out of the bits and pieces of a wrecked one. With James Stewart, Peter Finch, Richard Attenborough, and Hardy Krüger. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013; through March 20. The theatre will be closed after 8:30 on Thursday, March 17.)

The Group—Mary McCarthy's celebrated novel about some members of the Vassar Class of '33 has been conscientiously brought to the screen, but it lacks Miss McCarthy's bite. In the big cast are Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Candice Bergen, James Broderick, James Congdon, Larry Hagman, and Hal Holbrook. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Juliet of the Spirits—Another glorious plunge into the grab bag of Federico Fellini's fantasies, here thinly disguised as those of a suburban Roman housewife. With Giulietta Masina, Sandra Milo, and Mario Pisu. In Italian. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

King and Country—Tom Courtenay and Dirk Bogarde in a grim story of the First World War, brilliantly directed by Joseph Losey. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Leather Boys—An immaculately executed study of a pair of post-adolescent newlyweds. Shot in and about London and starring Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton. Sidney J. Furie was the director. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through March 22.)

Lord Love a Duck—A wild and woolly contemporary comedy, written and directed by George Axelrod and starring Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Male Companion—The hero of this comedy wishes not to earn a living and to make conquests of innumerable girls. An impossible goal, but he comes close. Starring Jean-Pierre Cassel and directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through March 21. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 95th, AC 2-1200; starting March 23.)

The Moment of Truth—There are several different truths to be found in this extraordinary film by Francesco Rosi; one is that bullfighting is an abominable activity and another is that it's very beautiful. The hero is played by an authentic matador, Miguel Mateo Miguelin. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 19.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Our Man Flint—More death-defying high jinks à la mode de Bond, with James Coburn in the title role. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger makes this account of a corner of hell in Harlem one of the remarkable pictures of the year. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting March 23.)

The Shop on Main Street—A comedy as sad as it is funny, made in Czechoslovakia and starring two exceptionally fine actors—Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—A mystery of notable ingenuity, resolved against high odds by Yves Montand. With Simone Signoret, and directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold—A strong, old-fashioned, no-nonsense melodrama, with an intricate plot and excellent acting by Richard Burton, Oskar Werner, and Claire Bloom. The director was Martin Ritt. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 19. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 22.)

The 10th Victim—A very witty movie about the twenty-first century, when murder has become a form of useful play. Starring Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress, and directed with zest by Elio Petri. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A collection of the world's funniest actors in a funny movie about the early days of aviation. Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Gert Frobe, and others. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A Thousand Clowns—Herb Gardner's Broadway hit, much improved by being shot all over Manhattan. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 23.)

Thunderball—The best, as well as the most opulent, of the James Bond daydreams. Sean Connery again, and the director is again Terence Young. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; March 17. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting March 23.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Fréderic Rossif. After nearly thirty years, the pictures have a terrible and touching immediacy. With an English narration. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Where the Spies Are—David Niven plays a gentle doctor suddenly pitted against a passel of international secret agents. A witty movie, well written and well directed. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting March 23.)

REVIVALS

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 17.)

Billy Budd (1962)—A rousing sea story, starring Peter Ustinov, Robert Ryan, and Terence Stamp. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 22.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The celebrated old wheeze. A German picture, with Conrad Veidt. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 17.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in nightgowns and at war. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 18-21, last showings on March 21 at 2:28.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Four members of the Order of the British Empire. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting March 23.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl, and Tom Bell is the boy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 23.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 22.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through March 19.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting March 23.)

The Scarlet Empress (1934)—Who but Catherine the Great? Played on this occasion by Marlene Dietrich. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting March 22.)

Il Successo (1965)—Vittorio Gassman in a comedy about a businessman on the make. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 19.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 20.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1928)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 17.)

Two Women (1961)—A movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 22.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting March 23.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting March 18.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—March 17 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Extraordinary Adventures of Mr. West in the Land of the Bolsheviks" (1924), a silent film, with Russian titles. . . . ¶ March 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Station Master" (1925), a Russian film. . . . ¶ March 19 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Kino-Eye" (1924), a silent film, with Russian titles. . . . ¶ March 20 at 2 and 5:30, March 21 at 2, and March 22 at 2 and 5:30: "The Man I Killed" (1932), with Lionel Barrymore. . . . ¶ March 23 at 2 and 5:30: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930), with Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Through March 20: A program of experimental shorts. . . . ¶ The first two programs in a series called "A Tribute to Albert Lewin." March 22: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (1945), with Hurd Hatfield and George Sanders. March 23: "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami" (1947), with George Sanders and Angela Lansbury. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE GROUP.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"An Evening with Batman and Robin," four and a half hours of it, no less.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
OUR MAN FLINT.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Singing Nun," Debbie Reynolds, Ricardo Montalban.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

Vctoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Silencers," Dean Martin.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
KING AND COUNTRY.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through March 22: "Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens.
From March 23: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 22: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.**
From March 23: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 22: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian); and "The Heroes of Telemark," Kirk Douglas, Richard Harris.
From March 23: **WHERE THE SPIES ARE**; and "The Sandpiper," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
THE GROUP.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Silencers," Dean Martin.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE GROUP.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 22: "Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch; and "Johnny Reno," Dana Andrews, Jane Russell.
March 23-24 at 2:15 and 8:15: "La Bohème" (in Italian), performed by the La Scala Opera Company.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320))
"Hamlet" (in Russian).

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through March 21: **MALE COMPANION** (in French).
From March 22 at 8: "Shakespeare Wallah," Shashi Kapoor. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call MU 5-9080.)

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
LORD LOVE A DUCK.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Band of Outsiders" (in French), Anna Karina, Sami Frey.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 22: "That Darn Cat," Hayley Mills, Dean Jones.
From March 23: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 22: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.**
From March 23 (tentative): "The Heroes of Telemark," Kirk Douglas, Richard Harris; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau. (On Tuesday, March 22, at 7:30 and 9:30, "Cain and Mabel," a revival, with Marion Davies and Clark Gable, will be shown instead.)

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 22: "Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch; and "Johnny Reno," Dana Andrews, Jane Russell.
March 23-24 at 2:15 and 8:15: "La Bohème" (in Italian), performed by the La Scala Opera Company.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Chase," Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
March 17: ***TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD*** and **THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI** (both silent films).
From March 18: **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** (in French), revival; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through March 19: **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival; "Freaks," revival, Olga Baclanova; and "Day in the Country" (in French), revival.
March 20-22: "The White Sheik" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi; and "Vitelloni" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi.
From March 23: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 19: **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian); and **IL SUCCESSO** (in Italian), revival.
March 20-22: To be announced.
From March 23: **THUNDERBALL.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 22: **THE LEATHER BOYS**; and **BILLY BUDD**, revival.
From March 23: **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
March 17: **THUNDERBALL.**
March 18-22: "The Heroes of Telemark," Kirk Douglas, Richard Harris; and "Mickey One," Warren Beatty.
From March 23: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and "24 Hours to Kill," Mickey Rooney, Lex Barker.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 19: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD**; and "The Truth About Spring," revival, Hayley Mills, John Mills.
March 20-22: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian); and "The Hill," Sean Connery.
From March 23: **MALE COMPANION** (in French); and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through March 22: "Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch; and "Johnny Reno," Dana Andrews, Jane Russell.
March 23-24 at 2:15 and 8:15: "La Bohème" (in Italian), performed by the La Scala Opera Company.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through March 20: "Three Dolls from Hong Kong" (with Mandarin dialogue); and "Empress Wu" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.
From March 21: "The Black Fox" and "The Revenge of a Swordswoman" (both with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
KING AND COUNTRY.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through March 20: **THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX.** (The theatre will be closed after 8:30 on Thursday, March 17.)
From March 21: "La Fuga" (in Italian), Giovanna Ralli, Anouk Aimée.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 17: "The Grand Olympics," revival, an Italian documentary on the 1960 Rome Olympics; and "To Love" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.
March 18-21 (last showing on March 21 at 2:28): **DUCK SOUP**, revival; and "The Band Wagon," revival, Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse.
March 21 at 6:30, 8:15, and 10: Three Laurel and Hardy shorts plus a short with Charlie Chaplin.
From March 22: **THE SCARLET EMPRESS**, revival; and "Naked Autumn" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 22: "Ten Little Indians," Hugh O'Brian, Shirley Eaton; and "Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens.
From March 23: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 17: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and "The Captain of Koepenick" (in German), revival.
March 18: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
March 19: "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune; and "Lilies of the Field," revival, Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
March 20: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
March 21: "Cyrano de Bergerac," revival, José Ferrer, Mala Powers; and "The Life of Emile Zola," revival, Paul Muni, Joseph Schildkraut.
March 22: **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and **THE MIRACLE WORKER**, revival.
March 23: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**, revival; and "Gate of Hell" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 22: **THE LEATHER BOYS.**
From March 23: **MALE COMPANION** (in French); and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

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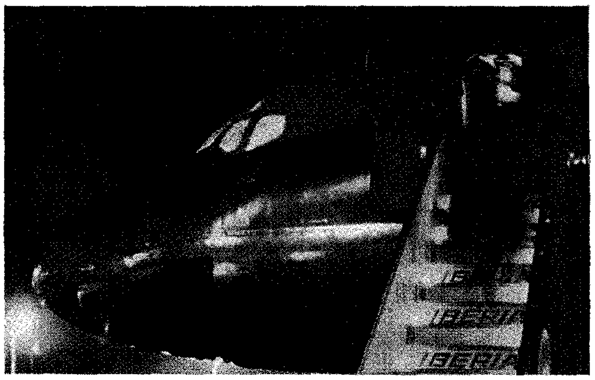

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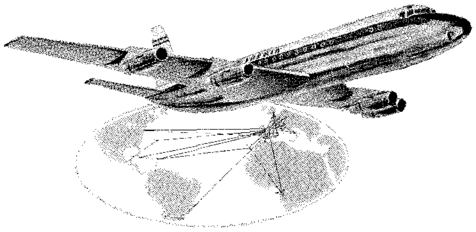

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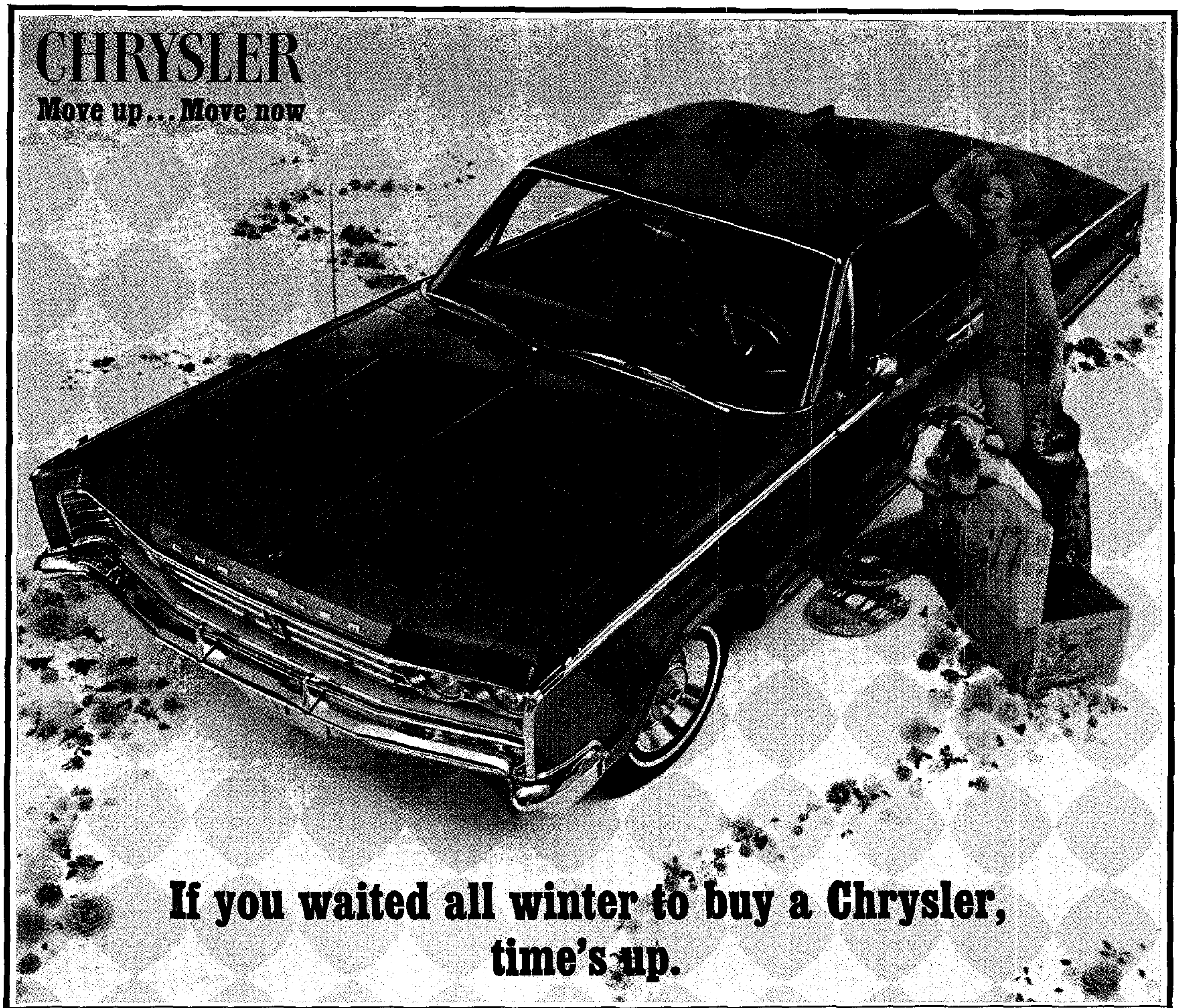

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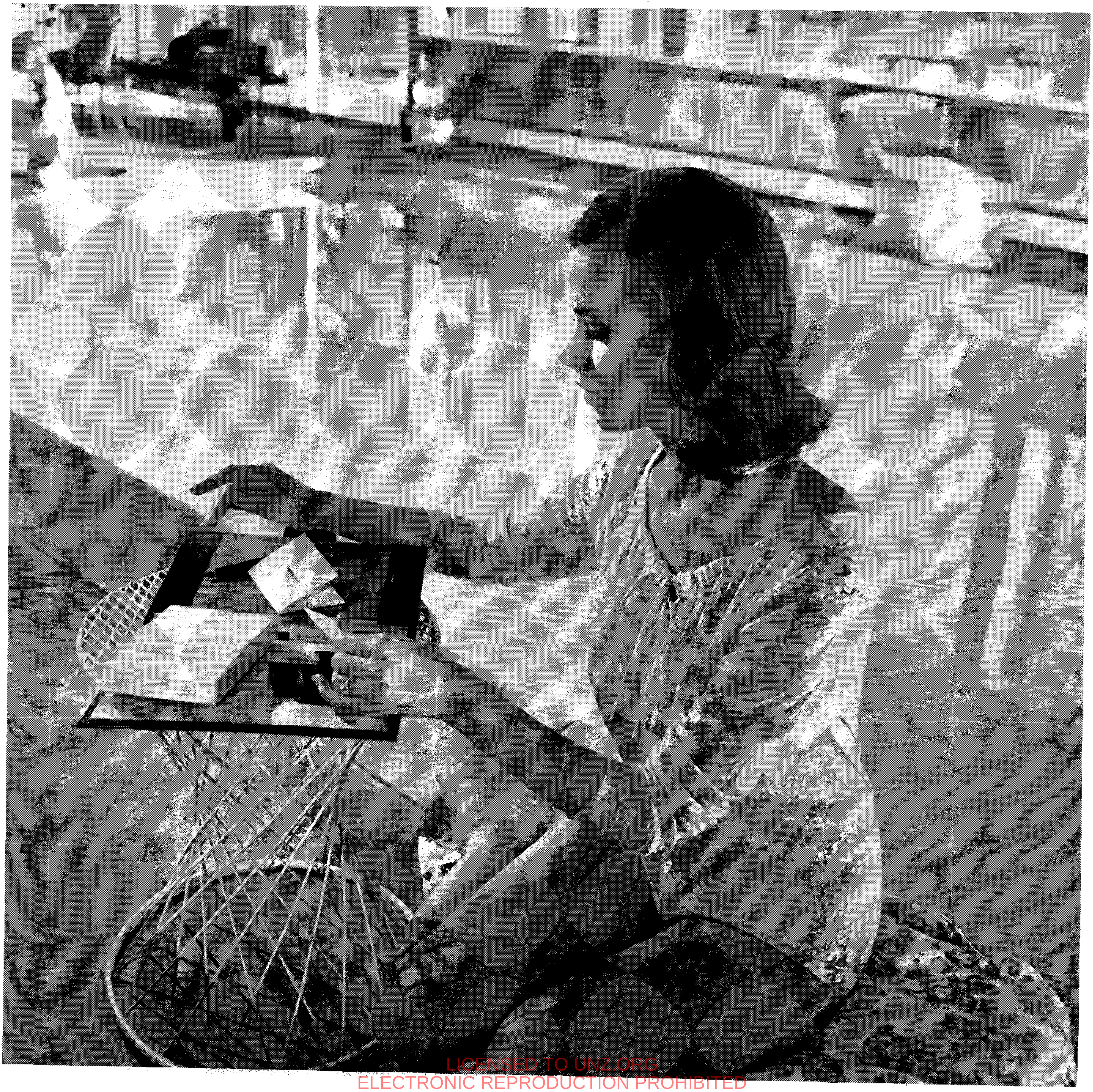

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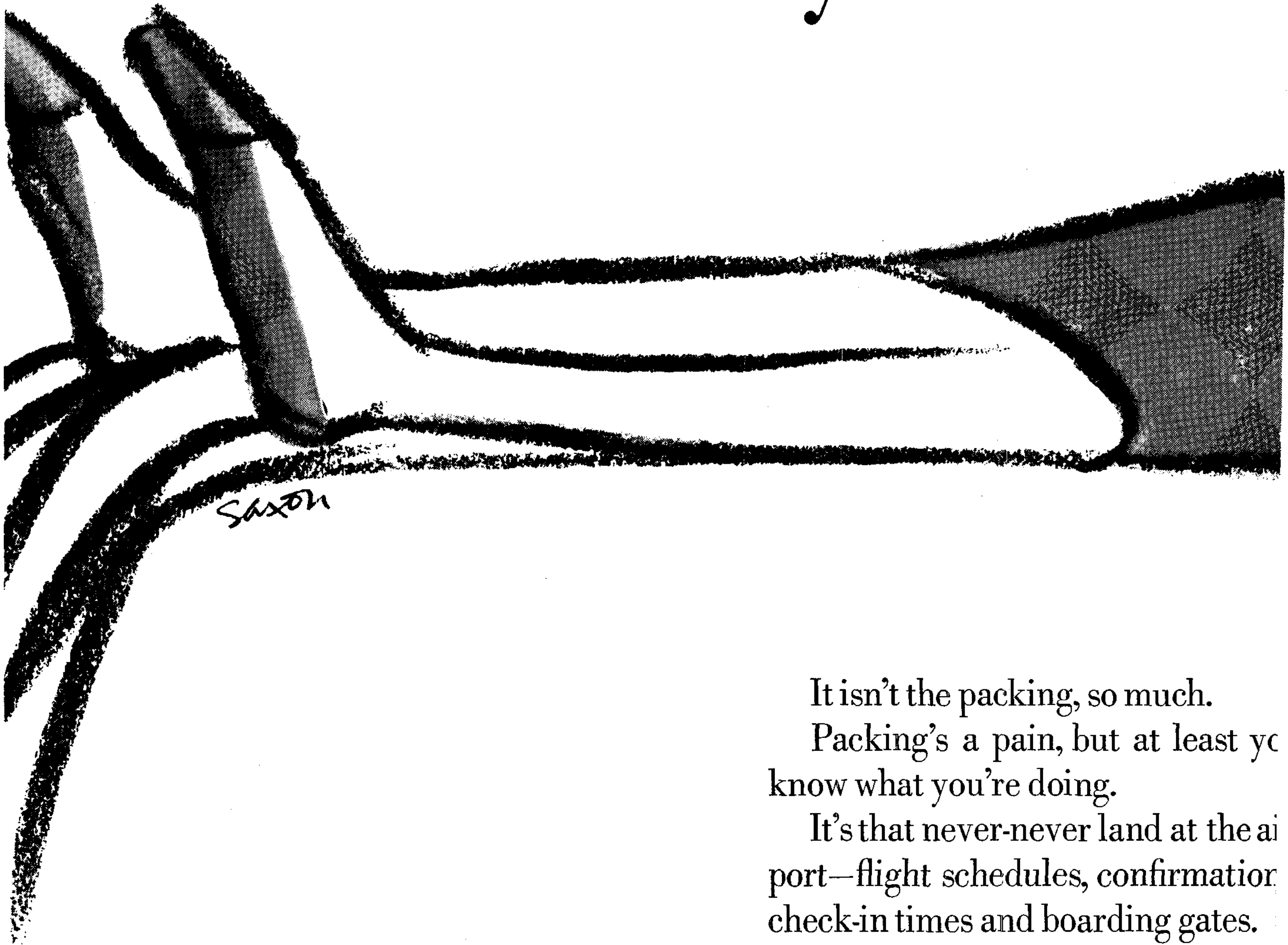

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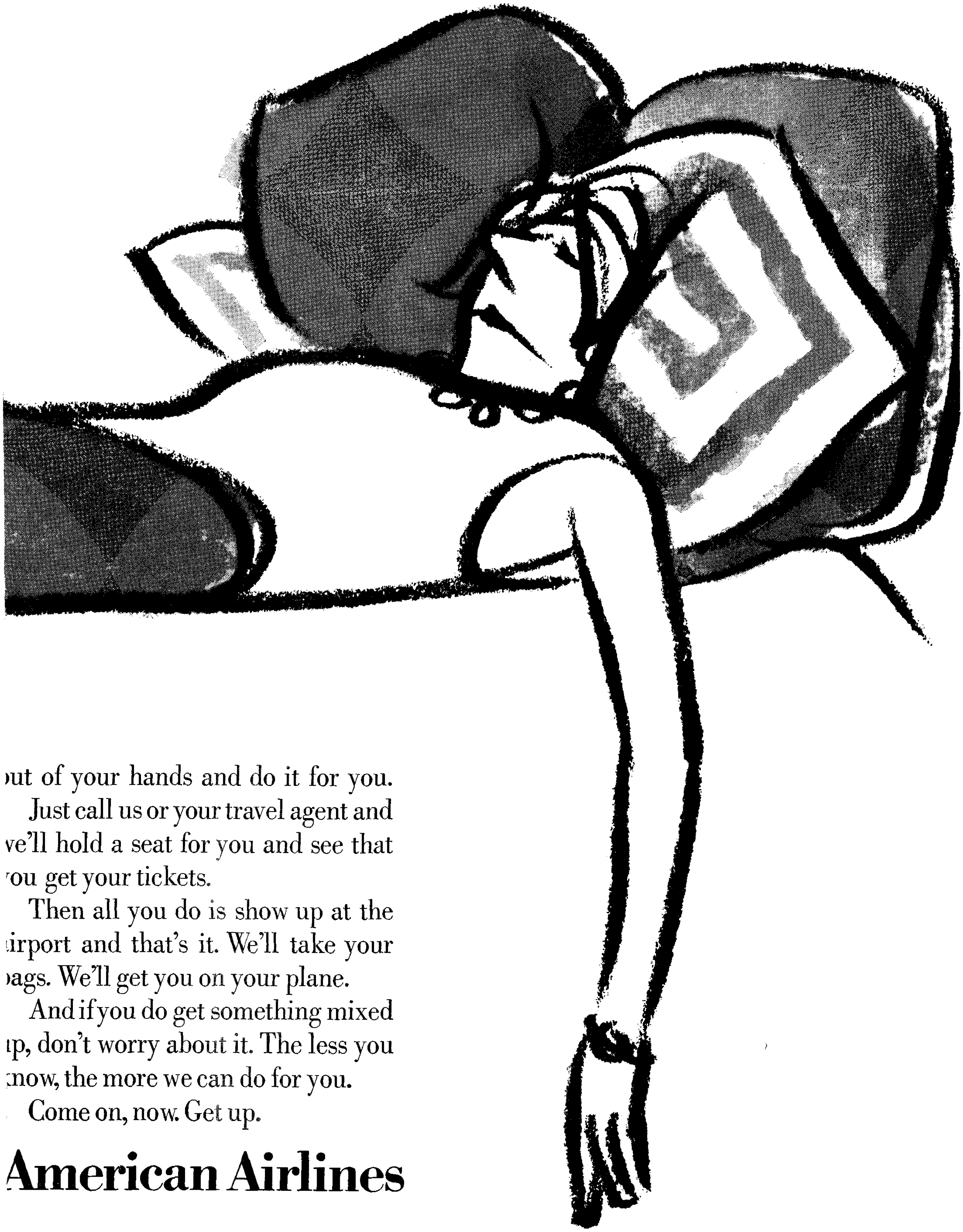

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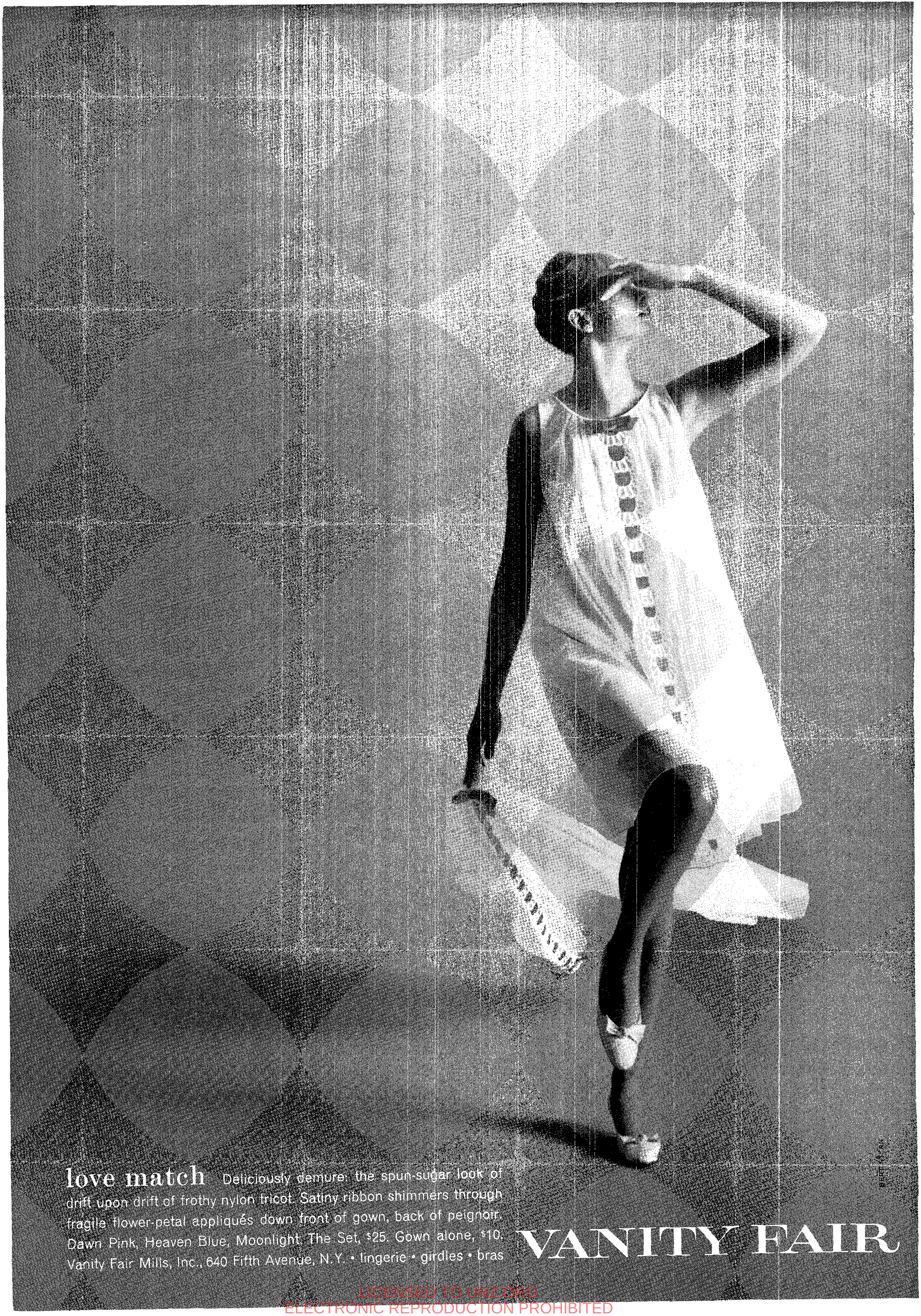

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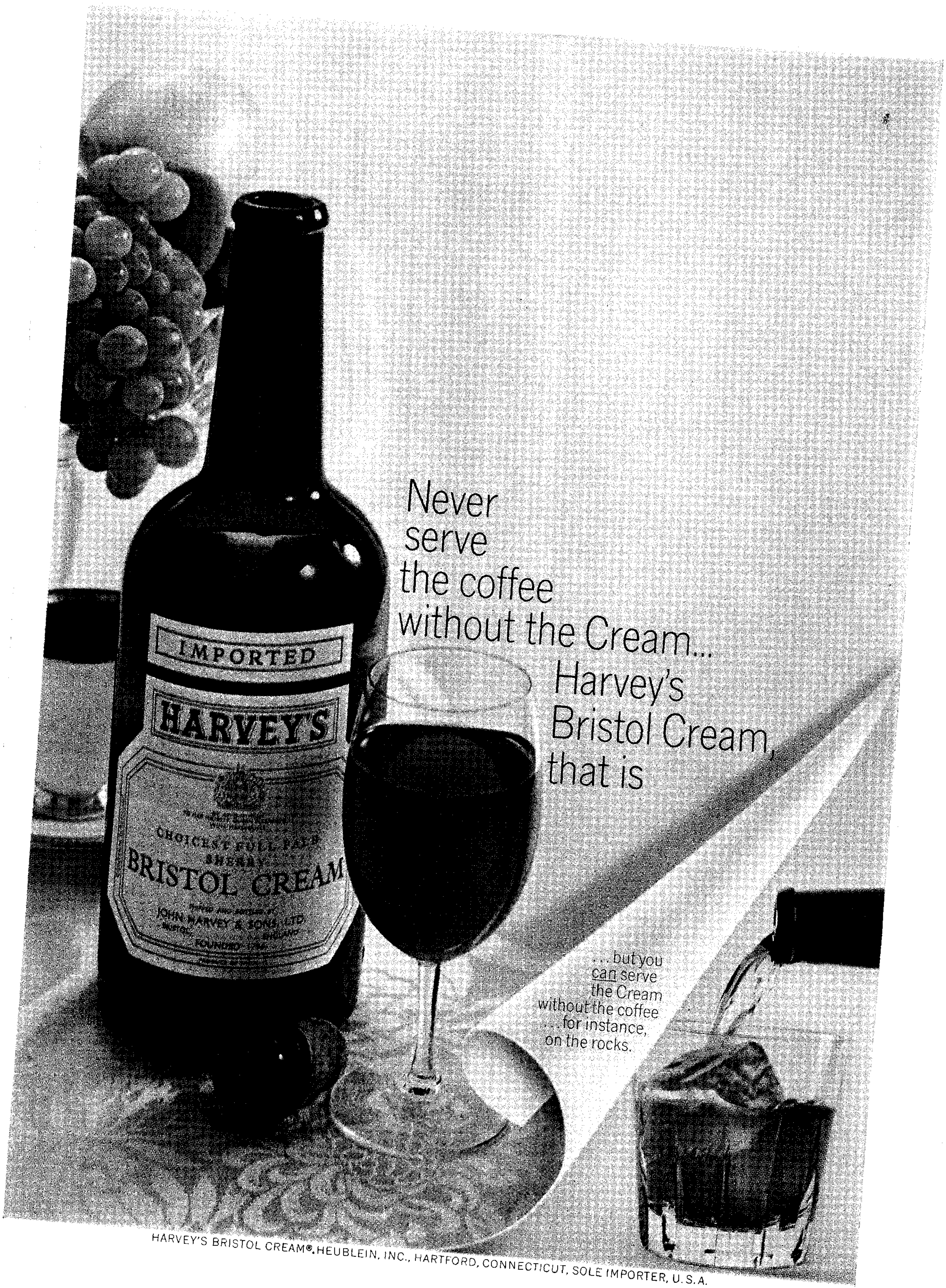

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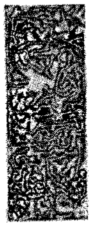

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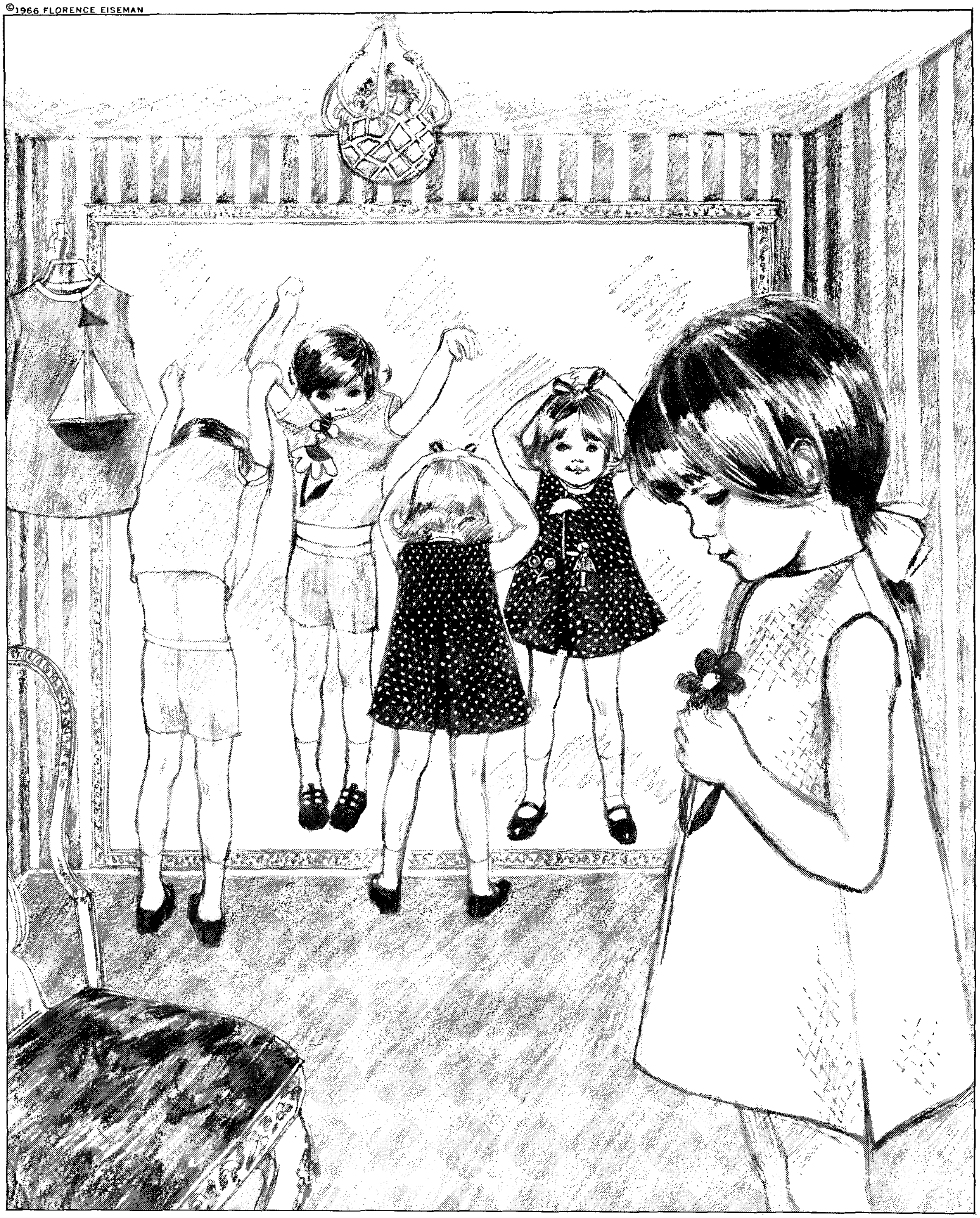

Please do not have a fit in the fitting room. Your fashion life begins there.

(IF YOU WANT TO BE INVITED ON SHOPPING SPREES, PLEASE OBSERVE ALL OF THE FOLLOWING MANNERS.)

1. Do not peek into fitting rooms when curtains are closed. You may hear a piercing scream.
2. If you don't like something don't knock it, the designer may be right in the department.
3. If you're lucky enough to find clothes that zip easy, be thankful and don't force them over your head.
4. Be careful how you handle the store's clothes, they're not yours 'til you buy them.
5. Stand up straight, turn around nicely. You can't tell how a pretty dress looks standing on your head.

Our spring shoppers are trying on the new zippy-dee-doo-da collection from Florence Eiseman. Each of these enchanting, summery outfits zip open in front. The bee goes to the flower, the sailboat zips down the mast, the flower to the stem, the umbrella to the handle. You never see the zip. Collection is fine imported cotton, piques, knits. You'll find them at Henri Bendel, New York; Anne Lehman, Kansas City; Dena Carll, Los Angeles.

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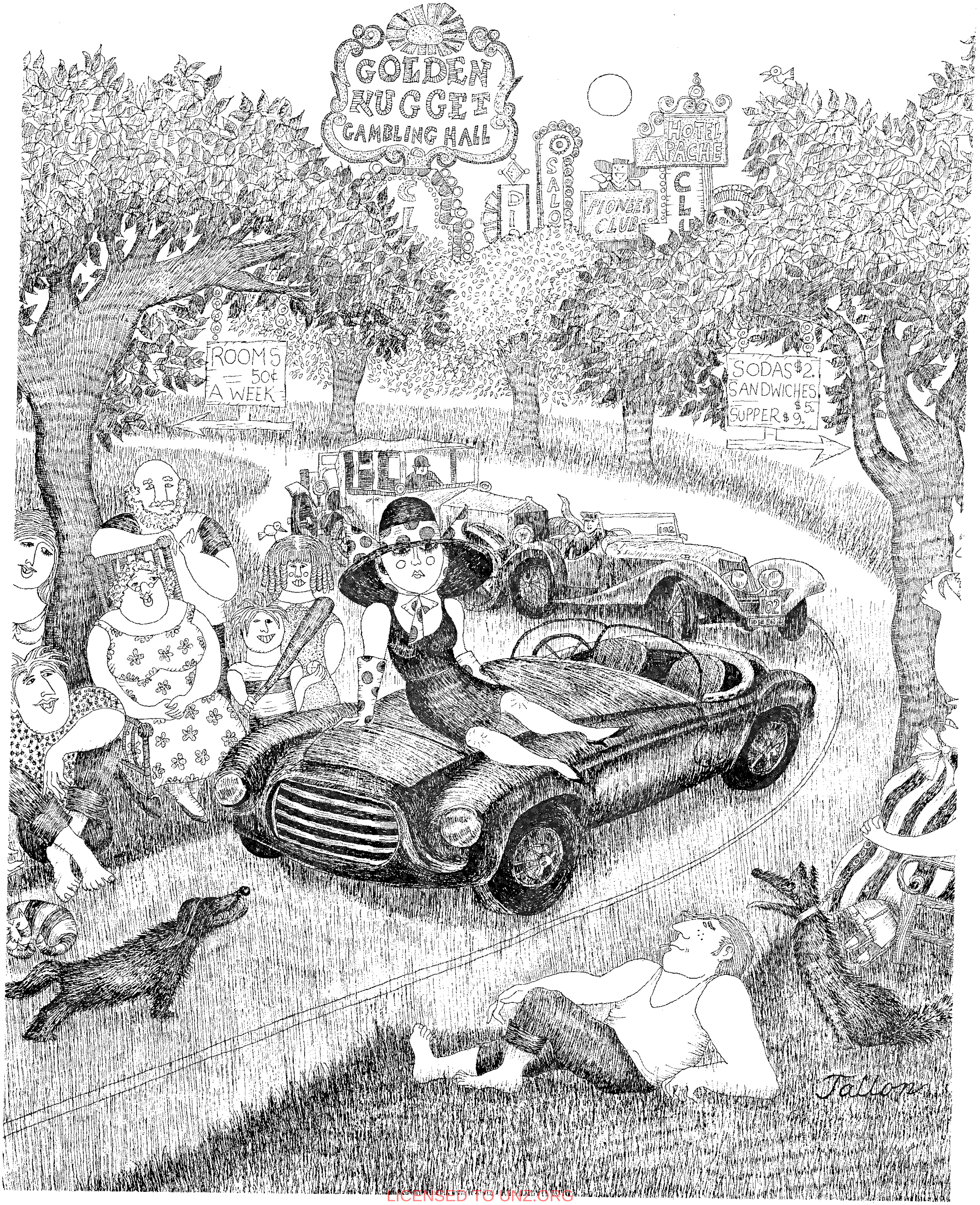
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Then I must have it in gold kid. Copper kid? Tin foil?
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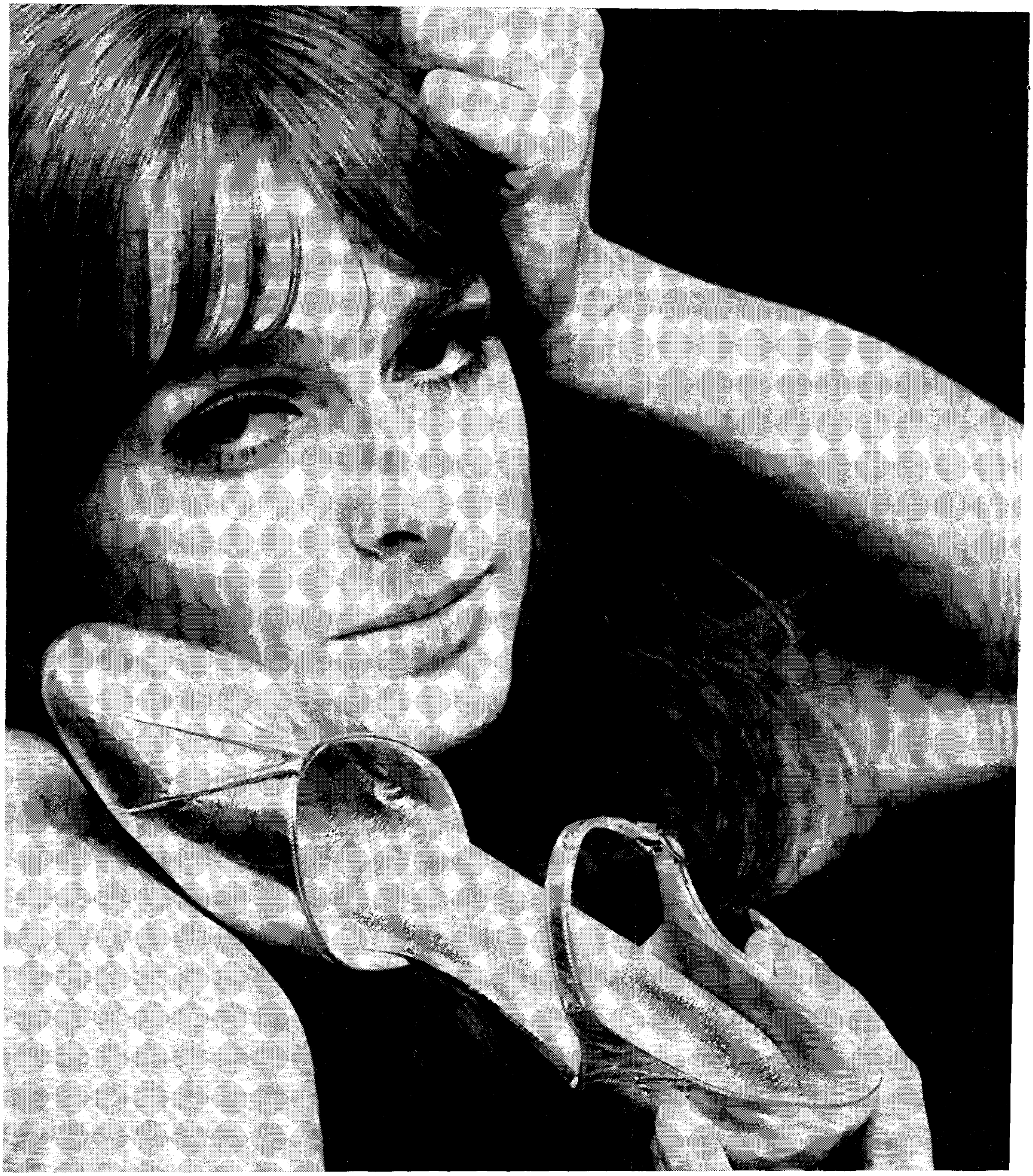

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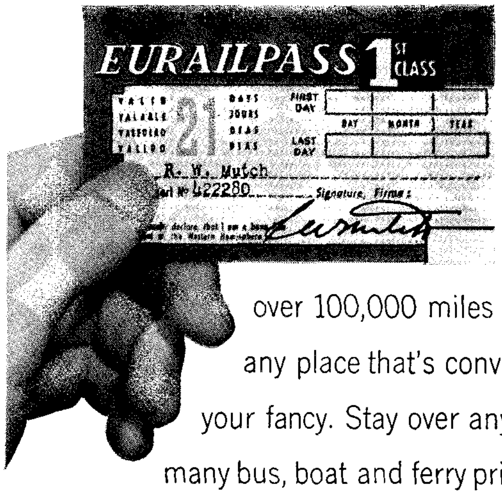

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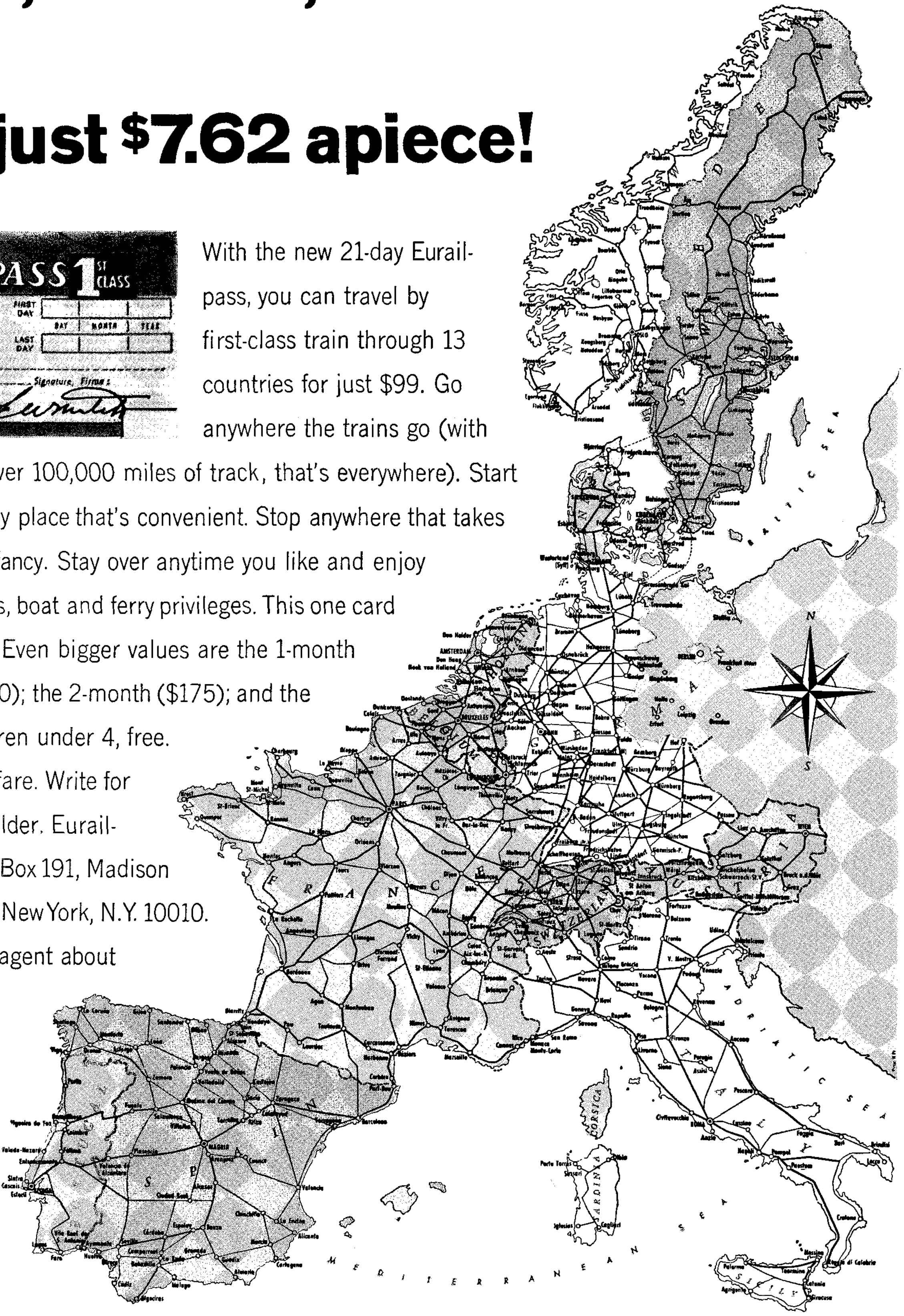

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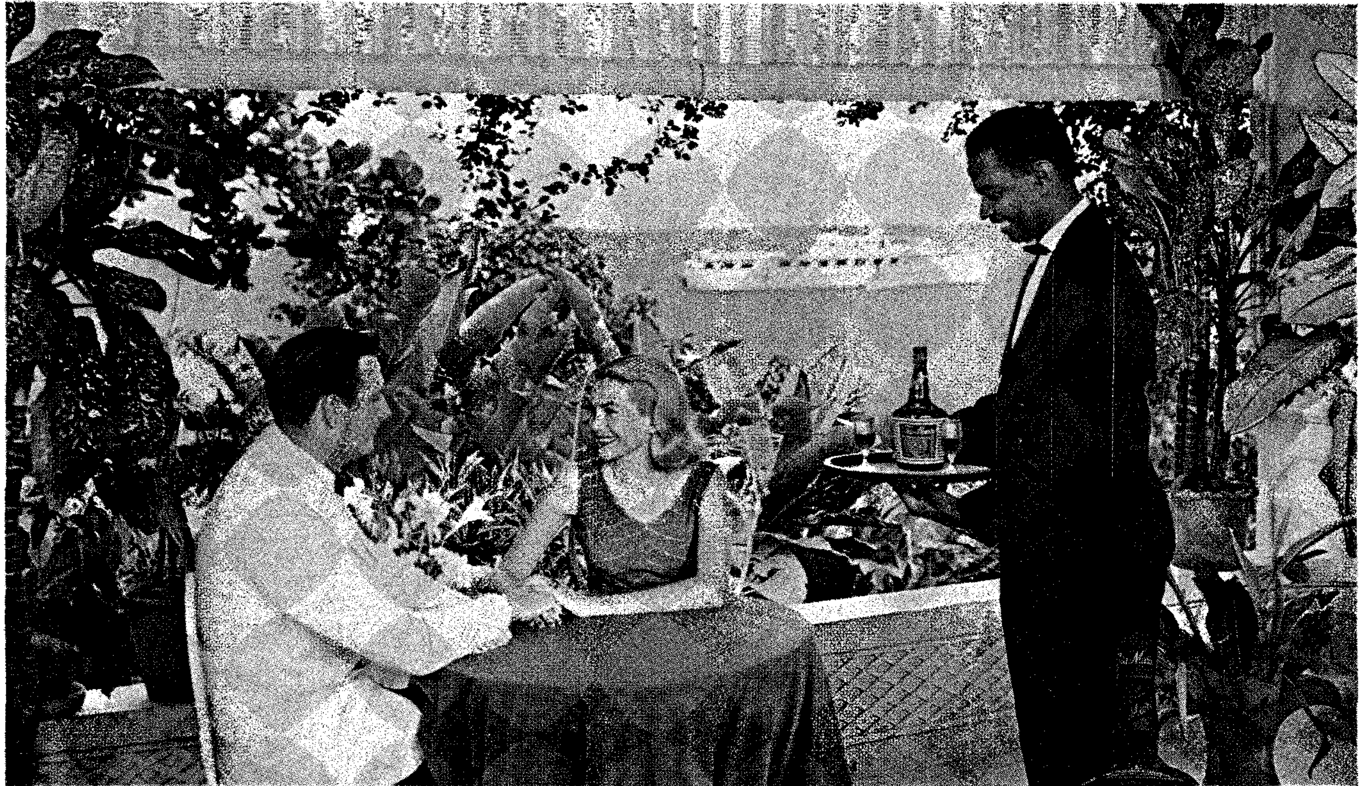

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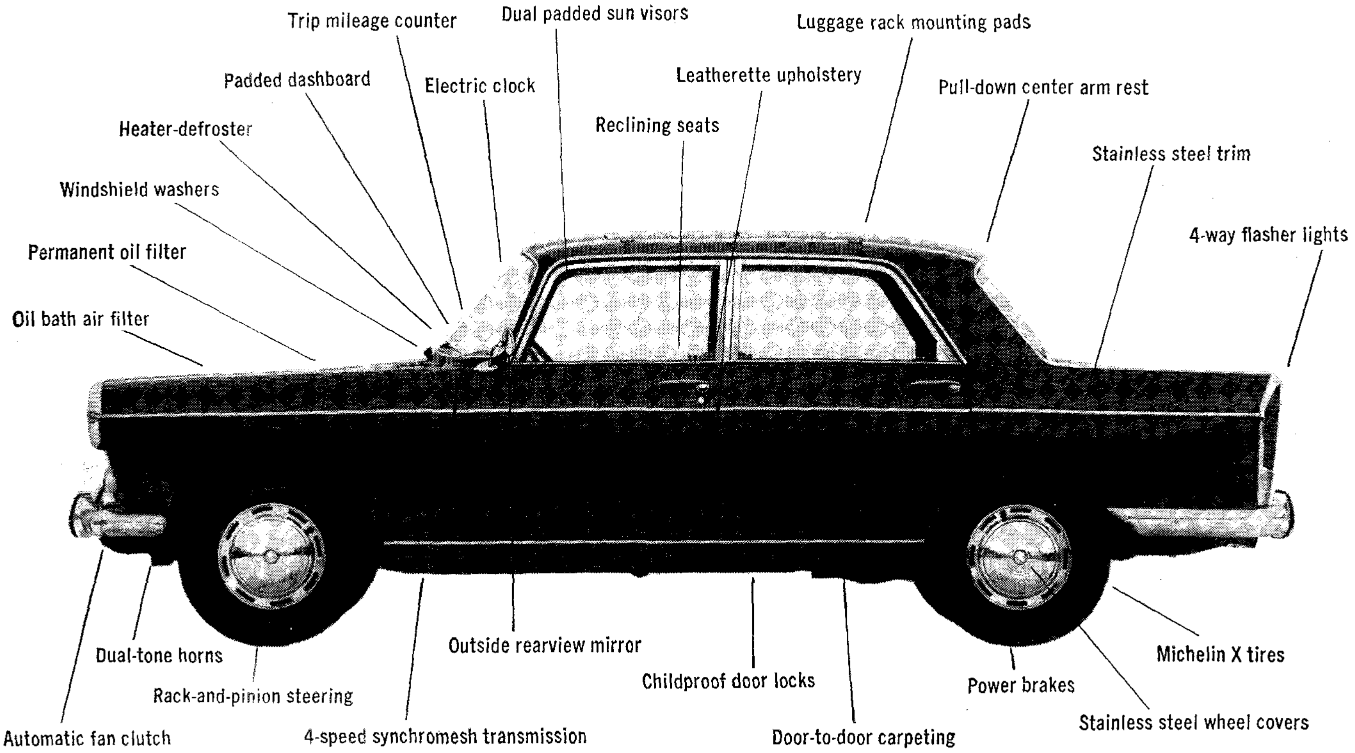
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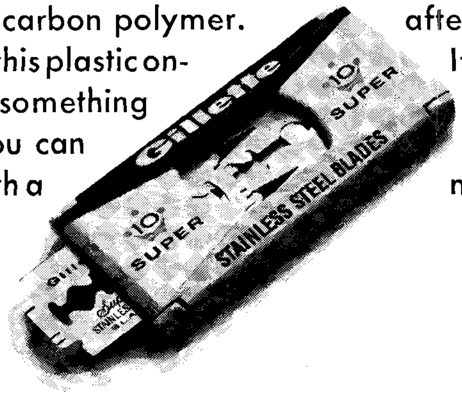

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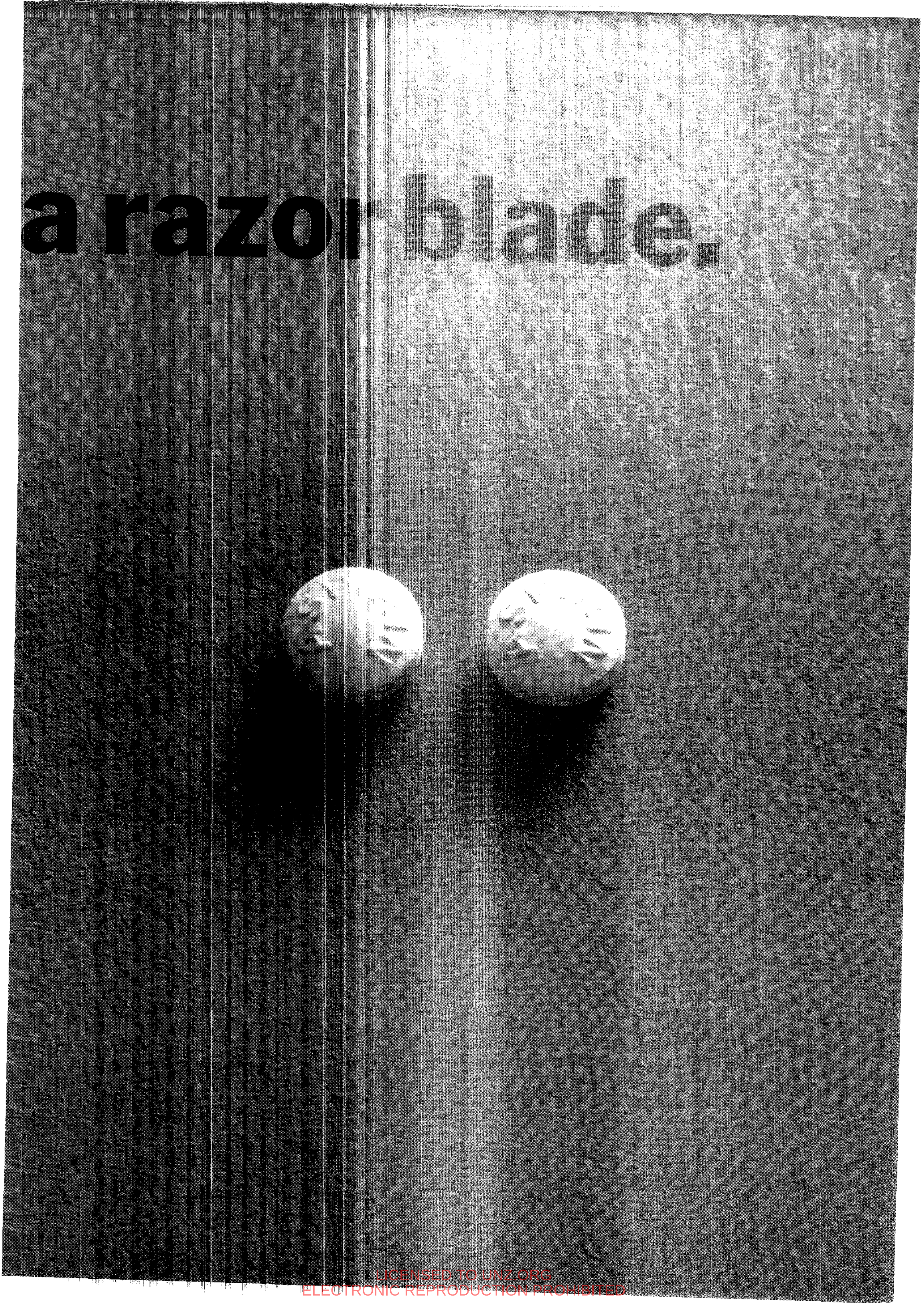
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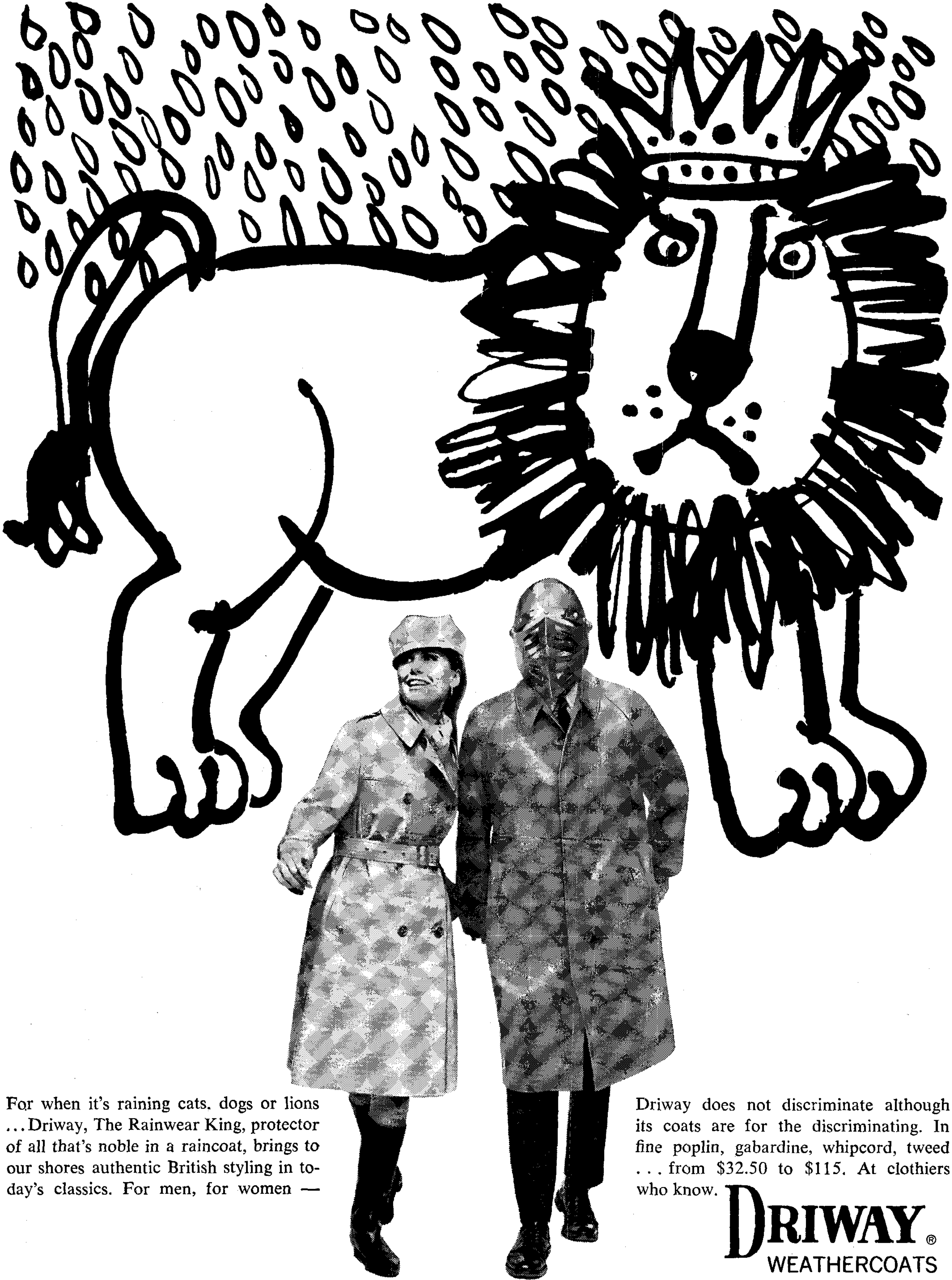

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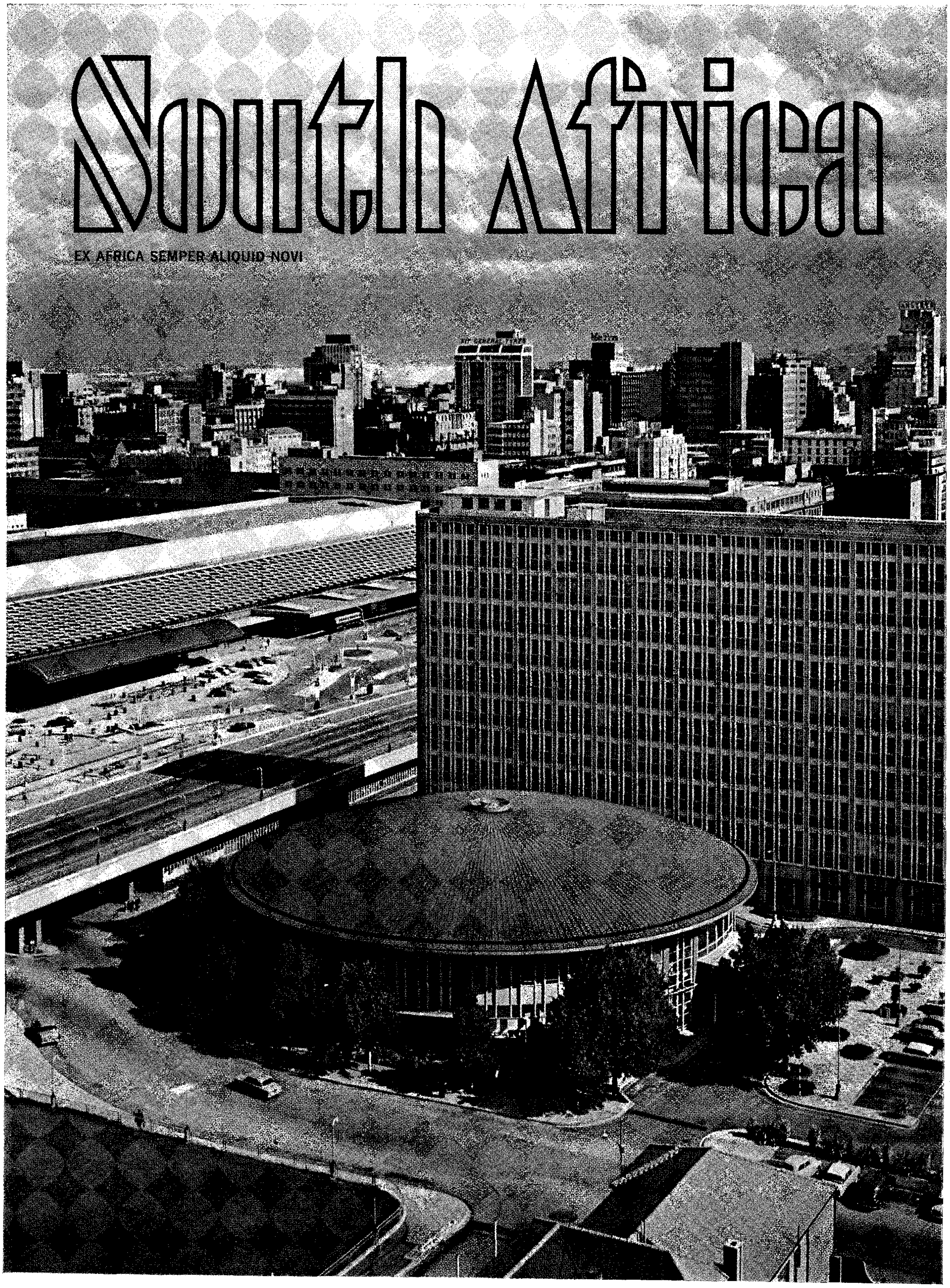
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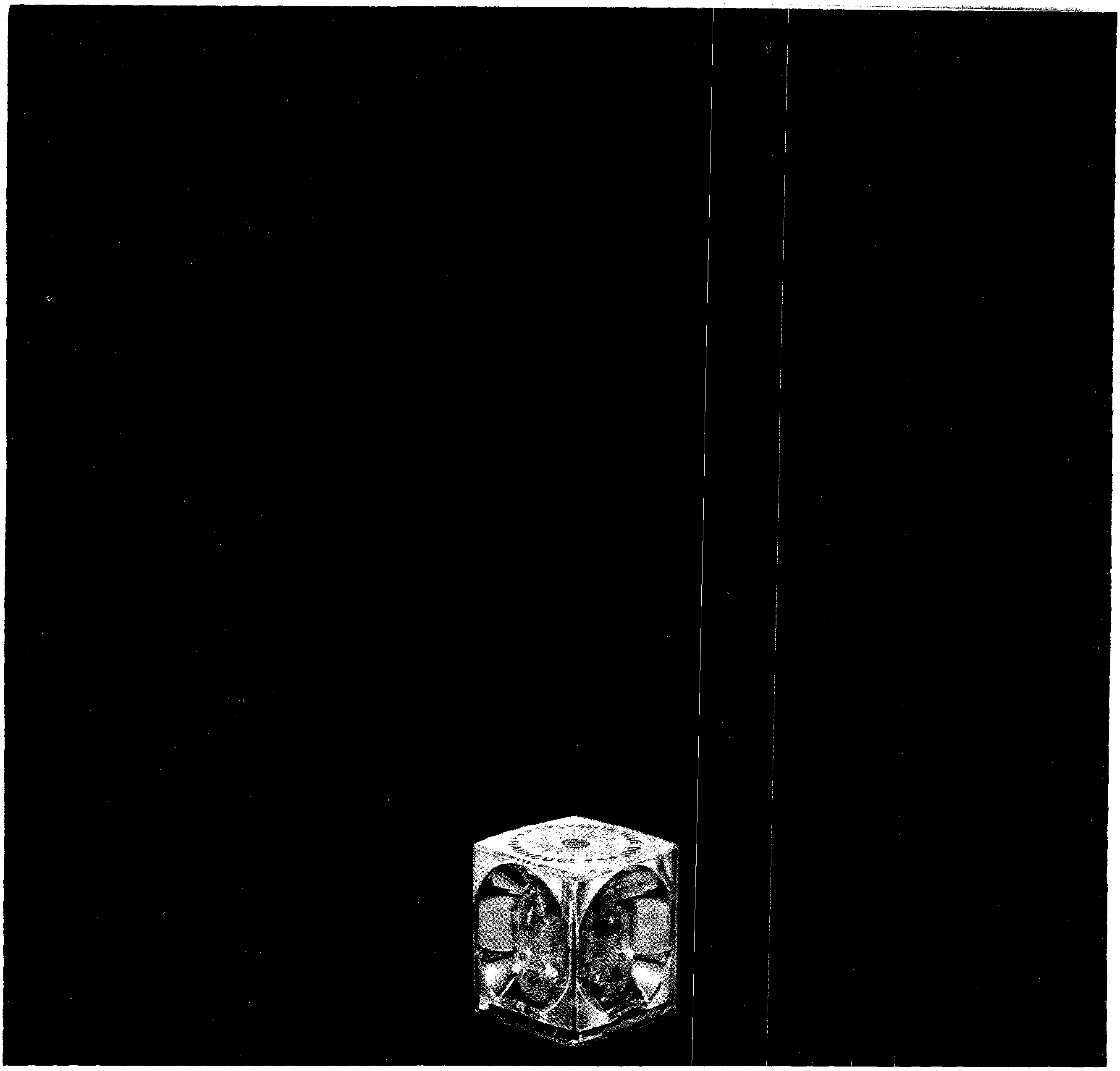

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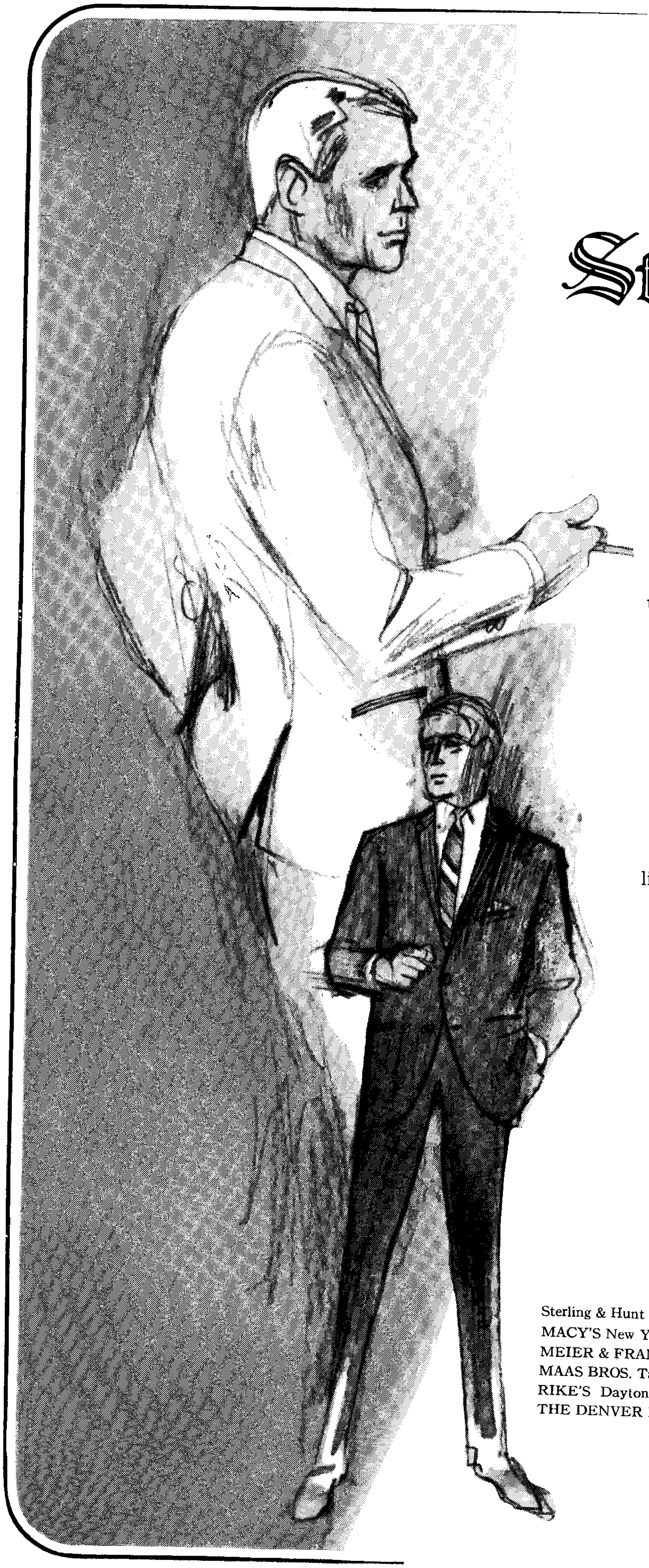

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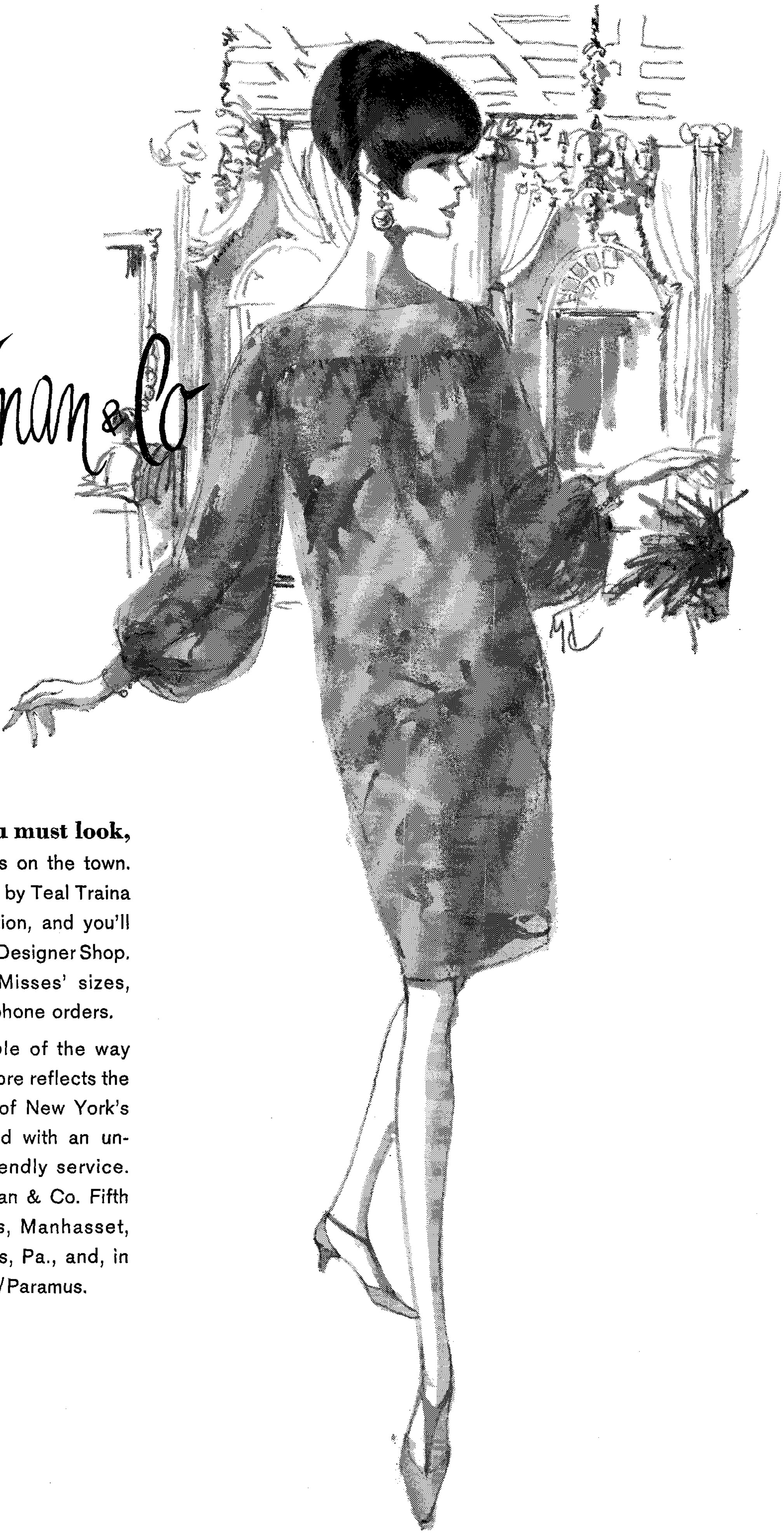

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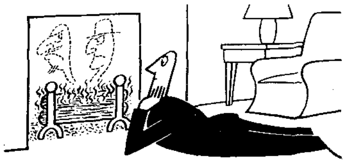
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

CUSTOM and continuity are so lacking in these quick times that it was downright heartwarming last week to hear Richard M. Nixon warning us once again about the creepy, infinitely devious ways of the Communist Party. Prolonged absence from the national fireside has not diminished Mr. Nixon's fondness for an old-fashioned, heavily plotted mystery, and the other day when he took down his old Red Story Book, opened it to a new chapter, turned the lights low, and began to read aloud in that deep, chilling voice, we instantly threw ourself down in front of the hearth in our old listening position, belly to the floor and chin cupped in hands, and scanned the embers for devil faces and F.B.I. men. This tale had opened familiarly enough—with the Attorney General, a few days earlier, identifying a national youth group as a Communist-front organization. Perhaps *too* familiarly. At a time when the Communist Party seems incapable of commanding more than the minutest loyalty or interest among the young, we would have guessed that this creaky old plot device would arouse only disbelief in the national audience—but we would have been wrong. The organization, the W. E. B. DuBois Clubs of America, was at once violently attacked and stoutly defended. Members of a Brooklyn branch were beaten by a mob, and the club headquarters in San Francisco were destroyed by an explosion.

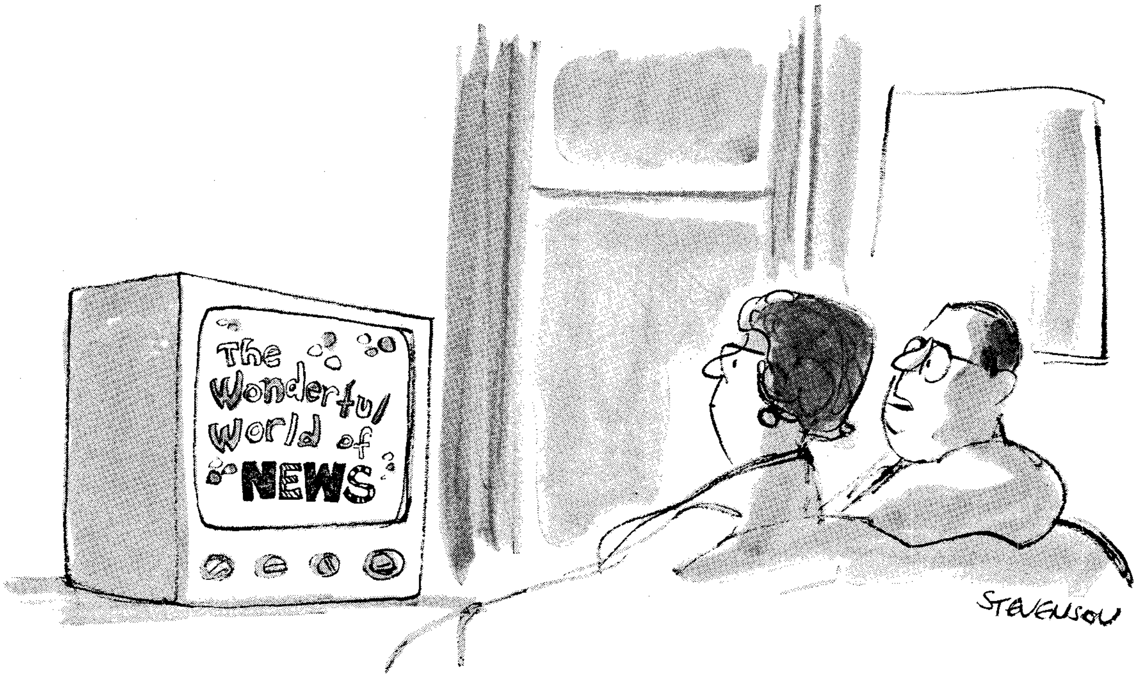


It was at this unhappy point that Mr. Nixon's reading actually began, and gratefully, almost magically, we felt ourself slipping away from the troubled, hard-edged world and off on the wings of adventure. The true, sinister nature of the DuBois Clubs is to be found, we were told, not so much in their program as in their title. The group is named for the late Negro sociologist Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, and that name is pronounced as he pronounced it—"DuBoys"—rather than the more Gallic "DuBwa." Indeed, if the name is said in a careless, everyday, Commierat manner, it sounds almost exactly like "the Boys' Club of America," the name of a worthy recreation-and-guidance organization for boys, whose national chairman is none other than—Richard M. Nixon! Suddenly we felt the hairs rise on the back of our neck, and we whispered, "Great Scott! You mean . . ." Yes, he *did* mean. Since the Attorney General's declaration, the Boys' Club of America has received a number of threatening letters and telephone calls from super-patriots, and its executives now fear a drop in donations. The DuBois Clubs, Mr. Nixon said, "are not unaware of the confusion they are causing among our supporters and among many other good citizens." This, he said, is "an almost classic example of Communist deception and duplicity."

The more we reflect on Mr. Nixon's chiller, the more exciting and threatening it grows. Not since SMERSH, it seems, has there been an organization with so demoralizing a monicker and so devastating a program. Even the briefest reflection makes it clear that the founders of the DuBois Clubs of America must have plotted against the Boys' Club from the very beginning, and thus must have *wanted* the Attorney General to call them Communist! How cunningly they counted on the American habits of blurry diction and slipshod listening! What defense can there be against attacks on other precious national institutions by this foul technique of assonance and conquest? Think of the awful consequences when the Attorney General is forced to announce that the New York Stork Exchange (ostensibly an innocent band of ornithologists) is a Communist-front organization! The possibilities are so diverse and frightening that lately we have almost been able to hear the sound of muffled laughter rising from a manhole on our street, where the sneaky Reds are meeting in a sewer to draw up the bylaws for the Mary Conn Legion and for that celebrated anglers' club, the Giant Perch Society. We don't want to scare Mr. Nixon, but the last name to come echoing out of that sewer seems a particularly dangerous one, since it sounds like a group formed only to celebrate some nice old grandmother's birthday. It's called the Gran Holt Party.

Tibetan New Year

WE were present at the Americana Hotel in February when New York's Muslims observed their holy day of Eid al Fitr, and now we have helped to celebrate the arrival of the Year of the Fire Horse with the city's tiny Tibetan community, whose head, the Honorable Thubten Tharpa Liushar, as the official representative here of the Dalai Lama, marked the occasion by serving as host of a formal party at the Hotel Plaza. The Dalai Lama—His Holiness Ngawang Losang Tenzin Gyatso, who is the fourteenth incarnation of Chenreze, the Buddha of Mercy, and is now an exile in India—is the spiritual leader of Tibetans everywhere, and the Year of the Fire Horse is the two-thousand-and-ninety-second since the founding of the Tibetan monarchy,


The Wonderful World of NEWS
STEVENSON

"I understand there's been a big shakeup in their news staff."

• •

at Yarlung Lhokhar, in southern Tibet.

We were met at the door of the State Suite, on the second floor of the Plaza, by Mr. Liushar, who, as we entered, took our hands between his and welcomed us with the words "*Tashi Deleg!*"—the Tibetan New Year's greeting. Mr. Liushar, who was once the Foreign Minister of Tibet, is a short, middle-aged man with a scholarly look and gentle movements; he was wearing a long, loose-fitting, wide-sleeved brown cotton robe, called a *chuba*, over a white shirt and dark trousers. With him, as assistant hosts, were Tsering Dorje—acting as an interpreter—and Sonam Wangdu, each of them a Second Secretary of the Office of Tibet, which represents Tibet here in New York. There were about two dozen people in the room, mostly Indian diplomats and their wives, for the party was also an expression of appreciation of India for having given asylum to the Dalai Lama in 1959, when he fled Tibet. Most of the men were wearing evening clothes or the long black buttoned coat with a high collar, called a *sherwani*, that constitutes formal Indian dress. The women were wearing striking jewelry and silk saris with heavy gold borders. Everybody was talking very quietly. In one corner, a small bar had been set up, and a barman was busily mixing drinks. Moving in that direction, we greeted Dr. S. Gupta, the Indian Consul-General, and Mme. Gupta; Gopala Menon, who was once the Consul-General here and is now the head of the Indian Investment Center, on Third Avenue; Nirmal Singh, Consul for Press and Cultural Affairs at the Indian Consulate, and Mme. Singh; and Natwar Singh (no relation), who is First Secretary of the Indian Delegation to the United Nations and is also an editor of books on E. M. Forster and Nehru. After we had picked up a drink at the bar, we were introduced to Kyongla Rimpoche, who is considered by Tibetans to be an Incarnate Lama—that is, the incarnation of a venerated priest. He, too, was wearing a *chuba*—a slate-blue one, tied at the waist with a red sash—over a dress shirt and dark trousers. The Incarnate Lama, who is quite a young man, has a broad, flat face with very high cheekbones, a husky voice, and twinkling eyes, and he speaks English, having picked it up at the University of Leyden, in Holland, where he has been doing research on *tankas*, the painted religious banners of Tibet and Nepal. He told us that he had just been visiting Argentina, to deliver some lectures on *tankas*. Then a waiter came up with an hors-d'oeuvre tray, and while we were making a selection, our new friend was led off to be introduced to someone else.

We looked about us for a moment or so at the room itself, decorated in the highest of the French high style of 1900: its walls of white-and-blue, with moldings and decorations picked out in gold; its windows hung with blue velvet curtains, and its doors set with mirrored panes; and the panel of painted cupids in the style of Boucher above each window and each door. The crystal chandelier shed its light on the shining dark hair of the Indian women, on their brilliantly colored saris, and on the starched white shirt-fronts and sombre robes of the men. A pretty girl came over to talk to us. She introduced herself as Olivia Ladd, and we learned that she works for the Office of Tibet. Miss Ladd, who has delicate, even features and speaks with delicate, even vowels, was wearing a string of pearls and a knee-length dress of Shocking-pink chiffon. Every minute of her job is fascinating, she told us, because the Tibetans themselves are fascinating, and very nice to work for as well. We asked her to tell us a little about the Office, and she explained that since Tibet is now occupied by the Red Chinese, it has no official status at the United Nations, so the Dalai Lama's representatives function as a kind of lobby at the U.N. In 1959, backed by Ireland and the Federation of Malaya, they succeeded in bringing the Tibetan question before the General Assembly, and later a resolution was adopted that expressed grave concern over Communist China's violation of the rights of the Tibetan people. Two years later, backed by Thailand and the Federation of Malaya, they obtained a resolution calling for restoration of the Tibetans' human rights, the resolution itself being co-sponsored by Ireland and El Salvador. The Tibetans established their office here in 1964, and Miss Ladd was hired by Gyalo Thondup, a brother of the Dalai Lama. Mr. Thondup is acting as Prime Minister and is the moving force behind the political activities of the Tibetan government-in-exile.

At eight-thirty, Miss Ladd, who was in charge of the arrangements for the party, suggested that we all go into the next room for dinner. The conversation, which had grown much more animated, fell to a murmur and then to complete silence as everybody passed by twos and threes through a pair of the mirrored doors. Miss Ladd and the staff of the Plaza had done their work well, and the room we now entered looked festive indeed. There were three round tables covered with yellow cloths, which fell to the floor, and each table was decorated with yellow daisies flanked by tall candles, which provided the only illumination. This room, too, was decorated in the Grand Style, its color scheme being cream and yellow. The hush continued as the waiters set soup plates before the guests, who had been seated in high-backed chairs. We found ourself between the Incarnate Lama and Mme. Gupta, the wife of the Consul-General. On the other side of the Incarnate Lama sat Mme. N. M. N. Rahman, who was born Dominique Fullsack, in Paris, and whose husband is the director of tea promotion in the Indian Consulate-General. Next to her sat Nirmal Singh, a fine-featured Sikh with a black-and-white Paisley handkerchief sticking out of one sleeve, and next to Mr. Singh sat Miss Lhazang Ladenla, a young Tibetan girl, born in India and educated in Darjeeling, who has a lovely, pert face and short black hair, and who is studying interior design at the Pratt Institute. On *her* right sat B. C. Mishra, the Deputy Permanent Representative of the Indian Mission to the U.N. Completing the table was Phintsok Thonden, First Secretary of the Tibetan delegation—a tall young man with a shock of black hair, who was wearing a dinner jacket.

There was little conversation at first, and we could hear a faraway sound of horns from traffic in the streets below. We asked the Incarnate Lama how the New Year was usually celebrated in Tibet. He said that first there would be certain religious observances, and then one would go and see one's friends and relations. The celebration could last as long as two weeks. After sampling our soup (it was cream of mushroom), we asked the Incarnate Lama whether he had been separated from his family in escaping from Lhasa. He had left a month after the Dalai Lama's famous dash across the Indian border, he said, and he had not seen his mother and sister since, nor did he know whether they were alive. The waiter had been pouring wine, and now Mr. Thonden proposed a toast. Everyone at the table raised his wineglass except the Incarnate Lama, who good-naturedly held up his water glass. "*Tashi Deleg!*" we all said, and drank. The other tables followed our example.

The soup plates were removed, and a clean plate was put in front of each of us except Mme. Gupta and Mme. Rahman. Mr. Thonden looked distressed. There was some mistake, he said, and he looked anxiously for the waiter.

"I am having vegetarian food. Perhaps that is why," Mme. Gupta said, and folded her hands in her lap.

"My husband is having vegetarian food, but I don't think *I* am," Mme. Rahman said.

Mr. Thonden smiled at her and signalled urgently to the waiter, who, upon seeing the empty places, hurried off.

"Do you eat eggs, Mme. Gupta?" Miss Ladenla asked. "Some vegetarians eat eggs, and some eat eggs *and* fish. Sometimes it's puzzling to know who eats what."

Nirmal Singh leaned forward and said, "When we were in Thailand, they would offer you eggs years and years old. The older the eggs are, the more honor it is to the guests. They are wrapped in flannel, I heard. When Ambassador Sukich was posted to New Delhi, he brought so *many* crates of old eggs with him! Ten thousand, people said, wrapped in flannel."

"To serve to whom?" Mme. Gupta asked incredulously. "For parties?"

The Incarnate Lama's eyes shone with laughter, and he giggled huskily into one of his sleeves.

"Some were for his breakfast, I suppose," Mr. Singh said, with a laugh.

"Mme. Nhu always ate half-formed eggs," Mme. Gupta said.

"I believe that they're very good for the complexion," Mr. Singh observed.

"In some countries, they eat snakes," Mr. Mishra put in.

"Don't talk about snakes," Mme. Rahman cried, "or I won't be able to eat *anything!*"

"Did you know that ninety-nine per cent of the world's frogs' legs come from India?" Mr. Singh asked. "We earn foreign exchange that way." He laughed, and went on, "In Thailand, they carve the vegetables so beautifully—you have no idea. They have two hundred women in the royal palace just carving vegetables. They're trained from birth to do it."

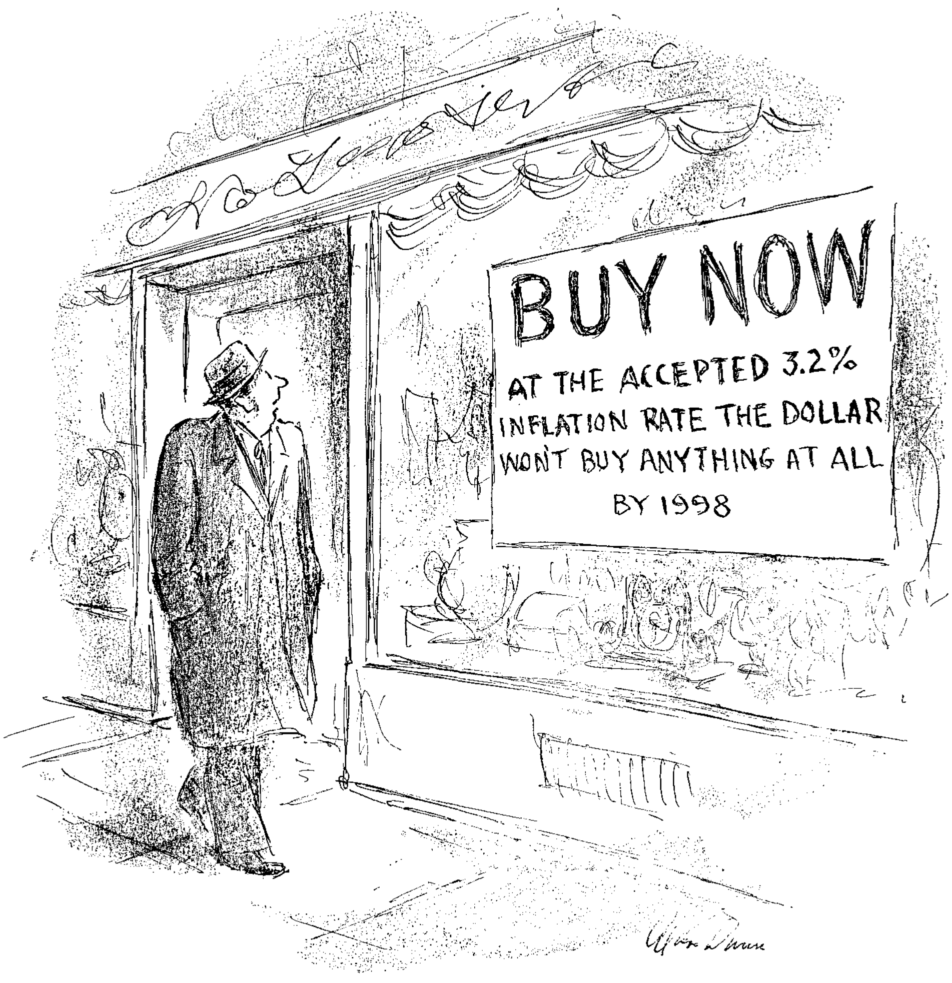
"How do the vegetables taste?" Mme. Rahman asked him.

Mr. Singh looked at her with amusement and said merely, "Every plate is a work of art. Even the salads are masterpieces."

"But do they do this in every home?" Mme. Rahman asked.

"No, not in every home," Mr. Singh said. "In the royal palace only."

"But what about the people who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have nothing to eat?" Mme. Rahman asked. "What do they do?"

"Oh, everybody is well fed there," Mr. Singh said.

"Hmm," Mme. Rahman said noncommittally.

"In some places, they even eat insects," Mr. Singh told us.

By now the waiter had finished serving the main course—curry of lamb, rice, and green peas. Mme. Gupta was given a plate of uncarved vegetables, which she regarded without enthusiasm. Mr. Thonden watched her somewhat nervously. There was a pause, and then Mme. Rahman lifted her fork. All of us, including the Incarnate Lama, began to eat, in silence.

Digital Jabberwocky

NOT long ago, the manager of the United States branch of a British company got a request from headquarters to send over his home telephone number. He did so. Back from London came this cable:

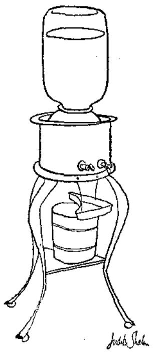
YOUR MESSAGE RECEIVED HERE GIVES UNBELIEVABLY LONG SERIES OF NUMBERS BUT NO EXCHANGE PREFIX. THIS SURELY IS MISTAKE. PLEASE CONFIRM CORRECT NUMBER.

Mielziner

"AN actor must be *in* a set, not in front of a set," said Jo Mielziner, standing on a brilliant-blue rug and silhouetted, in a black raincoat, against a white wall. He was looking at an exhibit of stage designs, mostly watercolors, that he has done for some of the two hundred and sixty-four productions he has worked on since 1924. Mielziner, and the rug, and the wall, and the sketches were all in the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center, where his stage designs will be on display until the end of April.

"I hadn't seen this one in about ten years," Mr. Mielziner said, crossing to the sketch of his famous design for "Winterset," which shows the base of Brooklyn Bridge, with its span arching dimly away. "I was wondering if it was any good." He looked at it for a second or two, and then gave a slight nod. "The first day we set up 'Winterset,' I went into the theatre, and I almost cried," he said. "All I could see was the cotton, the velours, the nails, the lumber. I asked them to turn out all the lights on the stage. Then I asked for a little blue, a little amber. Suddenly it was magic, and I'd got back to what I'd conceived." He moved on to a couple of sketches he had done for "The Glass Menagerie." One showed the outside wall of the house, and the alley where Eddie Dowling stood and delivered the opening lines of the play; the other showed the inside of the house, where Laurette Taylor and Julie Haydon sat. "Tennessee was wonderful to work with," Mielziner said. "He has a poetic and visual imagination, and his descriptions of sets are worth reading." He turned to some sketches for "Death of a Salesman." "A playwright is better off, generally, if he gives a principle rather than a lot of specific detail," he said. "Arthur Miller had only a paragraph. He indicated a general direction, and said, 'Whoever designs this must use the simplest of terms.' "

Mr. Mielziner moved past sketches for "The King and I," "South Pacific," "Hamlet," and "Guys and Dolls," and paused in front of a watercolor for "Can-Can," in which the actors were only pencilled in. "I didn't have time to finish them," he said. "We're always late. That's why the sketches are watercolor. You have to use a quick medium. The moment a producer has raised enough money to produce a show, he pulls out a gun and shoots a hole through, say, May 15th. He knows the actors must start rehearsal at least three weeks before that, and then he goes back another month, and says to me, 'You're late already.' After the sets are built, you seldom have the luxury of changing them, because of the expense. The actor can change, but the poor designer has to give a concert performance the first time. I'm a craftsman, with the occasional privilege of doing something creative." He walked over to a watercolor of "The Innocents"—an adaptation of "The Turn of the Screw"—in which the two children cast huge and grotesque shadows against a wall. "When I had read the play, I felt that lighting was more important than anything else," he said. "I got the director to agree on where the staircase and the window were to be. Then I said, 'Will you go along with me if I do something? Let's work out the lighting first and the scenery next. The shape of the shadows is more important than the shape of the light.' " He examined the picture. "They made a terrifying charade as they came down the stairs," he said.



A few minutes later, Mielziner, with us in tow, left the gallery, took an elevator upstairs, walked out into the Lincoln Center Plaza, glancing with admiration at the Henry Moore sculpture in the pool in front of the Vivian Beaumont Theatre, and then strolled into the Beaumont Theatre, which he and Eero Saarinen designed. He stood at the top of a flight of stairs, looking down at the stage. Everything was dim except for a glow under each "Exit" sign. "The very dark walls were designed to achieve a complete blackout—to lose the atmosphere of the outer world, and to make things come out of a void," he said.

Out on the street, rain was coming down hard and no taxis were in sight. Suddenly, a green car pulled up. In the front seat were two men, who hailed Mr. Mielziner enthusiastically. "Hello, Ambrose!" Mielziner called. "Hello, Dave!" The men, who turned out to be Ambrose Costello, the master electrician of the Lincoln Center Repertory Company, and David Cone, the maintenance electrician, urged Mielziner and us to hop in.

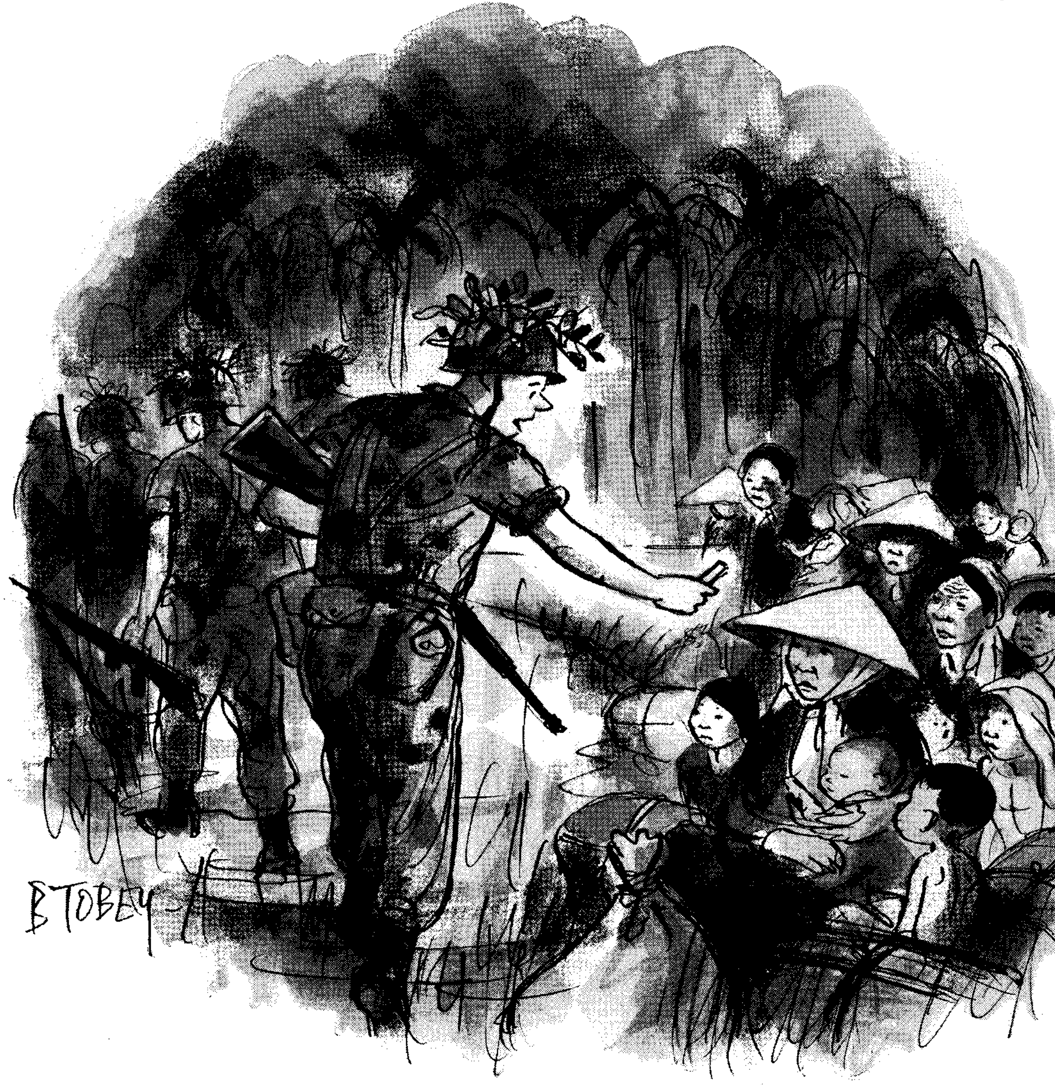
"Where are you headed?" Costello asked.

"I'm going to my studio, in The Dakota," Mielziner said.

"Get in!" the two men called, and Mielziner, followed by us, climbed into the car.

The three men talked of what a disastrous week it had been on Broadway, with several shows opening and closing almost simultaneously, and in a few moments the car pulled up in front of the majestic old Dakota, on West Seventy-second Street. Mielziner thanked Mr. Costello and Mr. Cone and jumped out. He led us briskly through a succession of architecturally charming hallways on the first floor ("I've lived here twenty-nine years," he said) and into his studio, where he greeted his secretary and two assistants, hung up his coat, and made for a small, dim room. "In this room I test out colors and lights," he said. Several miniature spotlights were mounted near one wall and were connected to an elaborate-looking dimmer. A swatch of red material was tacked to the opposite wall. "I wanted to see what this looked like under a blue light," Mielziner said. He flicked on the blue spotlight and turned a large knob on the dimmer, making the swatch glow and fade, and glow again.

"I do the painting and drawing in here," Mielziner said, entering a large, pleasant room that had a stool and a high drawing board between two shuttered windows. The room had soft-



"Would you like some chewing gum?"

green walls ("Ming gray-green," Mielziner said), tall bookshelves, some chairs and a sofa, tables holding jars of brushes and paints, and a tank for an airbrush. Plans and designs for theatres and sets were tacked to wallboard or stacked on tables. "There's a horrible label used by universities and communities when they put up a 'culture center,'" Mielziner said. "They say, 'That'll be the Experimental Theatre.' I always laugh at them; everything in a play is *always* experimental, unless it's put on by a tired stock company. Teachers and amateurs look on Broadway as vulgar and commercial, but the most exciting things that have happened in the theatre in the last fifty years have all happened on Broadway." He handed us a small model of a three-room apartment, about the size of a couple of cigarette cartons. "This is for a comedy next fall."

Mielziner picked up a piece of paper. "When I start to design a show, I do a written breakdown of what a play needs," he said, showing us a list. "Then I make little rough sketches and plans before I do the elevations. I do imaginative drawings with people in costume, because a play is about people—not about scenery or lights. I start thinking in terms of character, and I'll make some notes on color." He handed us a plan. "These are symbols for lights," he said, pointing to circles with arrows. "They indicate where the lighting will be, and which openings will be used. After I have done a color sketch, my staff makes a model, so we can study the shapes. Here's a segment of a wall." He picked up a piece of illustration board that was painted to look like a yellow brick wall. "You have to be careful when you work with yellow on a stage," he said. "It can look terribly acid." He took the little wall into the small, dim room and held it up in front of the spotlights. "Here's how it looks under red," he said, turning the knobs on the dimmer. "And blue. And bastard amber. When flesh-colored light was first developed, it looked ghastly on anything that wasn't pink. Real amber eats the color right out of lipstick. That's why we have bastard amber." He turned off the spotlights and went back into the studio. "To show you how foolish 'realism' is—when we talk about a moonlit scene, we think of blue. But moonlight isn't at *all* blue. The *symbol* for moonlight is blue. In 'Death of a Salesman,' when the curtain went up on Willy Loman's house, you saw that the trees were dead and had lost their foliage. In the play, Willy Loman goes twenty years back in memory many times, and as I read the script I wondered: How can we make the audience realize this? One night, I thought: Wow! The trees would be the symbol, and whenever we went back in memory, the trees would be alive again and the stage would be filled with leaves. We painted tiny leaves on a series of five-by-seven-inch glass plates and projected them on the stage. At the end of the play, when Mildred Dunnock came out in black, carrying flowers, Miller wanted to have a real gravestone, but we did without it. We simply changed the color of the leaves to autumn. The play was one of those things—a brilliant event in the theatre. It involved a marvellous combination of conjuring rabbits out of silk hats and simple, beautiful things that had nothing to do with legerdemain."

Mielziner went into a room where his assistants were working at drawing boards; there were shelves holding boxes marked "Lighting," "Maps," and "Gels," and plans and sketches and calendars lay everywhere. "If you work as hard as this, you have to love it," he said, and picked up a sketch for a forthcoming play. "A curtain of sunlight will come down here," he began. "It will light the beach, and through it we'll see the houses. . . ."

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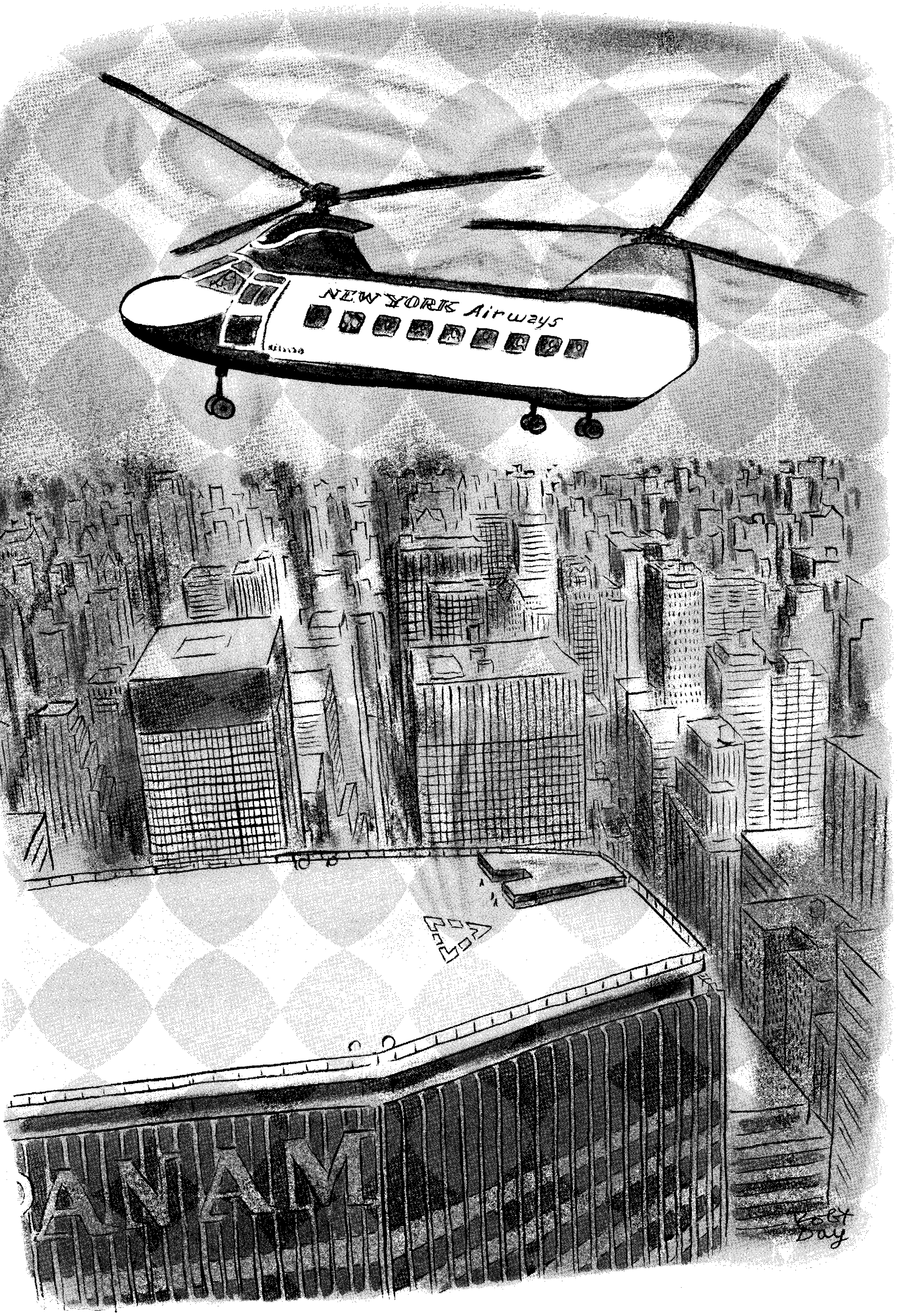
OVERHEARD on a Fifth Avenue bus, Bloomingdale shopping bag to Korvette package: "It's a terrible shame they're breaking up. I mean, when you think of America and apple pie, you think of Marcia and Steve."


NEW YORK Airways
AN AM
Robt Day

"Just think, dear. More than a million people are listening to our takeoff."

NOTHING PERSONAL

“Frank!” his wife was saying, sitting up in the bed beside him. “There’s someone outside.” Without waiting for his reaction, she leaned over to the window, tapped on it sharply, and said, “Who’s that? What are you doing there?” There was an answering murmur, and she turned back to him. “It’s the police,” she said.

“For God’s sake!” he said. “At this hour of the morning!” He groaned, got out of bed, and hitched up the long loose end of his pajama cord. “They probably want permission to track some poor bloody African across the lawn.”

Under the feeble porch light stood two absurdly young policemen in the new gray-blue uniform of the South African Police. Between them—Frank supposed it must be some thief they had just caught—was a short, terrierlike white man in a clerk’s suit and felt hat. Peering at the captive’s face, Frank was once again struck by the dreary ordinariness of criminals. Then he saw that the man was holding out a piece of foolscap to him.

“I got a warrant here to search this address.”

The words were so unexpected, so impersonal, that they did not seem to come from the speaker, whose lips hardly moved anyway. Startled, Frank asked, “What the hell for?”

“You must read the warrant,” the man said, pushing the paper farther toward him.

There was the hint of an order in the man’s voice, of carefully controlled menace. In search of something familiar, Frank shifted his gaze over the three heads in the doorway to the dark shapes beyond—the waiting trees, his neighbor’s double-story house, the flat-topped mountain against the sky, with the glistening drop of the morning star hanging above it. He thought quite calmly, This must be what the newspapers call “a visit from the Security Branch.” Dropping his gaze again, he saw the man in civilian dress use his free hand to ease along a bulge under the breast of his jacket.

“You’d better come inside,” Frank said, turning away. As he moved back into the long white room with its smattering of paintings, ornaments, and books, which he never noticed anymore, he was astonished that he felt only a sense of detachment—such as one experienced when an accident was happening. In a way, he had been half prepared for something like this. Everybody was whose criticism of the government expressed a liberal point of view—especially if he belonged, as Frank did, to the “unpatriotic” English-language press.

There was a subdued rumble of boots behind him on the wooden floor of the entrance passage, and he heard the front door shut with a slow careful click that dismissed the world outside. Turning round, he found the policemen had fanned out slightly on either side of the man in civilian dress. This man advanced slightly, twitched his shoulders, and held out the paper again. “You must read it,” he insisted.

For a moment, Frank considered refusing to read the warrant. But, he thought, what’s the use? The police had powers under a score of Acts to search his house any time—to look for banned books or banned persons, to see if he was sleeping with some woman of the wrong color, even to make certain that no unauthorized person of another color was staying on the premises. “Very well, if it’s all part of the ceremony,” he said. “I’ll fetch my glasses.”

His wife was waiting for him in the passage, looking very small and shapeless in her woolly pajamas. Her curd-white face under an untidy frizz of black hair was a blur of uncertainty. He put his arm up to her shoulders to offer her some sense of protection, and then dropped it again in quick shame at how little he could give. “It’s the Security Branch,” he said. “With a warrant to search the house.”

“To search! Search for what?” she demanded. “Are these people going to tramp all over the house at this hour of the morning?” She spoke in her native Afrikaans, which she often did when she became angry.

He saw that her eyes had their wide blue stare of anger, and his surprise and unease increased. Did she still have enough trust in her own people to become angry with them? “Calm down,” he said anxiously. “You can’t do anything about it.”

She followed him into the bedroom. “What do they think they’re going to find?” she demanded.

“I don’t know,” he said, bending down to pull on his slippers. “Probably they don’t, either. Perhaps it’s just an attempt to smear me. You know what our splendid government is like.”

He put on his dressing gown and glasses, and immediately felt more assured. He patted his wife on the shoulder. Concerned to keep her away from the search, he said, “Better go back to bed and read a book or something. You can’t do anything.”

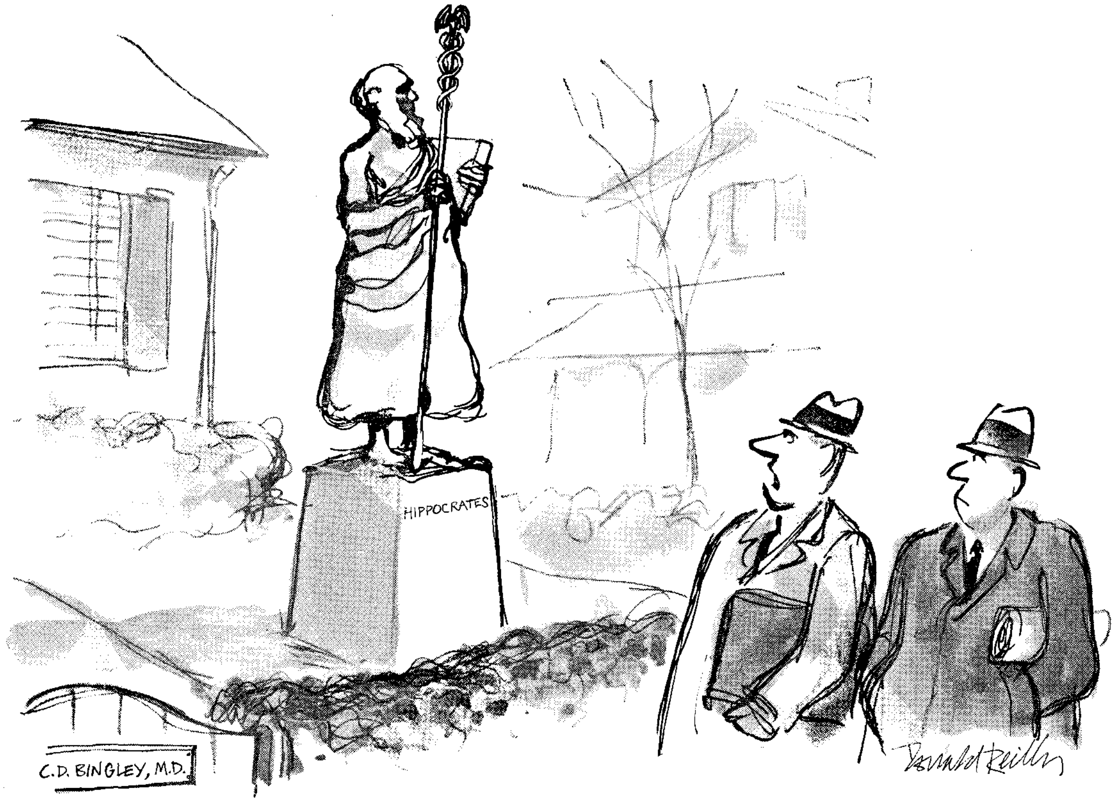
Her anger turned on him. “How can I read a book with a lot of policemen tramping through my house?”

He didn’t answer her, but went back to the living room. His first impression was that the three men were standing exactly as he had left them, but then he noticed they were all bareheaded. The two caps and the felt hat lay in a neat row on top of a bookcase. The two policemen looked more than ever like a couple of schoolboys, with the straw-colored hair so often seen among young Afrikaners. The Security man’s head was close-cropped—a dingy tobacco brown stippled with gray, hard as a nut. Without a hat above it, his face appeared both more tightly closed and sharper than before. Frank wondered whether the removal of headgear was intended as a gesture of respect for the house, or an assumption of authority over it. He pushed his hair back from the frame of his glasses and began to read the warrant.

It authorized the police to search his house for documents connected with a long list of organizations. He wasn’t a joiner of organizations, he thought, with mild relief. There was the usual list of African Nationalist and white and colored left-wing groups. “The Liberal Party,” he read with surprise. Had they banned the Liberals overnight, then? “And any dynamite or other explosives” was added to the list, almost as an afterthought. He raised his eyebrows. What sort of idiot did they think he was? He looked up, thinking to make the inquiry. But nobody seemed interested in his reactions. The three men stood there, wordless, gestureless, like robots dependent on some signal to put them in motion. “Well,” Frank said briskly, “you’re more likely to find documents than dynamite. You’d better begin in my study.”

The Security man gave the briefest of nods, and the policemen made a sidling maneuver to fall in behind him. Frank led the way, feeling that he might be doing nothing more special than showing the Council electricity reader where the meters were.

He paused in the doorway of the study and contemplated its familiar confusion. The place was awash with documents, newspapers, pamphlets, note pads, books. They flowed out of



"Well, if it isn't advertising, it comes damn close to it."

• •

the high racks above the linen cupboard, ran in a sort of glacier across the back of his desk, and spilled over to spread out across the floor. Frank turned to the Security man, staring into the room beside him, and said, "It's all yours." Then he walked away to find his wife.

"You mustn't go away," the Security man said behind him. "You got to be present in person while we search."

He had the air of repeating a regulation—God knew what strange regulations filled the land now, Frank thought. Besides, how could he check? Phone up his lawyer, his Member of Parliament? Resignedly, he leaned against a piano that had over the years somehow got squeezed into the room. The three men filed in silently and took up position, back to back, facing different points of the compass. They began to pick up books and documents, to open drawers.

Frank wondered what the two policemen were feeling about invading this Englishman's home. Any sense of avenging the Boer War or any other of those old British wrongs that their new propaganda history books emphasized? He shifted his attention away from such thoughts and contemplated the print of a painting of a baobab tree pinned to the wall beside him. The trunks bulged powerfully out of the earth, and then frittered away into brittle gestures of thin branches futilely defying the gunmetal sky of an African midday.

The taller policeman pointed up suddenly, indicating a long parcel of note pads Frank used for writing first drafts. The Security man glanced up from a bundle of manuscripts he was examining and said shortly, "Get it down."

The policeman got it down. "More paper," he said.

"There's plenty of that around," Frank said.

The others gave no sign that they had heard his remark. They went on with their work with dispirited dedication.

If you want the human comedy, Frank thought, here it is. Three men employed by the state to stand back to back in a small room at six o'clock in the morning staring at bits of paper they don't understand. And me, their captive audience. The bloody futility of it! Look down, O baobab tree!

He caught some scrabbling sounds from the direction of the kitchen, and recognized his wife's impatient movement in them. What was she up to? He listened more intently. A bird in a tree outside gave a long low whistle as if astonished at the world it had woken to; farther away, a heavy truck went rushing down the through road. The new day was beginning to stir. The sounds from the kitchen became more decisive, more organized. What was she doing? Joe was still asleep—would he have to be got up? The twins, thank God, were away at camp.

His wife's footsteps detached themselves from the kitchen and came up the passage. When she appeared at the study door, he saw she had tidied up her face and hair and put on her better dressing gown. In her arms she carried a pile of folded linen. He stared at her.

"If I've got to be woken up at this godforsaken hour," she said, "I might as well get some real work done."

She pushed her way in and squatted down among the policemen's legs. The taller policeman glanced uneasily toward the Security man, but he was reading in shut-faced absorption an African newsletter he had taken from the desk. She swung open a cupboard door and it smacked sharply against the taller policeman's left leg. "*Ekskuus!*" she said without a trace of contrition—the single word in Afrikaans was more like a challenge than an apology—and she began rapidly to sort linen into the cupboard.

Frank watched her with a growing confusion, which he attempted feverishly to control, dissipate, dissect before some crisis occurred. His wife was going all Afrikaans on him—was actually looking for a fight, ready to lash out with a flaming retort at whichever one of her fellow-Afrikaners she provoked into protest. And he knew with a strangely detailed clarity that a long line of English middle-class forebears had left in him a repugnance—almost an obsessive aversion—for "scenes." And not only a horror of scenes, for heaven's sake, but a proper appreciation of power. The searchers had the weight of metal—three revolvers among them. One of these guys might take a swing at her, and he'd have to go in. Resisting search—bang! bang! bang! Lying on the floor, bleeding, full of bullet holes. Where would that get anybody? He took the ghost of a step forward.

But his wife had completed her sorting. She got up from the floor with the evident intention of fetching more linen. As she passed him, he said quietly, "Hadn't you better do this later? It's a bit difficult right now."

"Who's making it difficult?" she asked. "I didn't ask these people to come and clutter the place up."

The only sign that the others had heard her was a tightening of a muscle in the taller policeman's jaw. Frank followed his wife into the passage. "These people are only doing their job," he said, appealing to her.

"They shouldn't have such a job," she retorted.

"They're only carrying out orders."

"Are you defending them now?" Her direct blue stare seemed to accuse him of some kind of desertion, disloyalty.

He looked at her in silent exasperation. Was this a time for female logic-chopping?

Then, unaccountably, she softened. "All right," she said, almost cheerfully. "I'll make you some coffee."

"You do that," he said with relief. "Make us all some coffee."

She had been in the act of turning away as he spoke, but now she spun back to face him. He was dismayed to find that he had somehow brought back her anger in full vigor. "Look here," she said loudly, clearly, speaking once more in Afrikaans. "I can't go to the Prime Minister, or the Nationalist Government, or the Minister of Justice, whoever it is. I can't go and tell them what I think of their filthy methods and policies. But I can make it known to the people they send to me. These people are not welcome in my house—and I'm not going to make them welcome."

The Security man spoke from beside Frank's elbow. "You got to be present while we search," he said.

"I'll make *you* some coffee—one cup of coffee," she said to Frank, ignoring the Security man. Then she went off down the passage like somebody who had discovered something urgent and important to do.

Back at his official observation post, Frank looked guardedly at the three searchers standing back to back, their heads bowed over pieces of paper. He found himself thinking of three mourning soldiers standing at the end of some great man's catafalque. Mourning—or hurt, resentful, hostile? He felt deeply embarrassed. They must have heard every word his wife said, known she had intended them to hear. It had been a calculated insult. Anywhere in the country, a cup of tea or coffee or something to drink was offered when one went into a house. It was what these two Afrikaans boys of policemen would do for any visitor. Painfully courteous in that sense. They'd even give an African something—at the back door, of course, and out of a tin mug.

"Are you defending them now?" she had asked, and he turned the question over in his mind. If this had been an African's home, would there have been this courteous riffling through of papers? There certainly would not. Shouts, kicks, bangs, herding of everybody into one room, everything thrown about. Oh boy, there would have been some real guestly behavior then! And yet he wished desperately that his wife would change her mind and make coffee for them all. He even concentrated his thought on her small, dark-haired, pale-faced, unrelenting presence in the kitchen and called up whatever telepathic powers he had. He felt his brain tighten like a muscle in the effort to direct extrasensory influences over forty feet and through three intervening walls. "Make us all some coffee," he signalled. "All some coffee."

But when she arrived in the doorway again there was only one cup of coffee on the tray. "Here you are," she said, looking at him defiantly.

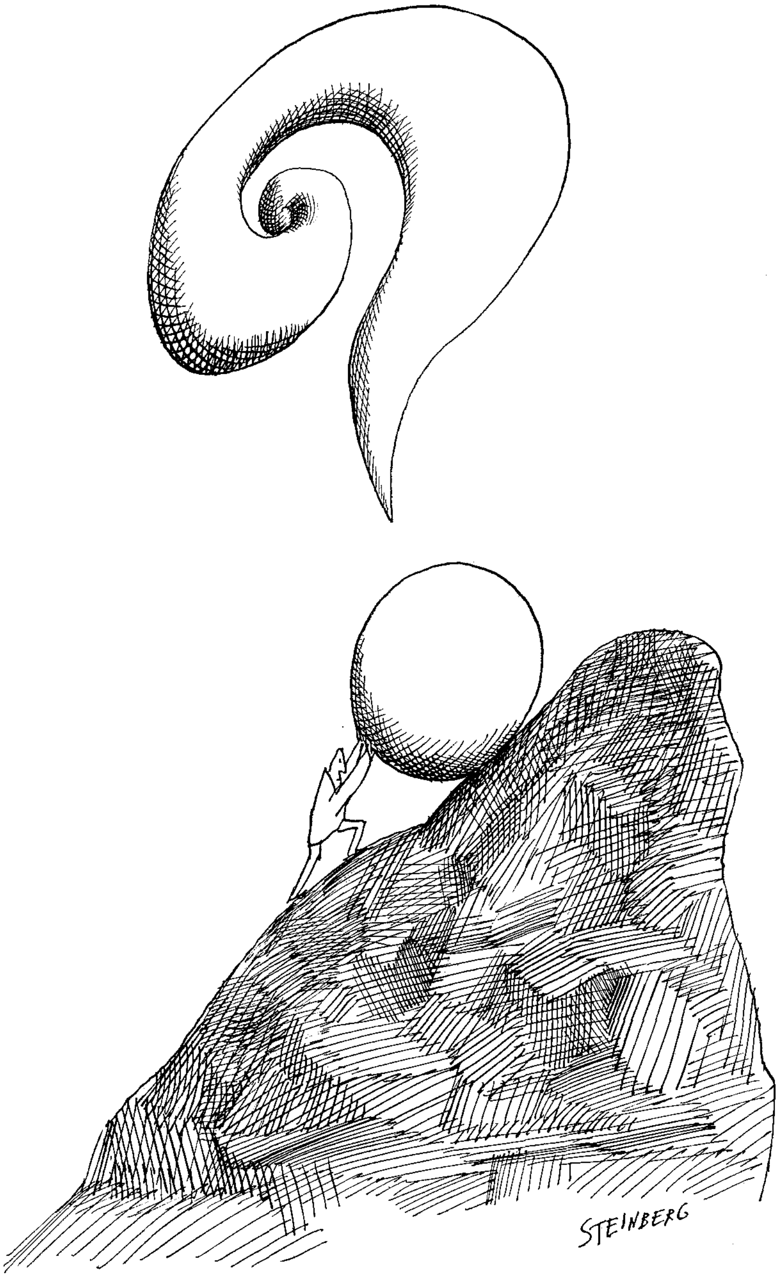
So much for telepathy.

When she had gone again, he stood there holding the coffee awkwardly. He bent his head to sip, and it burned his lips. Carefully, to prevent any rattle of cup on saucer, he lifted the coffee to the back of the piano and slid his elbow in front of it. Then he looked up quickly to see if anybody had noticed his move.

Along the taller policeman's jaw, the muscle was flexing and unflexing. The Security man suddenly sucked his teeth. He was holding two African newsletters in his hand. "I'll take these," he said.

"I'm surprised you haven't got them already," Frank said.

The Security man made no comment, but merely produced a paper file from somewhere about his person and put the two newsletters into it. He looked around the study as if dismissing it as a source of further



documents. "I'll have to look at all the other rooms," he said, and made a move toward the door. Immediately, the two policemen put down whatever they were looking at and moved to follow him.

Walking ahead of them, Frank found himself waylaid in the passage by his wife. She seemed to have been lurking there for that purpose. "Would you wake Joe up?" she asked. "I don't want him to open his eyes and find himself surrounded with policemen."

"I'll do that," he said. "They want to see all the rooms."

"Then they can search the kitchen while you're waking Joe," she said.

She led the way, and the Security man sucked his teeth again and followed her. The two young policemen brought up the rear, stumbling against one another. At least, Frank thought, his wife seemed in command of the situation—whatever it was.

He opened Joe's door softly, walked in, and stood for a moment looking down at the vague, fair shape of his ten-year-old son's head. A pencil of dawn light fell from a parting in the curtains across the sleeping face, touching the petal-like skin of the cheekbone, full lower lip, and rounded chin.

Often when he did something for Joe, Frank thought, My father used to do this for me. But he was very conscious that his father had never woken him to say that policemen were raiding the house and there was nothing he could do about it. At Joe's age, he had believed there was no power on earth that could tell his father what to do. Delaying the moment, he walked across to the curtains and pulled them open. The space of the room turned from dark to clouded pearl; outside, there was another world, another day, peering in like a pale stranger. Frank went back, sat on the bed, and woke his son to explain.

"Policemen?" Joe said bemusedly.

"Yes," Frank said. "They've come to search the house."

"What for?" Joe asked, sitting up, fully awake.

"For some papers they think may be here."

Joe got out of bed eagerly. "Where are they?"

His wife met them in the doorway and took Joe by the hand. "You come into bed with me and keep warm," she said.

"I expect they'll be searching our bedroom, too," Frank warned her.

"Let them," she said, walking away with Joe.

TO THE SWIFTS

. . . it is time to select as pre-eminent that bird which excels where birds are most at home—in the air. . . . the swift is the strongest candidate.—*"The Home Life of the Swift," by David and Elisabeth Lack.*

Almost a whole life on the wing!
Even the nest
Is made where a clear drop
Enables the young, with their
Already outsized wings and shortish legs, to top-
ple forth—a definition of rest
Whereby things of the air
Truly inhabit air and seldom stop
Their constant maneuvering.

And this the swifts do at a speed
That would suggest
Only their headlong flight,
Skimming over the still
Marshes to drink, climbing to an outlandish height
To seize blown bugs or any nest-
making material—
Feathers, garbage, seeds—that can requite
Their driving, unfocussed need.

And yet, a need. As when each year
There return two
To the nest that is the same,
Yet both remote until
After they've paired. Or when, with beaks too soft to maim,
The male and a suitor fall to
For hours and cannot kill.
Or when parents take turns guarding the home
Till, starved, both disappear.

As do the young, precipitously,
When the wind cools—
Hugging the shifting routes
Set by fair weather but
Aimed at an Africa unknown. Their labor's fruits
Lack clarity still. Near Oxford, schools
Of yearlings scream through the dust
On warm twilights; they rise to pass the nights
Higher than one can see.

—David Galler

• •

"What sort of policemen are they, Ma?" Joe asked.

"There's only one sort of policeman really," his mother said.

As Frank arrived in the kitchen, he saw their African maid open the back door, look in at the two policemen standing in the middle of the room, and go gray with fright. It was almost, Frank thought, like the change of light in Joe's room. Africans expect little good of policemen.

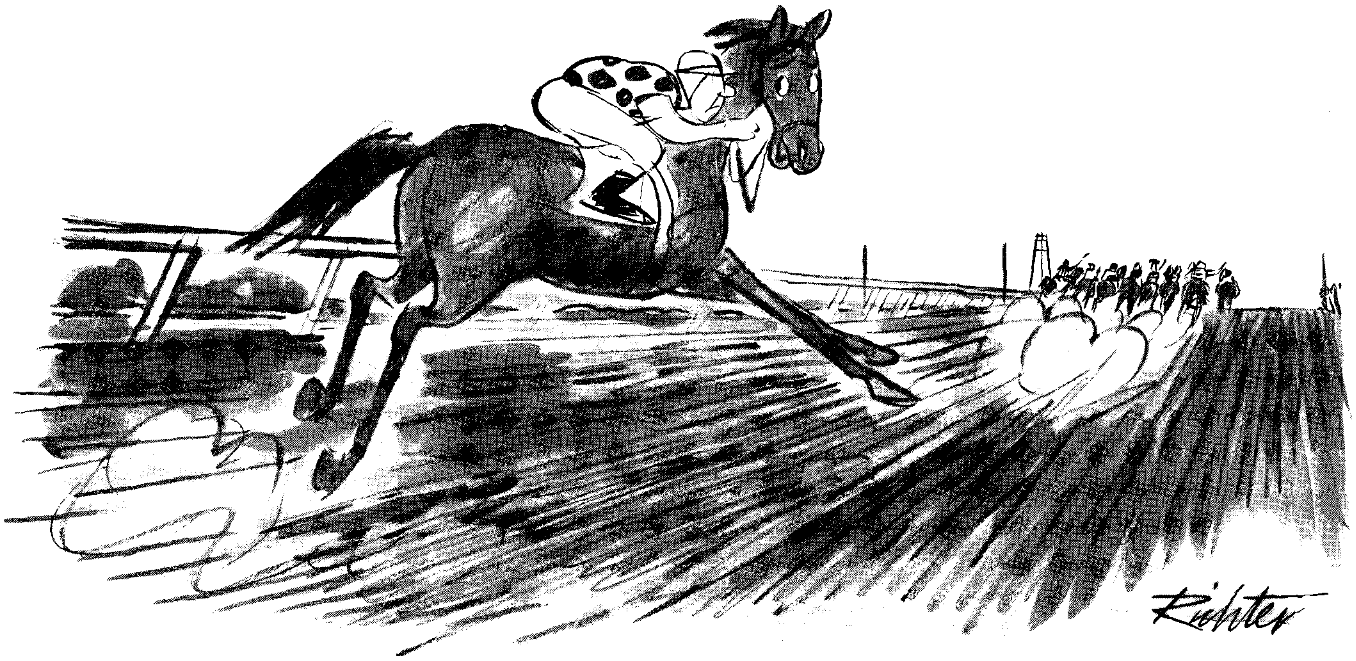
The Security man was on to her fear in a flash. "Why did you get such a fright?" he demanded in Afrikaans. He seemed to be taking a little break from the constraint he had been practicing. "What have you got in there? What are you hiding?"

The maid stammered in English, "Please, what is the matter?"

The Security man pushed quickly past her into the room just beyond the kitchen door. The maid stood in the doorway still, looking wildly from the policemen to Frank.

"It's all right, Daisy," Frank said. "It's got nothing to do with you."

The two policemen began moving forward to the back door as well. But



"*Well, we* *tried**. That's the important thing, isn't it?*"

• •

the Security man shot out of the maid's room as rapidly as he had shot into it, rather like a ferret exhibiting his particular skill.

"If you're quite finished in here," Frank said elaborately, "we can go to the other rooms."

MOST of the rest of the search was cursory. In the twins' room, with its photographs of Margot Fonteyn and the Beatles, Frank wondered whether either of them—still asleep, no doubt, in a tent full of other schoolgirls by the sea—would dream of what was happening in their room just then. The smaller policeman, with a sudden show of zeal, pulled open a drawer filled with the energetic and emotional correspondence that teen-agers carry on with other teen-agers. For the first time that morning, Frank caught a look of spontaneous interest on the policeman's face. The policeman looked up, caught Frank's eye, and closed the drawer again.

The Security man displayed little interest in the room. He stood in the middle of it, looking this way and that, as if making up his mind where to move next. Then he pulled at his coattails and squared his shoulders and turned to Frank. He seemed to have weighed his request some time before he made it: "We'll have to look at your wife's bedroom now," he said.

"It's my bedroom, too," Frank said, inexplicably resentful.

"Send them in," his wife said when he put his head round the door.

"Aren't you getting up?"

"No. They can search while I'm here." His wife and son were sitting up in bed regarding him brightly.

"For God's sake!" he said.

"We'll stay," she said.

The searchers moved into the room, stepping carefully in their square-toed shoes, as if they expected to find the floor littered with fragile objects. They were all quite obviously conscious of the two pairs of eyes that followed their every movement from the bed. The Security man tightened his face by a further turn of some internal screw, and opened every cupboard and examined every loose object he came across. Frank looked away resignedly out through the main window at the steadily strengthening and clarifying daylight.

A movement on the bed made him look back again, and he saw that the Security man had picked from the dresser a sheaf of tumultuously scrawled notes. They represented a purely private fight his wife was having with some philosopher with whom she disagreed. It never got beyond the stage of jotting down vigorous objections, but there was a standing family joke that she was writing a novel nobody would ever be able to decipher well enough to read. The Security man stared earnestly at the top sheet.

"Look, Ma," Joe said suddenly, "you've got a reader."

Both occupants of the bed giggled.

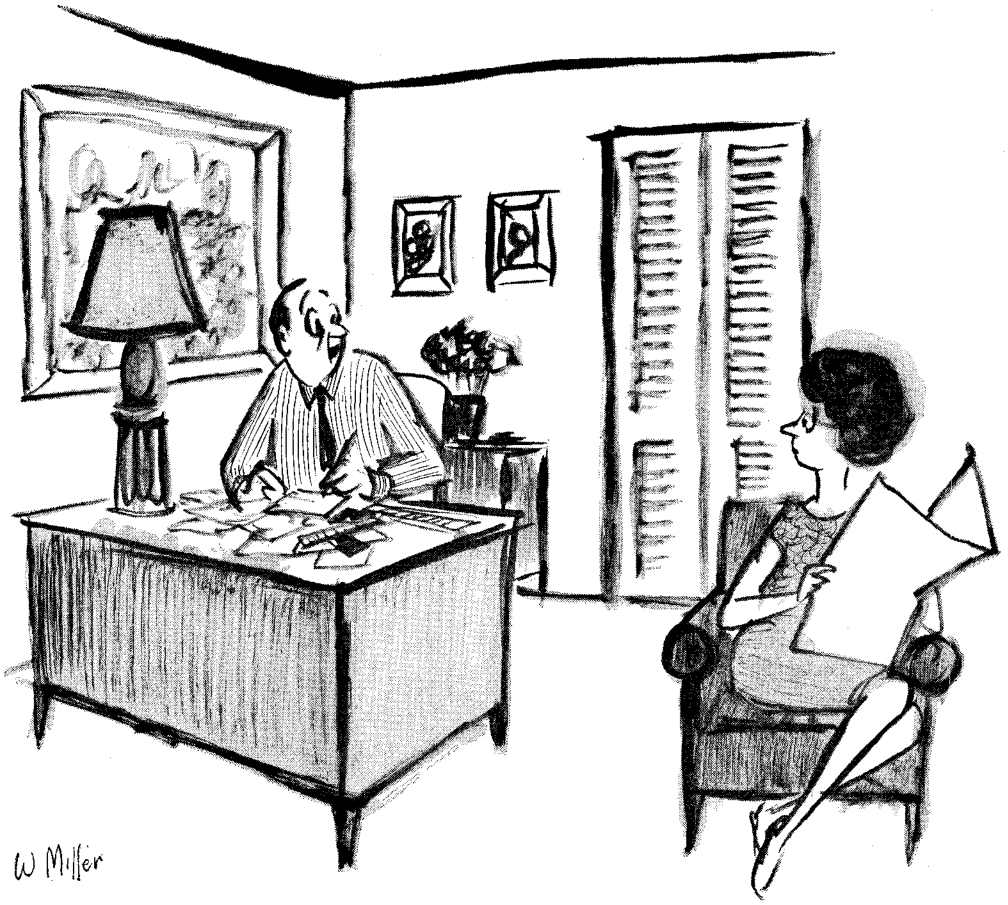
The Security man breathed something like a sigh through his nose and set the manuscript carefully down again. He looked slowly round the room, seemed to summon the support of the two policemen, and took a step toward the bed. At the end of the bed, he straightened his back once more and twitched his shoulders. When he spoke at last it was in the voice of a man determined, come what may, to be polite. He even made a curious physical gesture with his first words, raising himself slightly on his toes and making something like a brief courtly bow. "Lady," he said, "I know you have been up already, so I know it's not a great inconvenience now to ask you to get up while I search the bed."

Frank felt suddenly dizzy with fury and indecision. What the devil could they expect to find in the bed! He couldn't stand there letting this little runt order his wife about for the sheer hell of it—and in front of his son, too. The first words that came to him were "If you have any request to make to my wife, I'll thank you to make it through me, if you don't mind!" But immediately the very idea of pretending that his wife couldn't answer for herself seemed ludicrous, would make him seem ludicrous. He thrashed around in his mind for some formula, some course of action.

His wife sat there on the bed looking coldly at the Security man. The two policemen, as if sensing a crisis was at hand, made a tiny movement of falling in behind the Security man.

Oh, Christ, Frank thought, what do I do now?

"If you really feel you have to . . ." said his wife. With a quick, neat flip



"Would you believe it? If what I made last year was laid end to end in singles, it would only reach from here to Charley Ward's house, after taxes."

• •

back of the top blanket, she got up, said, "Come on, Joe!," and walked out of the room.

Joe followed behind like a Sancho Panza. They had swept from the field, not been swept from it. Frank wanted to laugh from relief, love, and genuine amusement.

The Security man stepped forward, prodded the bed, and lifted a sheet and looked under it. But it was only perfunctory, a barren gesture of authority. The search was over.

IN the doorway, as they were leaving the house, the smaller policeman put out his hand like any polite country boy and said, "Goodbye, sir." Then he walked out into the sunlight to join his companion, who had gone ahead without making any farewells.

Then there was only the Security man. As they stood together in the doorway, Frank became aware of another subtle transformation in their relationship. This man who had come out of the darkness to take control of the house stood there now in the morning sunlight again a stranger, withdrawing into a world of strangers. And he, Frank, had somehow ceased to be dispossessed, a bystander in his own home, was regaining his familiar position. He stared at the Security man's face with surprise—surprise that there was not something more extraordinary about it. One could find this face repeated—or rough copies of it, anyway—in every second office, cinema foyer, bus queue in the city. Whole rows of it appeared in Rugby crowds. Unfulfilled faces that could be committed to anything—that could, perhaps, commit anything, too.

The Security man put out his hand, and the friendliness in the gesture increased Frank's surprise. "I hope you don't bear any grudge, sir," he said. With the word "sir," he seemed to be handing back Frank his status. "This is just a job. There's nothing personal."

Frank found himself shaking hands almost warmly. "I can't blame you for the way your bosses play politics," he said.

The Security man gave no sign that he had heard, but bowed his head slightly and walked quickly away after the slowly withdrawing policemen. As he caught up with them, the taller one said something, and they all looked up. Then the shorter policeman came running back to Frank. "Our caps," he said in embarrassment. He hurried into the living room, snatched up the headgear, and hurried out again as if afraid of meeting somebody there.

Frank watched the boy, the sun catching his fair hair, go half running up the drive to his companions. He remained there looking up the drive for some time after they had disappeared around the boundary hedge. He was uncertain of what he was looking for, or what he felt.

A movement in the front doorway broke his nebulous meditation. His wife stood looking at him.

"They've gone," he said.

"Good," she answered, and turned back into the living room.

Following her in, he said, "I still think you could have given them some coffee."

"No," she said firmly. "If this sort of thing becomes a regular feature of our way of life in this damned country, there's at least one thing I need never do—give them coffee."

"Ach," he said. "Why take it out on them? They're only cogs, digits—"

"Oh, no they're not. And I'm not." She spoke quite flatly, but with complete conviction.

He could think of no reply that would not seem inconclusive, defensive.

"I'm certainly not a digit," she said. "I'm me. I'm a person."

He remembered the maid's frightened face. "I suppose some poor bloody African could take that high and mighty line?" he asked.

She stared at him. "What have the Africans got to do with it?"

Again he was not certain. He was not even certain of what he was arguing about. Some reaction was beginning to set in for him; a sense of depression, of degradation, was growing.

His wife pulled back the curtains and flung open the big front windows. "Let's get some fresh air in," she said. "The place feels dirty."

He wondered why the light suddenly pouring into the room from the new blue and green day should seem so pure, why there was not some stain of darkness left upon it.

—ANTHONY DELIUS

•

SWAPS

WHAT do you have? Chances are we have it.—*Adv. in the Los Angeles Times.*

Well, that makes it nice all round.

THE BEAUTIFUL DAY

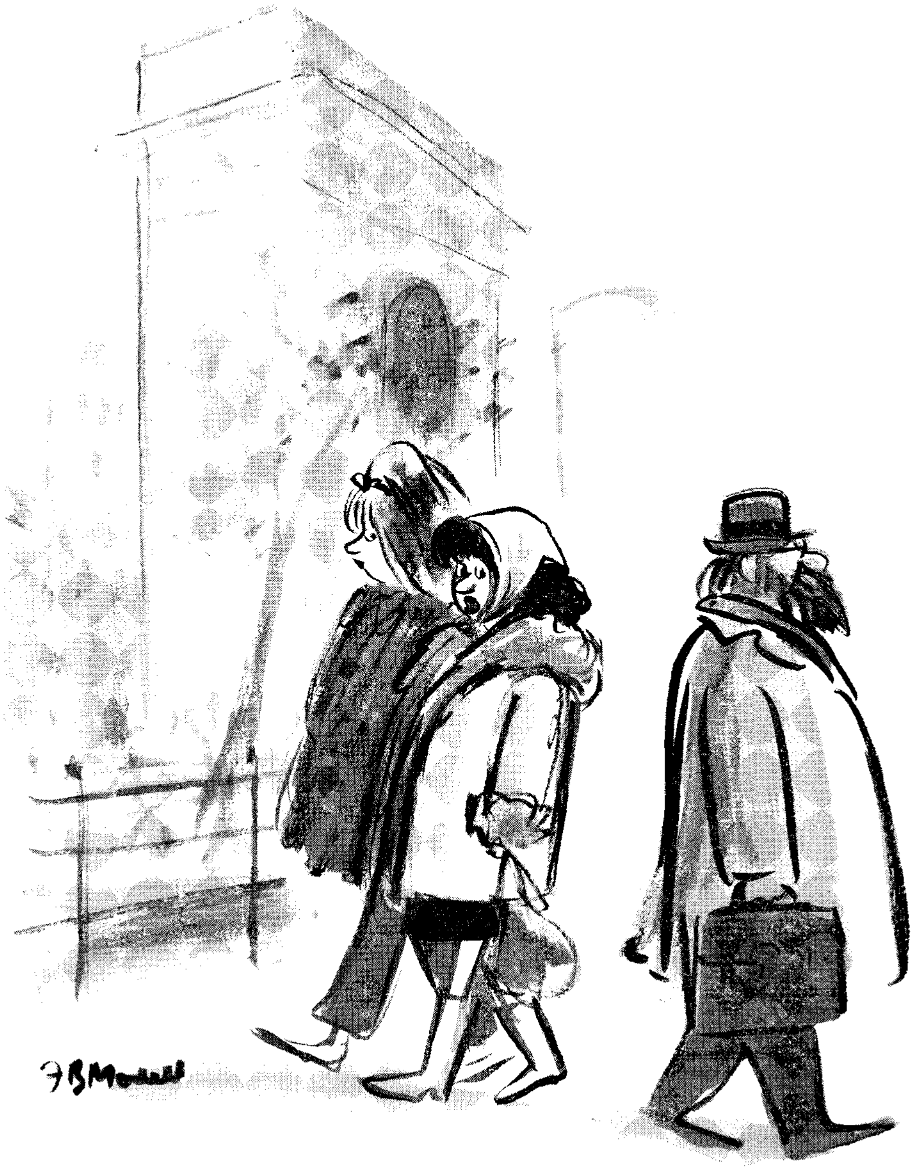
IT was a beautiful day. The snow was so deep on the road into the valley that they decided to leave the car at the farmhouse and walk over the last hill to the cabin. Amelia Medford's father sat in the front seat beside her husband, barking out unheeded directions to turn here, and look out for that rut there. Amelia had placed herself between her sons, Pete and Sam, to deter the usual back-seat riots. The boys were growing up in New York City, but every summer of their lives they had been coming to stay with their grandparents in Ohio. Sometimes they got off the train with their mother and went straight to the cabin in the woods—they loved it so—without bothering to go to the big house in town. But they had never seen the valley in winter and now they were excited by each familiar form—a tree, a house—in this new setting. For Amelia, it was a turning to before the boys were born, when she was her father's child and not somebody's mother. It had been that long since she had been to Ohio in the winter.

The sun shone on the packed snow and made it glisten. Bill Medford stopped the car at the white frame house, and John Barnes, the farmer who was their nearest neighbor, could be seen briefly at the window, where he must have been standing, waiting for their car. Amelia had come home for her father's eightieth birthday, with her family, and when it was over, the next morning, she had this craving to see the country in winter, after so many years of being there only in the lush green season. She called John Barnes to tell him they were coming, and when she hung up, because of the heavy snowfall and the threat of more she was assailed with doubts about the wisdom of the venture, so she called back to say she had changed her mind. "Too much snow," she said. "Too cold. Too slippery. Too dangerous. Too everything." He listened politely on the other end of the phone, which snapped and wavered because it was a party line, and when she was all done he simply said, "Well, in the old days you would have come."

So here they were. Everyone got out of the car, and John Barnes joined them, slowly buttoning his jacket over his blue overalls as he walked. He stopped suddenly. "What a beautiful day!" he exclaimed. "Wait a minute, while I go back and get my camera." He returned, carrying an old-fashioned Brownie box camera, and they started off down the road, the boys slipping and sliding and tumbling over one another. Amelia's father walked lightly, with the spring of a man twenty years his junior, but for all that the thought whisked through her mind that he was moving with more care than usual. "It's because of his birthday yesterday," she said to herself, hastily hiding the thought under an excuse, but she moved ahead and casually took his arm as they started down the hill. Her father stopped and made a snowball, and threw it at her older boy, hitting him between his shoulder blades. "Who did that?" Pete shouted fiercely, waving his arms and roaring with pleasure. He scooped up some snow and pelted his father and younger brother, but not his grandfather, and she thought, Pete is remembering how old he is, too.

They were at the gate now, and John Barnes said, "The snow got ahead of me before I could plow out the road. I've never seen snow like it is this year, day after day, so there's no keeping up with it. It's banked up so high we won't be able to open the gate. We'll have to climb it." Amelia's father bent over and went through the fence below the top bar, and the farmer snapped a picture of him halfway through, one leg across, his face upturned, smiling forever on that very last day Amelia had with him.

It was a joyous day that stayed joyous forever, like the photograph of Amelia's father smiling. The others followed him through the fence and up the road. He led them, as he always had, making tracks they could step in with his stub-toed, high-laced rubber boots, right up to the screen door. The snow was so deep that they could walk onto the porch of the cabin without climbing the steps, which had disappeared under a snowy cover. Amelia's



"Isn't he awfully old for a beard?"

NIGHT PASSAGE

The lights are going on over the water.
Over the ridge of the disappearing island,
Headlights rise and fall like the ledge of the sun,
And starlight, shiftier than eyes,
Across the headland flashes the end of day.

Out of the houses and the fading woods,
On the water (scarlet
For rocks and the glimmering starboard landfall),
From the depths, the burning creatures come,
Their luminous slow heads touching the night.

Lights coming on in the dark look out of holes
At others burnt to sleep in the distance,
My mind, going out among them, going out.

—DAVID WAGONER

• •

father pulled out his big pocketknife and carefully picked the ice from the lock. Then he put the key in and opened the door. They went in, stamping the snow off their feet and peering into empty rooms, at the bedding piled on the stripped beds and at the drained plumbing fixtures. The rooms were musty from being closed up, and cold, and Amelia wanted to build a fire in the fireplace, the way they always had when she was a child, but her father was in a hurry to feed his birds. He unlocked the back door and darted across the big dining porch and out to a small shed in the yard, where he kept his tools and the birdseed. He had put a combination padlock on the door of the shed, and it was a family joke that he had done this so nobody could use his things, since nobody else could ever remember the combination. He moved the wheel back and forth until the lock fell open, and then he went into the shed and came out carrying a coffee tin full of birdseed. He had placed the feeders in such a way that he could watch the birds while he ate on the porch. He smiled happily as he moved from feeder to feeder, and when he came to the suet holder he unbuttoned his jacket, pulled out a brown paper bag, and removed a large piece of white suet. John Barnes reached up and unlatched the top for him. Amelia noticed that the farmer was smiling, too. He had taken off his cap, and the wind blew through his thin hair and gave him a boyish look. He was ten years younger than Amelia's father. He must have been just a few years older than my boys, she thought, when my father first came out here.

The sun had a dazzling brightness, and the little clearing was warm. Amelia's father took off his hat, which had fleece-lined earmuffs, and rubbed the perspiring top of his bald head. "Tell the boys how you first came out here," Amelia said. "I don't believe they've ever heard it."

Her father put his hat back on, pulling the flaps down over his ears. The boys had been lying in the snow, making angel wings with their arms, and now they scrambled to their feet and came over by their grandfather.

"I was not more than twenty, and I came out the first time in a horse and buggy," her father said. "I came with Amos Finch, from my office. He knew a lot about birds and wild flowers and loved the woods. It was all new to me, and I wanted to learn."

"Amos kept his camping equipment in a wooden box he built and nailed to a sycamore tree in front of where this cabin stands now," John Barnes said. "He had a cup and saucer, frying pan, and binoculars for bird watching. And a hatchet. I don't remember what else."

"Yes," said her father. "At first when we came, we just spent the day hiking and listening to the birds. Amos could identify most of the birdcalls. Then he built a one-room shack right here—"

"In the middle of my pasture," John Barnes said.

"I used to wake up in the morning," Amelia said, "and the first thing I'd see would be cows' faces pressed against the porch screen. When we went to the stream to brush our teeth, the cows would run away and then stand and stare at us. I've never really liked cows since."

"You were *very* little, Amelia," her father said. "That was after Amos sold me his cabin. Then I bought the land underneath it from John, and—"

"And we lived happily ever after," John Barnes finished, smiling.

Everyone was silent, watching the birds as they swooped down from the bare tree branches and snatched the seed. John Barnes backed away from the group and snapped another picture. Then Amelia's father locked the shed, and they walked back to the cabin.

"I'd hate to have these birds go hungry. They depend on me to keep them alive over the winter," Amelia's father said. "I've hardly missed a week."

"Sundays are certainly dull when I don't see your car coming down the road," John Barnes replied. "But when you can't get out, I come down and feed the birds anyway."

"I know that," Amelia's father said.

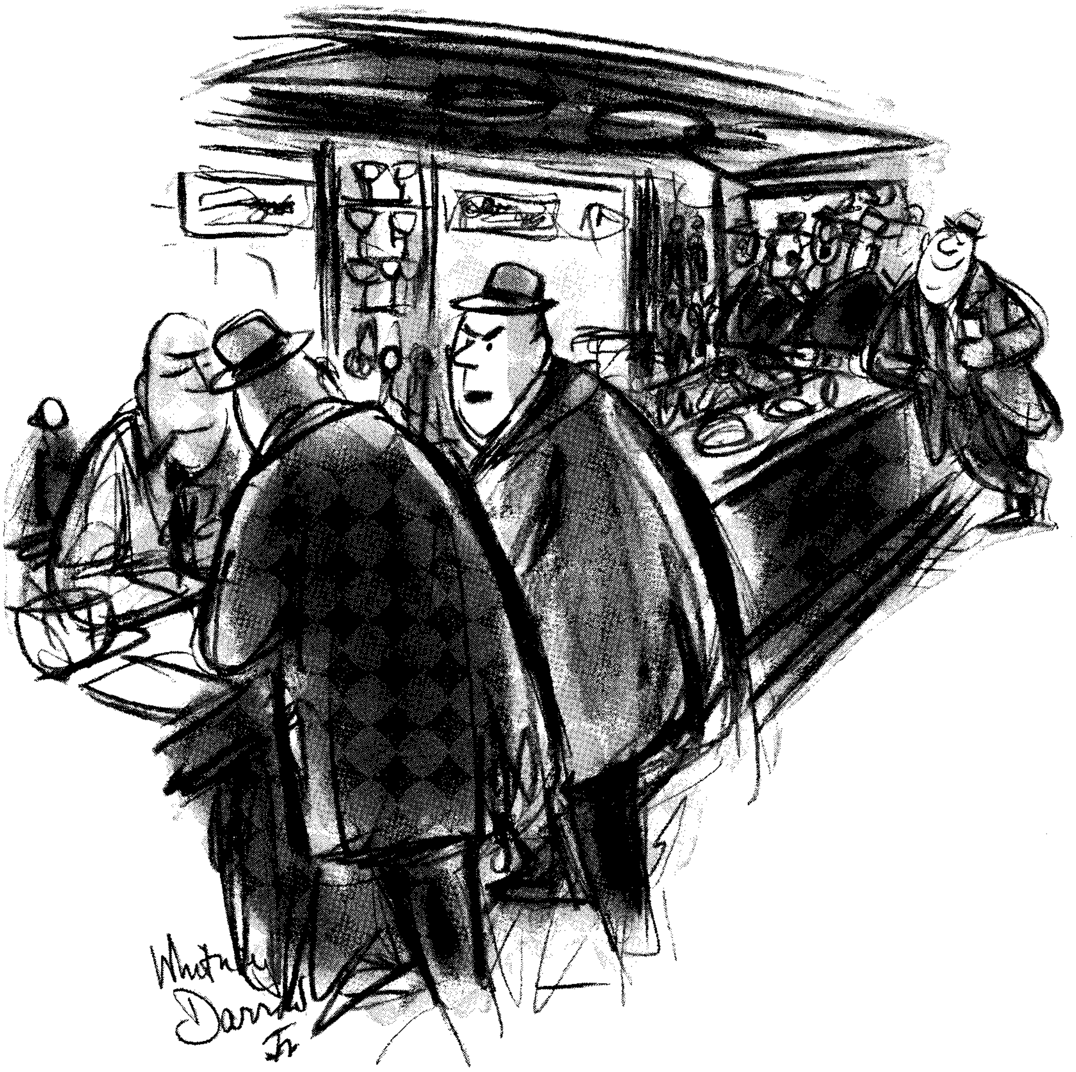
He stopped at the door of the cabin and removed his glasses; some snow had fallen on them from an overhanging branch. The boys pulled icicles from the eaves of the porch and sucked them as they went inside. They sat and talked a few minutes, and Bill Medford and the boys drew pictures of snowmen on a blackboard by the door. Amelia's father talked to John Barnes about planting new trees in the spring. Suddenly her father pressed his cigarette out in an ashtray and announced that he was hungry. "It's after two," he said. "I hate to leave, but we'd better get going."

So they left. Locking up carefully, retracing their steps across the snow, with a brief side trip to the stream, to peer down at the blue-black pools of water that seemed so still beneath the crust of snow. Amelia had a sudden longing to see the river in spring, when it would be rushing past the cabin, the tiny brook transformed by the thaw into a roaring turbulence, with great blocks of broken ice pounding their way down into the main stream that began beyond the gate and the bridge.

"Maybe I'll come back in the early spring for a few days," she said to her father.

"I wish you would," he said. "Try to do that."

THAT last day spent with her father remained suspended in Amelia's mind, away from other days,



"He says he's first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, but I doubt it."

• •

vivid and clear, a fragment of beauty to which she could turn whenever she wanted. Her father died a month later—suddenly, unknowing, after a splendidly active day. And so she came back before spring, before the breakup, when the snow was still falling as if it would never stop, making the drifts deeper and deeper. Her younger son came with her. While she was still wondering how she would ever be able to go to the cabin again, he said, in the most natural way, "When are we going to the country?"

He said that on a Sunday, the first Sunday, a beautiful, glistening, unbearable Sunday, and while she was figuring out how to tell him she never intended to go there again she was called to the telephone. It was her friend Mary Knowles, who spent the summers in an old house on the road into the valley.

"We're going to the country today, and you and Sam must go with us," Mary said. "It's no good waiting, and, of course, you know you'll have to go sometime. So it had better be now. Such a beautiful day, too!"

"I really can't," Amelia replied stiffly. Even to herself, her voice had a starchy sound. "Not yet. Maybe never."

"We'll be by in an hour," Mary said.

They went, bundled in heavy clothes and ski pants. Mary's husband drove, and the two women sat behind him chatting busily, about schools and work. Sam and Priscilla, Mary's daughter, invented riddles that made them fall over laughing at their own wit in the back of the station wagon. Amelia had a long medical discussion with Mary's husband, Ted, who was a doctor, and found his back strangely reassuring; in fact, she felt quite relaxed, and was wondering why she had so dreaded coming on such a beautiful sunny day when they went around a curve and were at the edge of her father's property. Amelia looked out into the woods, seeing through the leafless trees the piles of brush her father had left everywhere as winter shelter for the animals. She had such a sharp physical pain that she bent forward and gasped, quickly turning her face away, toward the car window.

Ted Knowles drove on past the cabin, turned the corner at John Barnes' farmhouse, and continued up the hill to his own place. They ate their lunch in the cold kitchen of the Knowles' cottage. They had brought sandwiches and cake, and thermoses of coffee and cocoa. After they had eaten, they took a long hike; it was a favorite trip, through a deep gulch. When they got back to the cottage, Sam and Priscilla started building a snowman. Amelia and Mary stopped to watch them. Amelia said, "I think I'll go down to the cabin. I ought to see if everything is all right." Then, turning to Sam: "Do you want to go with me?"

He shook his head, too absorbed to answer, so she started off alone. As she passed John Barnes' house, she went in and found him alone. "Hello," he said, getting up from the rocker where he had been reading the Sunday paper. "I was wondering if you would come today. I'm glad you did."

Amelia sat down on a kitchen chair and opened her coat. She began biting her nails, something she hadn't done in years. He took off his glasses, put them in an old-fashioned metal case, and carefully placed them in the chest pocket of his overalls. Amelia blurted out a message from her mother: "Could you use any of my father's clothes? He would have liked you to have anything you might want."

"Your father and I were a different size," he said. "I'd like to wear them, but they'd never fit. Maybe a jacket or sweater might do. Something of that sort."

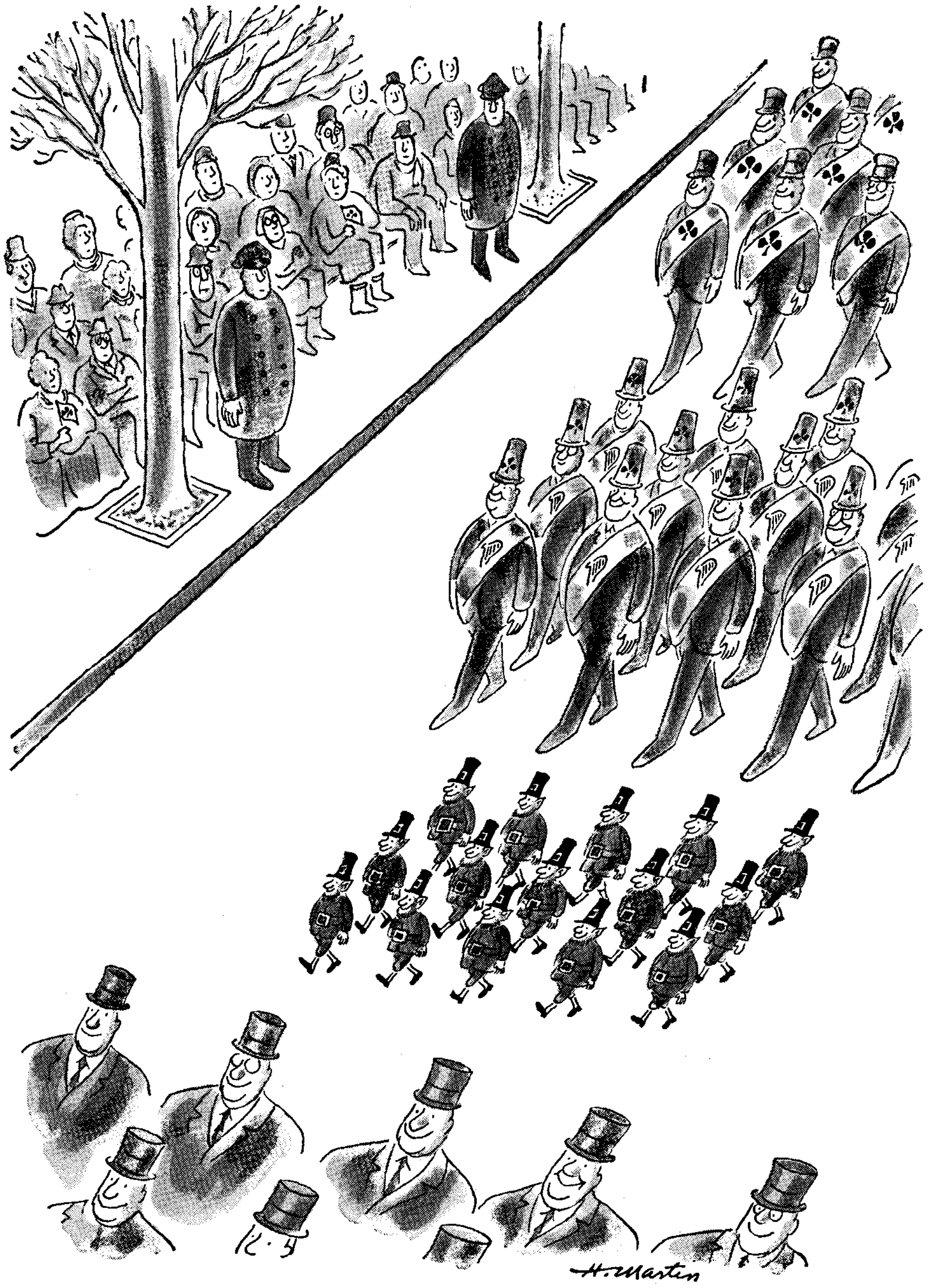
That was over. Amelia sighed with relief and stood up. John went to a hook by the door and took down his heavy coat and cap, and they left the house and walked down the road. The same kind of day, she thought, and for a wonder she felt comfortable and quiet. When they came to her father's gate, they climbed through the fence, laughing, both of them remembering her father and the picture John had taken. They talked about what had to be done in the spring—new screening for the porch, a survey of the west line of the property, tree pruning; she wanted her boys to try to prune the way their grandfather had taught them. "I hope Pete is strong enough to run the hand tractor," Amelia said. "There's such a lot of underbrush to be cleared away."

"He can do it," John replied. "He has a real feeling for the place."

They were at the door of the cabin, and Amelia took her father's keys out of her purse and handed them to him. He opened the door with them, although he had his own key, and they walked in, stamping their feet to shake off the snow. There on the blackboard were the drawings that her husband and the boys had made of the snowmen. Amelia noticed that the ashtray still contained the stub of her father's cigarette. "Everything looks just the same," she said. "I really don't know what I expected."

John Barnes made no reply, but opened the back door and went out into the yard and over to the shed, putting on his glasses while he walked. He turned the combination padlock to right and left until it opened, and then he went in and filled the empty coffee can with birdseed. With Amelia trailing after him like a small girl, he went from feeding station to feeding station, scattering the seed. When they reached the suet holder, Amelia took from her pocket a brown bag that her mother had given her and handed him a piece of suet, which he put in the feeder. "Your father thought a lot of those birds," he said. "So I thought I'd keep on feeding them."

Amelia said, "I didn't think I could ever come out here again."



"Your father would not have liked that. Not at all. He wasn't that sort."

"I'm not sure I know what you mean," Amelia said, looking puzzled.

"He just wasn't the sort of man who dwelt on things, that's all. He liked to get going on something new all the time."

John Barnes got a hammer and nails, and repaired a bird feeder that had started to come apart. Amelia looked at her watch and saw that it was getting late. "I'll go in and close up the cabin," she said. "They'll be coming by to pick me up any minute."

He nodded, with his mouth full of nails. Amelia went into the cabin and sat down in the wing chair by the cold fireplace. A conversation she had had with her father was ticking through her head.

"How does it feel to be eighty?" she had asked her father on his birthday. "What do you *really* think about?"

"Not about dying, if that's what you mean," he had answered. "I've got an awful lot of things to do." He gave her his working schedule for the next day and, warming up to his subject, went on to outline enough plans for his future to keep him busy for the next ten years. He looked at Amelia almost sternly and said, "You can't do anything about the past, so never look back. At least I never do. Just ahead. If you want my secret, that's it."

Amelia heard the car honking, and the children shouting for her to come. She shivered and rubbed her arms as she got up from the chair. It really was cold in the cabin. She pulled back the fire screen, emptied the ashtray with its lone cigarette butt into the fireplace, and carefully replaced the screen. Then she went over to the blackboard and erased the drawings of the snowmen. She locked the front door and went outside to wait for John Barnes, who came around the corner of the cabin and joined her. They walked down to the car, and although she had always turned around before for a farewell look at the cabin and the tall swaying sycamore trees when she was going away, this time she did not look back.

—EDITH IGLAUER

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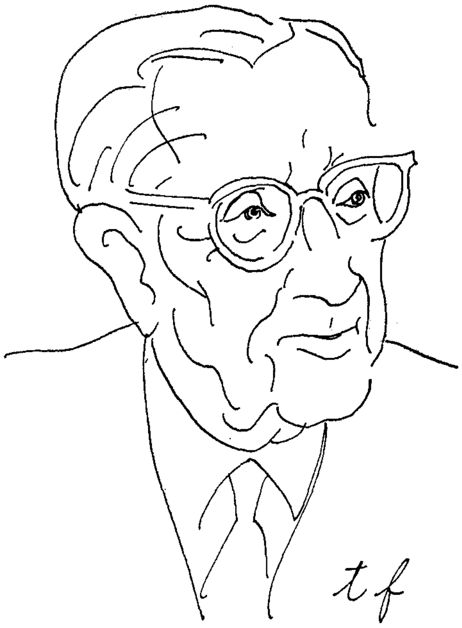
Jerry Harwin, veteran jewelry store owner at 907-909 State St., reports that 1965 business was "the best ever" for both his jewelry and trophy lines. Actually, the year was second to the year of 1958 in excellence, he adds.—*Santa Barbara (Calif.) News-Press.*

As distinct from sales.

PROFILES

THE HEADMASTER



Frank Learoyd Boyden

WHEN Frank Learoyd Boyden, who was soon to become the new headmaster of Deerfield Academy, arrived at the Deerfield station, he was only twenty-two. He walked downhill into the town for the first time, and he nodded, as he moved along, to women in full-length skirts, girls in petticoats, and little boys wearing long-sleeved shirts and bowler hats. Deerfield, Massachusetts, was essentially one street—a mile from the north to the south end—under shade so deep that even in the middle of the day the braided tracery of wagon ruts became lost in shadow a hundred yards from an observer. Twenty years would pass before the street would be paved, six years before it would be strung overhead with electric wires. Houses that had been built two hundred years earlier were the homes of farmers. Some of them tilted a little, and shingles were flaking off their roofs. Though the town was reasonably prosperous, much of it seemed slightly out of plumb. Deerfield Academy, the community's public school, was a dispiriting red brick building that appeared to have been designed to exclude as much sunlight as possible. A century earlier, there had been more than a hundred students in the academy, but now only fourteen boys and girls were enrolled for the approaching year, two of whom would constitute the senior class. In one way, this decline was not discouraging to Boyden. He wanted to put Deerfield behind him as quickly as he could, for he wanted to go to law school and eventually to enter politics. He had been graduated from Amherst two months before. He knew that the people of Deerfield had offered the headmastership to other members of his class, but he was confident that he would get the job, because he was the only person who had applied. He had no money. Deerfield would pay eight hundred dollars a year. To save enough for law school, he intended to put away nearly every cent. He knocked at the door of a white frame house that belonged to Ephraim Williams, a trustee of the academy and the great-great-grandnephew of the founder of Williams College. "Mr. Williams," he said, "I'm Frank Boyden." The day was Tuesday, August 12, 1902. The temperature outside was in the high eighties. But Ephraim Williams, a retired cavalry officer with one leg and a walrus mustache, stood in his front parlor with his back to a blistering fire. He had a shawl over one arm. He explained that he had built the fire as a precaution, because he never knew when he might suffer a chill or a fever. In this atmosphere, Boyden met other trustees as well. One of them said to him, "It's a tossup whether the academy needs a new headmaster or an undertaker." They frankly did not know whether to hire him or close the school, but if he wanted the job he could have it. In the village store, meanwhile, the town loafers had been assessing Boyden's style. In the recent past, they had seen plenty of new headmasters, and this one impressed the town about as little as the town had impressed him. He was, for one thing, five feet four inches tall. With his hair parted in the middle and with rimless spectacles, he looked forbidding but hardly forceful. Boys in that part of the state had been known to pick up schoolmasters and throw them out the window. It is still remembered that one of the men in the store that day said, "It won't be very long before they drive that young man out of here." Nothing is left of that scene—not even the store itself. Up the street, however, in the white frame house that once belonged to Ephraim Williams, lives the headmaster of Deerfield Academy. He has been the headmaster for sixty-four years.

During Boyden's first forty or fifty years in this position, he so concentrated on developing the character of the school that even after Deerfield had reached the highest peerage of American independent schools its students still slept in farmhouses and watched Saturday-night movies in a barn. Some New England prep schools were established in imitation of English public schools, but Deerfield is an indigenous institution. Boyden had been there twenty years before he added its boarding department, and since then he has tried not to allow Deerfield's gradual development from a local school into a national school to detach Deerfield from the advantages of its origins. The sons of rich people and of celebrated people compete to go there, and Deerfield accepts plenty of them, but it has a higher percentage of scholarship students than, for example, Andover, Exeter, Lawrenceville, Hotchkiss, Hill, Kent, Choate, Groton, St. Mark's, St. Paul's, and, for that matter, virtually every other major preparatory school. The average Deerfield scholarship is higher than the scholarships of nearly all other schools, and local boys still go to the academy for nothing. Boyden is now in a position to select his student body from among the top ten per cent of applicants, and his only competition in this respect comes from Andover and Exeter, but at first he had difficulty drawing students even from the town of Deerfield. With a borrowed horse and buggy, he went out into the fields of the surrounding Pocumtuck Valley and talked to young farm boys until he had persuaded them to go to school. He promised them days off at harvest, and in some cases he even paid for substitute farmhands. He continued to recruit students in this way for something over twenty years, and in successive bursts of generosity he gave up much of the personal money that he had meant to save for law school. Nonetheless, he went on reading law at night, having no intention, until he was in his late forties, of making education his permanent career. His school evolved naturally, gradually, and surprisingly. He had no plan and no theory, but he proved himself to be an educator by intuition. College professors and college presidents became aware of his work and sent their sons to him. Others did the same. By the late nineteen-thirties, it had become clear that he was one of the greatest headmasters in history, and for many years he has stood alone as, in all probability, the last man of his kind. He is at the near end of a skein of magnanimous despots who—no matter whether they had actually founded the places or not—created enduring schools through their own individual energies, maintained them under their own absolute rule, and left them forever imprinted with their own personalities. At the other end is the prototype—Thomas Arnold, of Rugby. In the United States, Frank Boyden was for years the youngest in a group that included Endicott Peabody, of Groton; Father Sill, of Kent; Horace Taft, of Taft; Samuel Drury, of St. Paul's; George C. St. John, of Choate; Alfred Stearns, of Andover; and Lewis Perry, of Exeter. The rest are gone now, and in some cases their successors are, too. Meanwhile, younger headmasters in remarkable numbers have developed under Boyden at Deerfield. At the moment, the heads of twenty-nine American prep schools are former Deerfield masters or students. Some headmasters similarly trained by Boyden have served their schools and have retired. But, in his valley in western Massachusetts, Frank Boyden, who is eighty-six, continues his work with no apparent letup, sharing his authority by the thimbleful with his faculty, travelling with his athletic teams, interviewing boys and parents who are interested in the school, conducting Sunday-night vesper services, writing as many as fifty letters a day, planning the details of new buildings, meeting with boys who are going home for the weekend and reminding them of their responsibilities to "the older travelling public," careering around his campus in an electric golf cart, and working from 7 A.M. to midnight every day. If he sees a bit of paper on the ground, he jumps out of his cart and picks it up. He is uncompromising about the appearance of his school, which has, in recent years, at last developed a physical plant that is appropriate to its reputation. The new academy buildings have been developed in consonance with the eighteenth-century houses of the town, a number of which the academy has, over the years, acquired. In all, thirty-three of the town's old houses have been preserved. Two or three are used as dormitories. The front rooms of others have been turned into shrines of the American past and the back rooms into faculty apartments. As a municipal museum, Deerfield is of the nature and importance of Williamsburg, Virginia, with the difference that the buildings of Williamsburg are replicas and the houses of Deerfield are originals. The Deerfield street is still the same quiet mile it was in 1902. Farmers still live along it. On the site of the old, sunless schoolhouse is the main building of the academy, and around and beyond it are nineteen other buildings—classrooms, dormitories, laboratories, gymnasiums, dining hall, hockey rink, infirmary, theatre, art gallery. The academy is on a kind of peninsular plateau that was formed when the Deerfield River, which flows through the valley, shifted its course in another age. On three sides, steep banks slope to a lower level, where there are perhaps seventy-five acres of athletic fields. Hills rise to the east and west, and there are long views of farmland and tobacco barns to the north and south. It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful setting for a school or a more attractive school in the setting. What seems incredible, though, is that all of it—both the visible substance and the invisible essence of it—was developed by one man.

"I used to be in State, but now I'm in Poverty."

PEOPLE seeing the headmaster for the first time often find him different from what they expected. Those who stay in the Deerfield community for any length of time quickly become aware that they are living in a monarchy and that the small man in the

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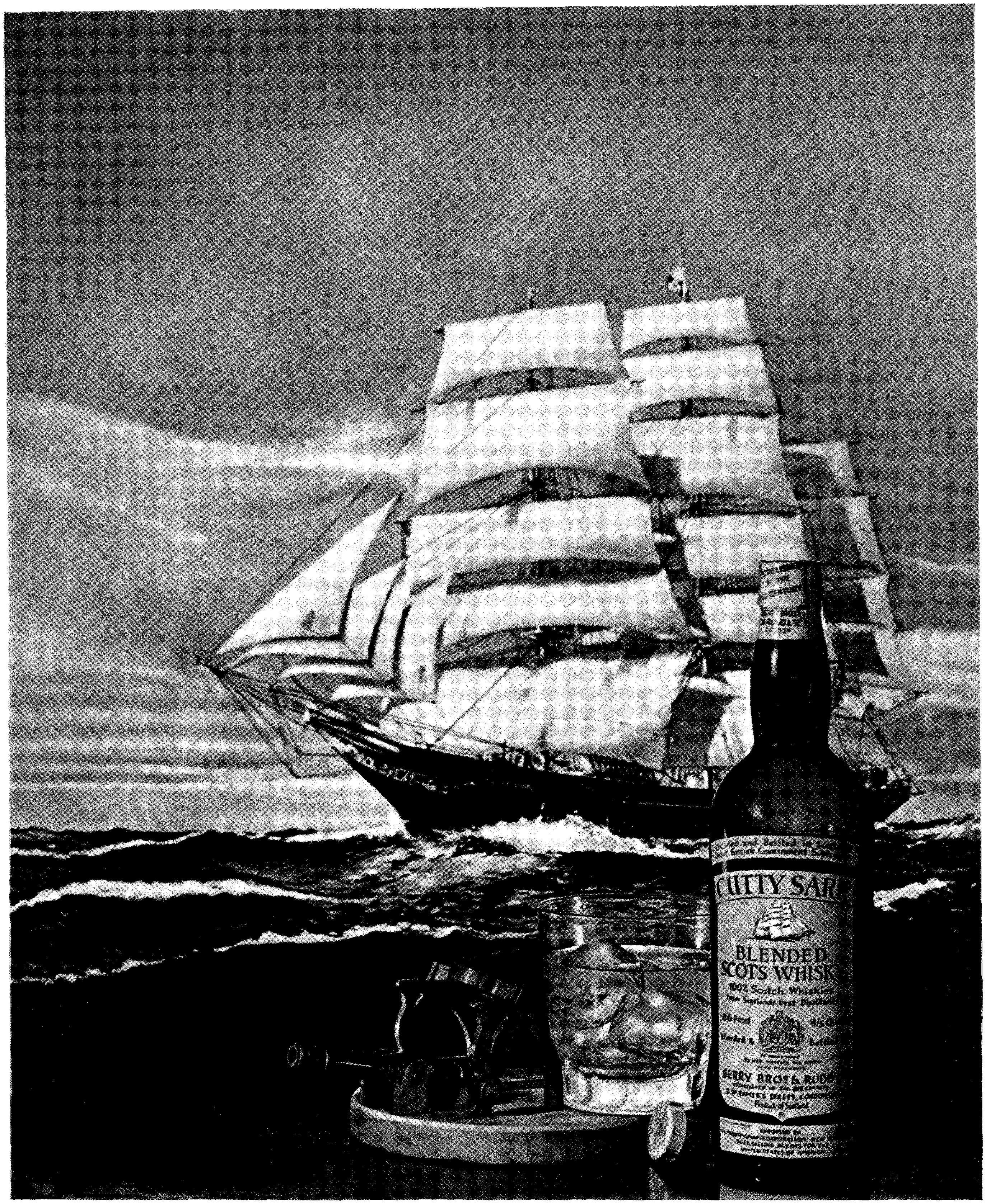
golf cart is the king, but visitors who have heard of him and know what a great man he is seem to insist that he ought to be a tall, white-haired patriarch. People see him picking up papers and assume it is his job. Coming upon a group of women outside one of his old houses a few years ago, he took them in and led them through its ancient rooms. On the way out, one lady gave him a quarter. People walk right by him sometimes without seeing him. Someone once stopped, turned around, and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Boyden. I didn't notice you." "That's all right," he said. "No one ever does." He loves such stories, perhaps in part because they help to fake out the faculty and the boys. How else, after all, could an inconspicuous man like that hold an entire community in the palm of his hand? When the stories come back to him, he lights up with pleasure. He has one way of judging everything: If it's good for the academy, it's good. He was once walking with an impressive-looking Deerfield faculty member when someone, a stranger, said, "Who was *that?*" "That was the headmaster." "Yes, but who was the little man with him?"

Boyden looked old when he was four, older when he was in college, and older still in the nineteen-twenties, but now he doesn't look particularly old at all. His hair is not white but slate-gray, and his demeanor, which hasn't changed in forty years, still suggests a small, grumpy Labrador. He sometimes dresses in gray trousers, a dark-blue jacket, and brown cordovan shoes—choices that are somewhat collegiate and could be taken as a mild sign of age, because for decades he wore dark-blue worsted suits and maroon ties almost exclusively, winter and summer, hanging on to each successive suit until it fell off him in threads. One of his jacket pockets today has a four-inch rip that has been bound with black thread. He doesn't care. He is an absolutely unself-conscious man. Let one scuff mark appear on a stair riser in his academy and he will quickly find a janitor and report it, but this kind of concern is entirely projected onto the school. He once got up on a cool July morning and put on an old leather coat covered with cracks and lined with sheepskin that was coming loose; he went off to New York in it and obliviously wore it all day in the sweltering city. After eighty-six years, his only impairment is bad hearing. "My ears are gone," he will say, and then he will walk into a roomful of people and pretend that there isn't a syllable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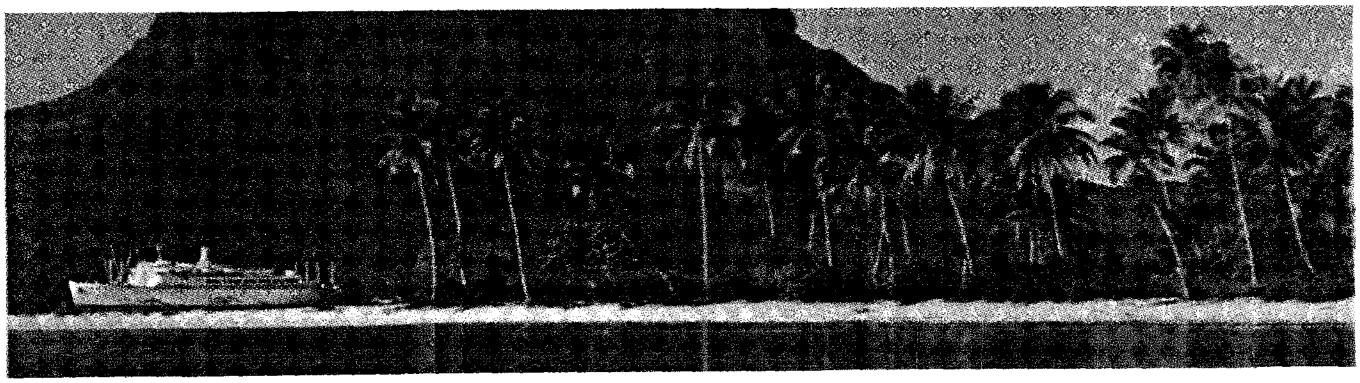

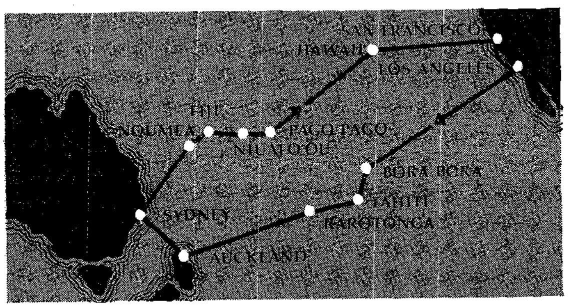

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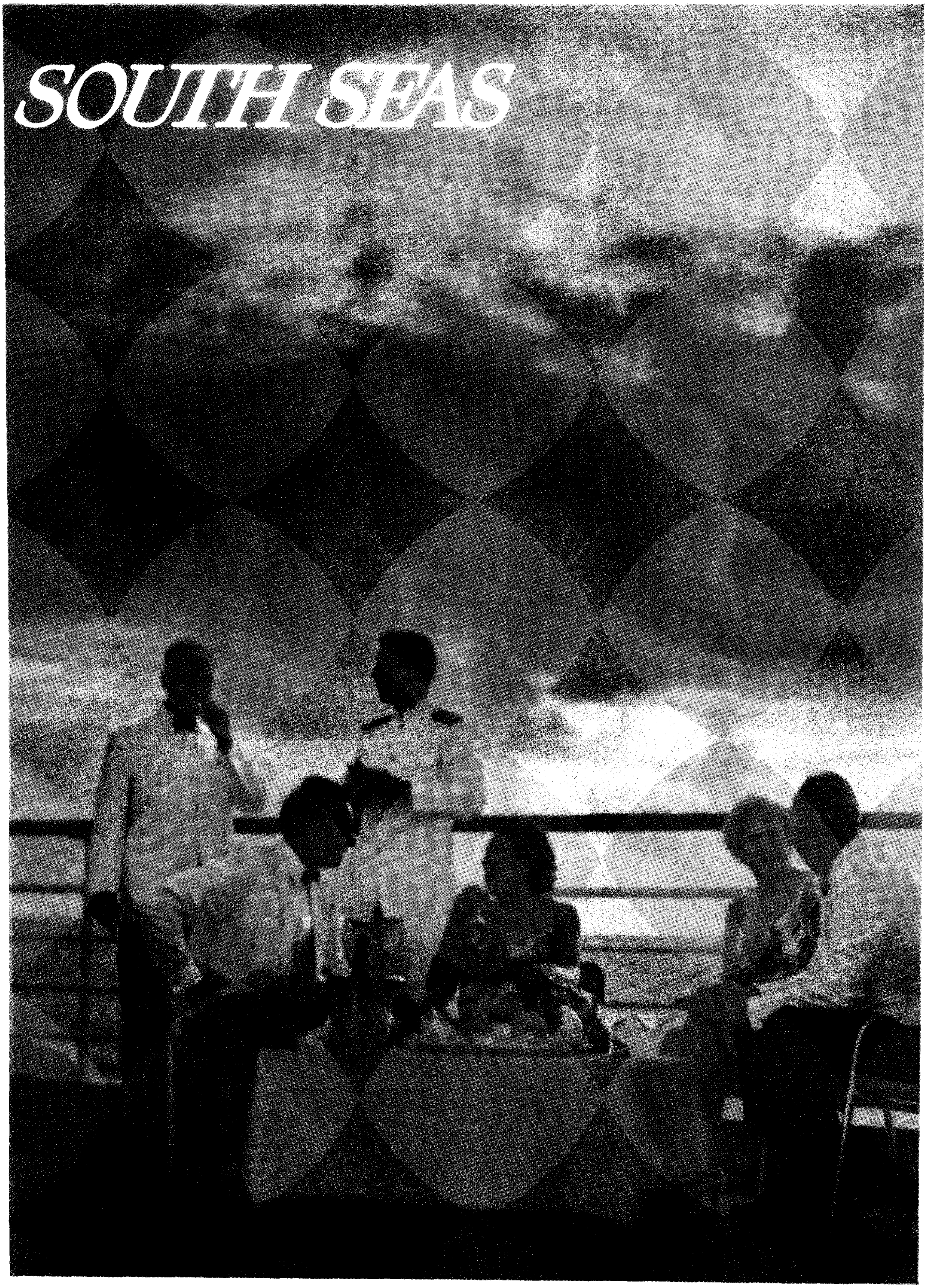
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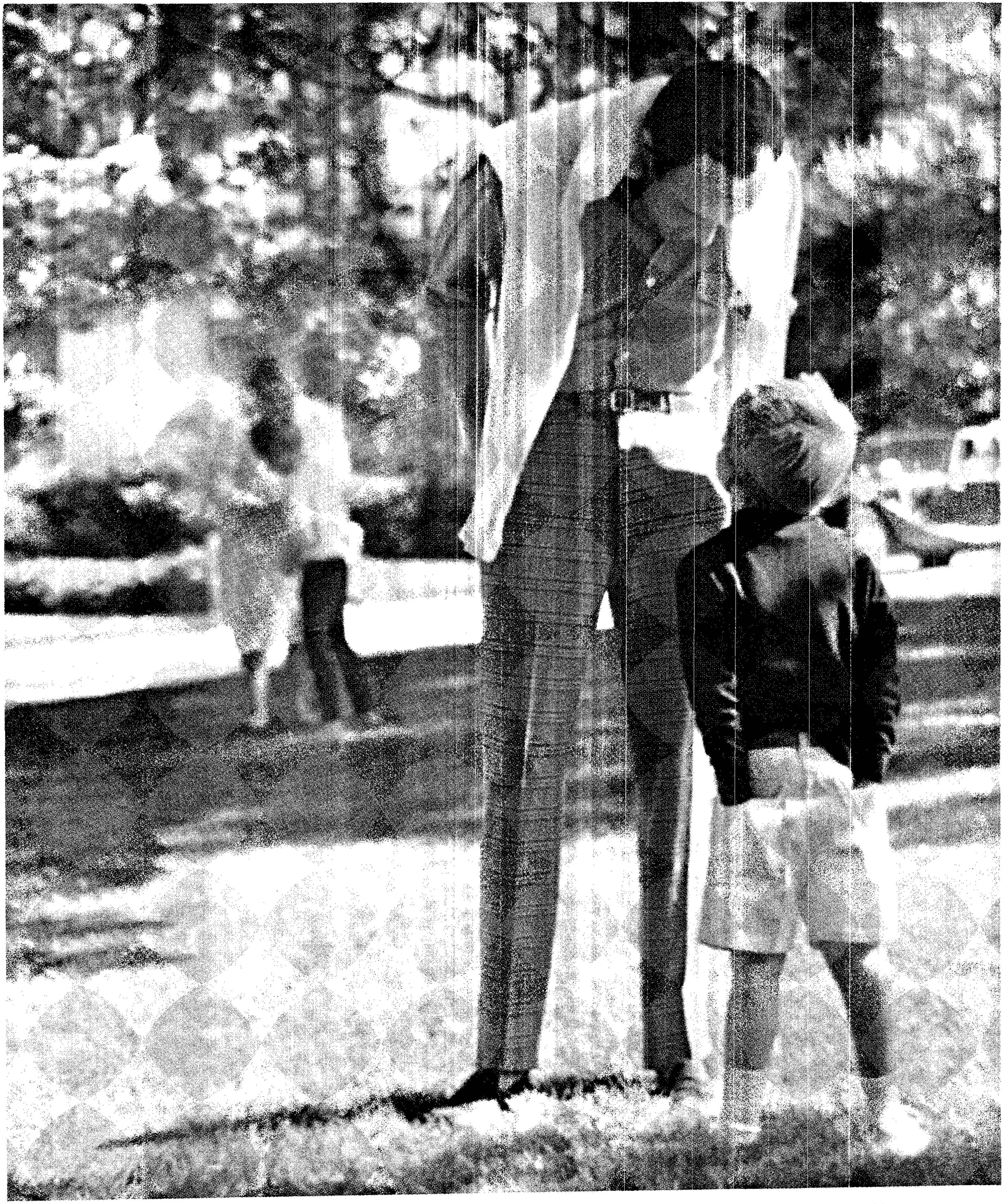

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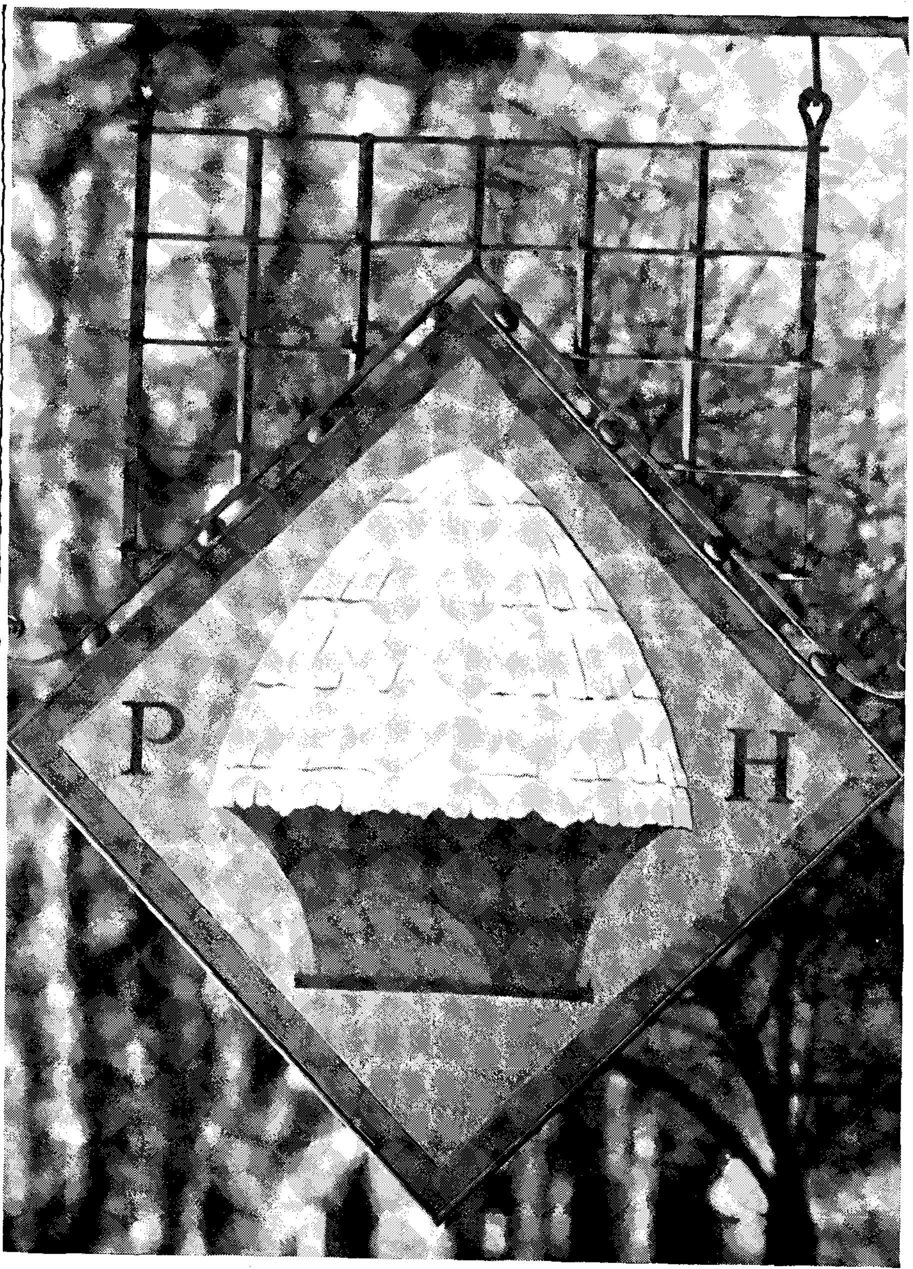
Tailor's Bench, odd trousers, with Dacron

he can't catch. He indulges himself in nothing. He will eat anything, and he usually doesn't notice the components of his meals, unless they happen to be root beer and animal crackers, which he occasionally eats for breakfast. He has been given honorary degrees by Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and seventeen other colleges and universities, but he apparently has not even a trace of a desire to be called Dr. Boyden, and no one calls him that except eraser salesmen and strangers whose sons are applying to the school.

"Never make a decision just to get something done," he says, and no one has ever accused him of being impulsive. His Director of Studies has said, "He has an infinite wisdom, which is as aggravating as hell. But anyone knowing him well who is faced with an important decision would go to him." This is, of course, most true of his students. They call him up in the summertime; they call him up from college; in later life, they call him up to ask if they should run for office. In conversation, he has the ability to give his undivided attention, and the perception to understand the implications of practically anything that is said to him. In this way, he has made several thousand people believe that he especially cares about them, which he does. He rarely loses his temper, but his capacity for absorbing criticism is not large. He is not proud in a narrow, personal sense; his pride is in his school and in his belief that he knows what is best for it. He is lost in the school, and there is nothing of him but the school. On vacation in Florida, he goes around in his blue worsted suit looking for people with money to help keep Deerfield going. He never goes near the water. He was once seen sitting in the lobby of the Breakers in Palm Beach reading a Deerfield yearbook. He is famous for his simplicity, which he cultivates. He is, in the highest sense, a simple man, and he has spent his life building a school according to elemental ideals, but only a complicated man could bring off what he has done, and, on the practical plane, he is full of paradox and politics. Senior members of his faculty, in various conversations, have described him as "a great humanitarian," "ruthless," "loyal," "feudal," "benevolent," "grateful," "humble," "impatient," "restless," "thoughtful," "thoughtless," "selfish," "selfless," "stubborn," "discerning," "intuitive," and "inscrutable"—never once disagreeing with one another. The headmaster's own view of himself, accord-



Rebus

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ing to one of his two sons, is that he is "indestructible and infallible."

Boyden has the gift of authority. He looks fragile, his voice is uncommanding, but people do what he says. Without this touch, he would have lost the school on the first day he worked there. Of the seven boys who were in the academy when he took over in that fall of 1902, at least four were regarded by the populace with fear, and for a couple of years it had been a habit of people of Deerfield to cross the street before passing the academy. Boyden's problem was complicated by one of the trustees, who was so eager to close the school that he had actually encouraged these boys to destroy the new headmaster as rapidly as they could. The boys were, on the average, a head taller and thirty pounds heavier than the headmaster. The first school day went by without a crisis. Then, as the students were getting ready to leave, Boyden said, "Now we're going to play football." Sports had not previously been a part of the program at the academy. Scrimmaging on the village common, the boys were amused at first, and interested in the novelty, but things suddenly deteriorated in a hail of four-letter words. With a sour look, the headmaster said, "Cut that out!" That was all he said, and—inexplicably—it was all he had to say. A few days later, a boy asked him if he would like to go outside and have a catch with a baseball. The two of them went out onto the school lawn and stood about fifty feet apart. The boy wound up and threw a smokeball at him, apparently with intent to kill. Boyden caught the ball and fired it back as hard as he could throw it. A kind of match ensued, and the rest of the students collected to watch. The headmaster and the boy kept throwing the baseball at each other with everything they had. Finally, the boy quit. "Of course, I was wearing a glove and he wasn't," says the headmaster, who is a craftsman of the delayed, throwaway line. He believed in athletics as, among other things, a way of controlling and blending his boys, and he required all of them to participate throughout the school year. This idea was an educational novelty in 1902. He arranged games with other schools, and because there were not enough boys in Deerfield Academy to fill out a football team or a baseball team, he jumped into the action himself. He was the first quarterback Deerfield ever had. He broke his nose and broke it again. Taking the ball in one game, he started around right end, but the other team's defensive halfback forced him toward the

The 1966 Pussycat.

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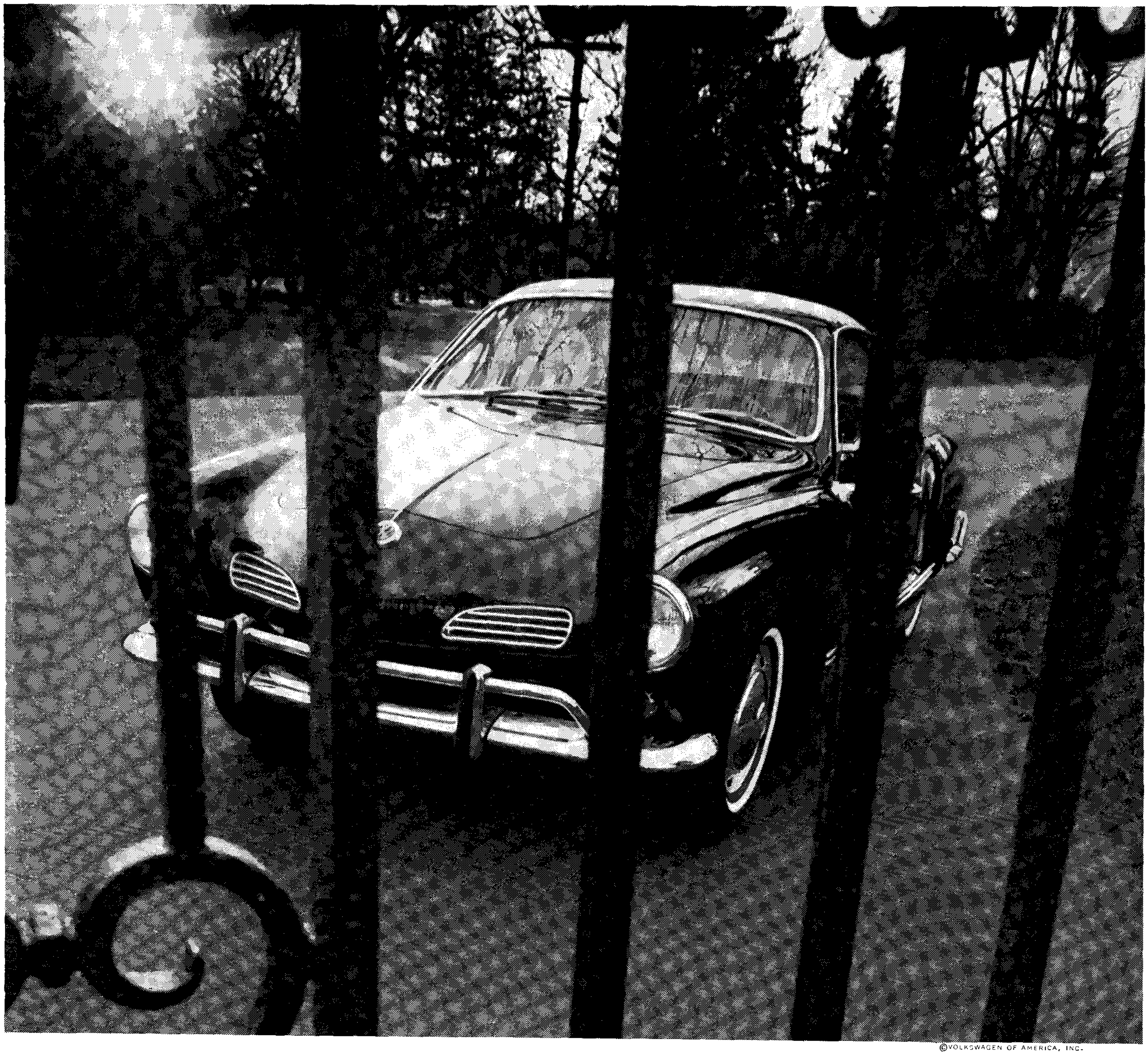

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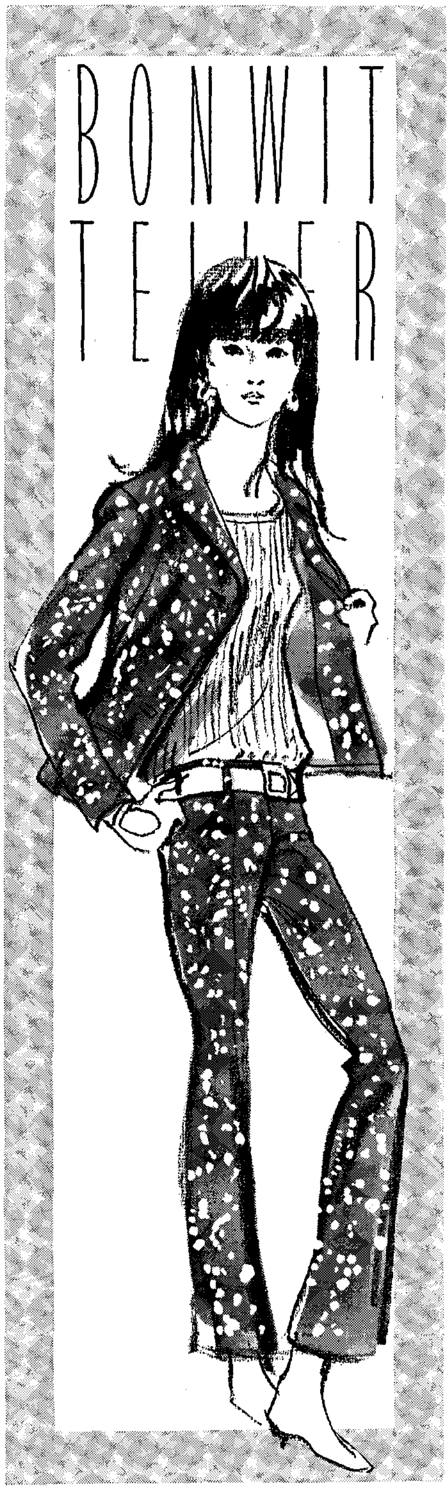

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sideline, picked him up, and—this was years before the forward-motion rule—carried him all the way back to the Deerfield end zone and dumped him on the ground. He was a much better baseball player. Ignoring his height, he played first base. He was a good hitter, and Greenfield, Springfield, and Northampton newspapers of the time include items with headlines like "BOYDEN GOES 3 FOR 4 AS DEERFIELD ACADEMY BEATS ATHOL 2 TO 0." In sports, he captured and held his school, and it may be in sports that he developed the personal commitment that kept him there. His teammates were won over by him. Their earlier antagonism became support. He convinced them that the school would go under without their help, and they discovered that they wanted to keep it going as much as he did. In one game, at Arms Academy, he ran after a high pop foul, caught the ball two feet from a brick wall, crashed into it, and fell to the ground unconscious. The boys told him to go home and recover and not to worry—there would be no disciplinary problems at the school during his absence.

A teacher, Miss Minnie Hawks, was hired shortly after the headmaster was, and she taught German and geometry while he taught algebra and physical geography. He used to take a rock into class with him, set it on his desk, and tell his students to write down everything they knew about the rock. But he was more interested in implications than he was in facts. His mind drifted quickly from science to behavior. "You're not youngsters anymore," he would say. "You're going to be the ones who run this town." He read a bit of the Bible to them every morning. Gradually, he acquired more teachers and spent less time in the classroom himself. He assembled a sound faculty and gave its members freedom to teach as they pleased. His own mark was made in moral education rather than in the academic disciplines. His first-hand relationship with his boys has always been extraordinary, and Deerfield students for sixty years have been characterized by the high degree of ethical sensitivity that he has been able to awaken in them. This is the area within which his greatness lies. From the start, he assumed responsibility not only for their academic development but also for their social lives, their recreation, and their religious obligations. He held dances, supplied dance cards, and, just to be sure that no one lacked interest, filled in the cards himself. After the dances, he got on the Greenfield-

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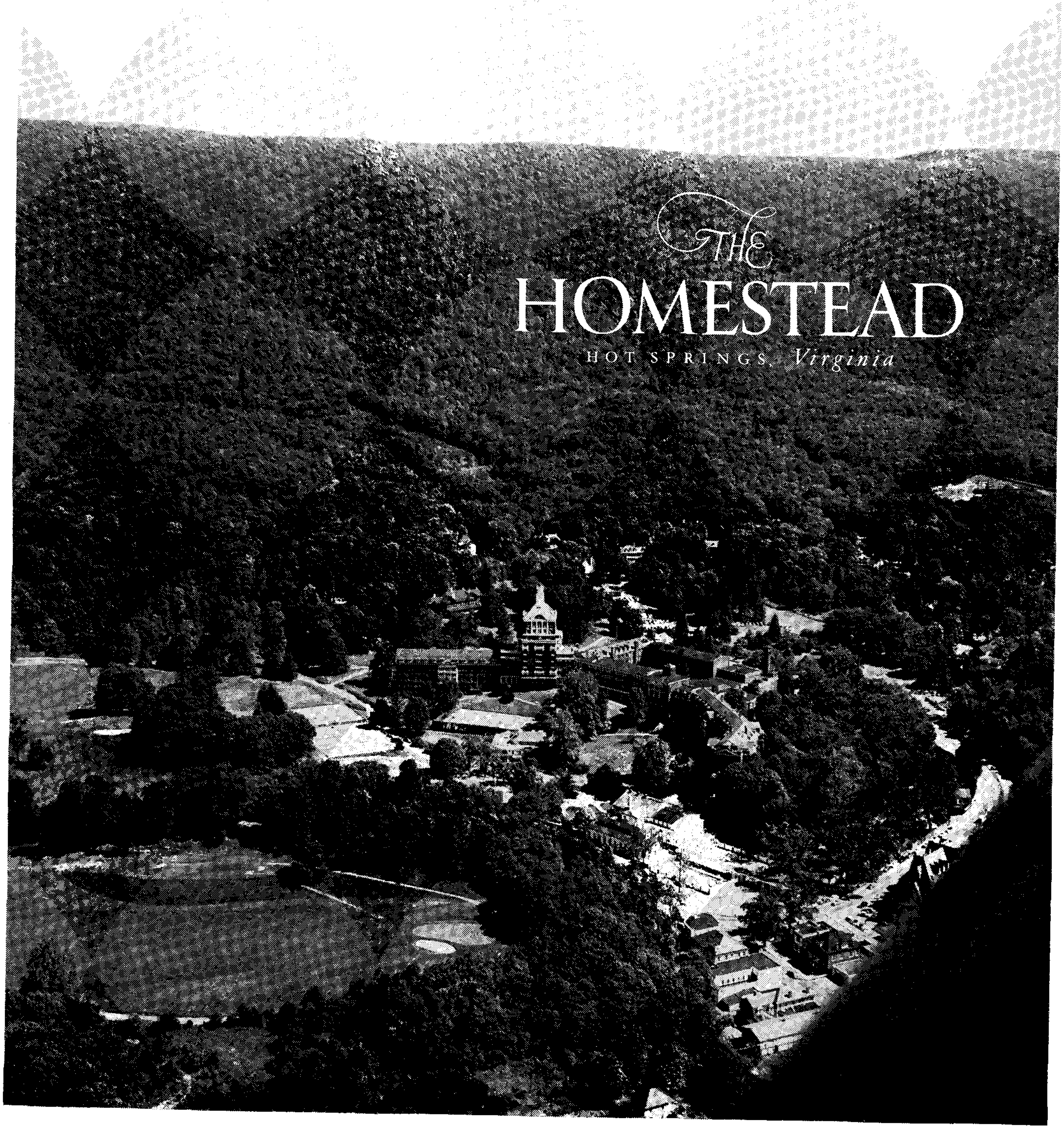
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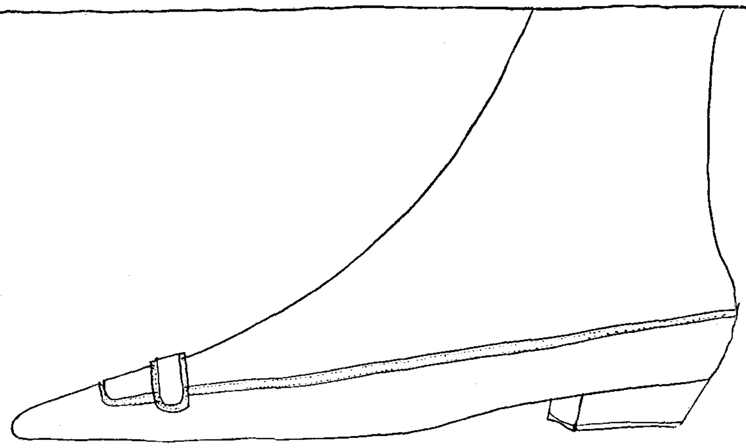

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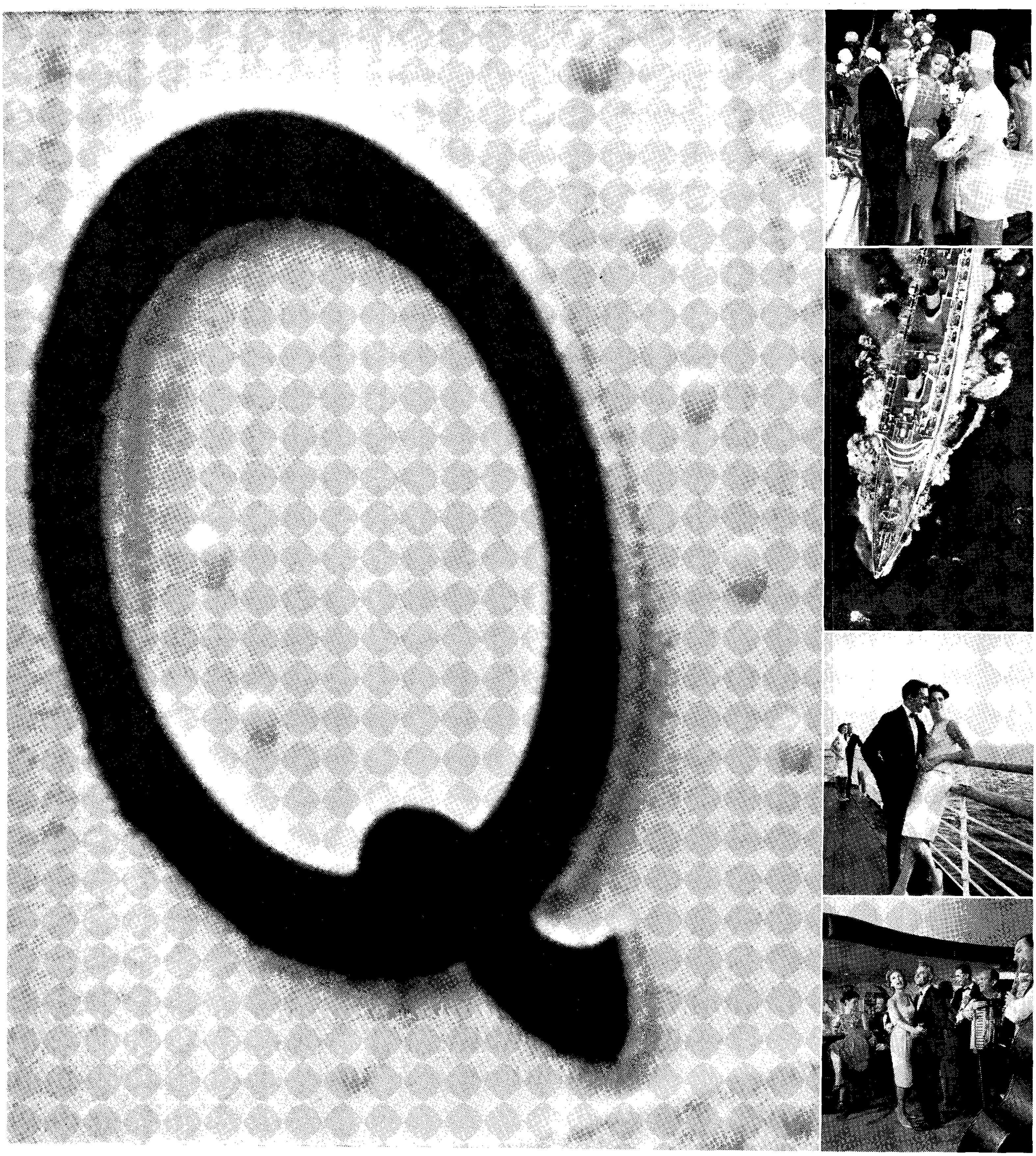
Northampton trolley car with his boys and girls and rode with them, making sure that each got off at the correct address. If he happened to be on the trolley's last run, he walked home—a distance of six miles. He believed in wearing the boys out. They dug ditches; they also made beehives, incubators, and wheelbarrows; and, with axes and crosscut saws, they cut lumber for lockers for their athletic equipment. In his first year, he set up a card table beside a radiator just inside the front door of the school building. This was his office, not because there was no room for a headmaster's office anywhere else but because he wanted nothing to go on in the school without his being in the middle of it. Years later, when the present main school building was built, the headmaster had the architect design a wide place in the first-floor central hallway—the spot with the heaviest traffic in the school—and that was where his desk was put and where it still is. While he dictates, telephones, or keeps his appointments, he watches the boys passing between classes. He has a remarkable eye for trouble. If the mood of the student body at large is poor, he will sense it, and when one boy is disturbed, he will see it in the boy's face, and he will think of some minor matter they need to talk over, so that he can find out what the difficulty is and try to do something about it. He has maintained his familial approach to education despite the spread of bureaucracy into institutions and industries and despite the increased size of his own school. Years ago, he found that he could handle twenty-eight students as easily as fourteen, then fifty-six as easily as twenty-eight, and so on, until, in the late nineteen-forties, he had something over five hundred. The enrollment has remained at that level. "I can handle five hundred," he says. "Another hundred and I'd lose it."

Most schools have detailed lists of printed rules, and boys who violate them either are given penalties or are thrown out. A reasonable percentage of expulsions is a norm of prep-school life. Deerfield has no printed rules and no set penalties, and the headmaster has fired only five boys in sixty-four years. "For one foolish mistake, a boy should not have a stamp put on him that will be with him for the rest of his life," he says. "I could show you a list of rules from one school that is thirty pages long. There is no flexibility in a system like that. I'm willing to try a little longer than some of the other people do, provided there is nothing immoral. You can't have a family of three children



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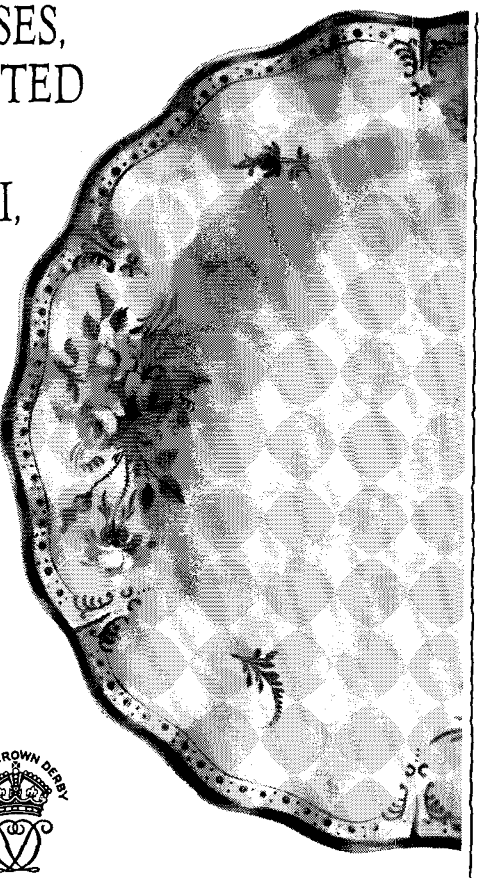

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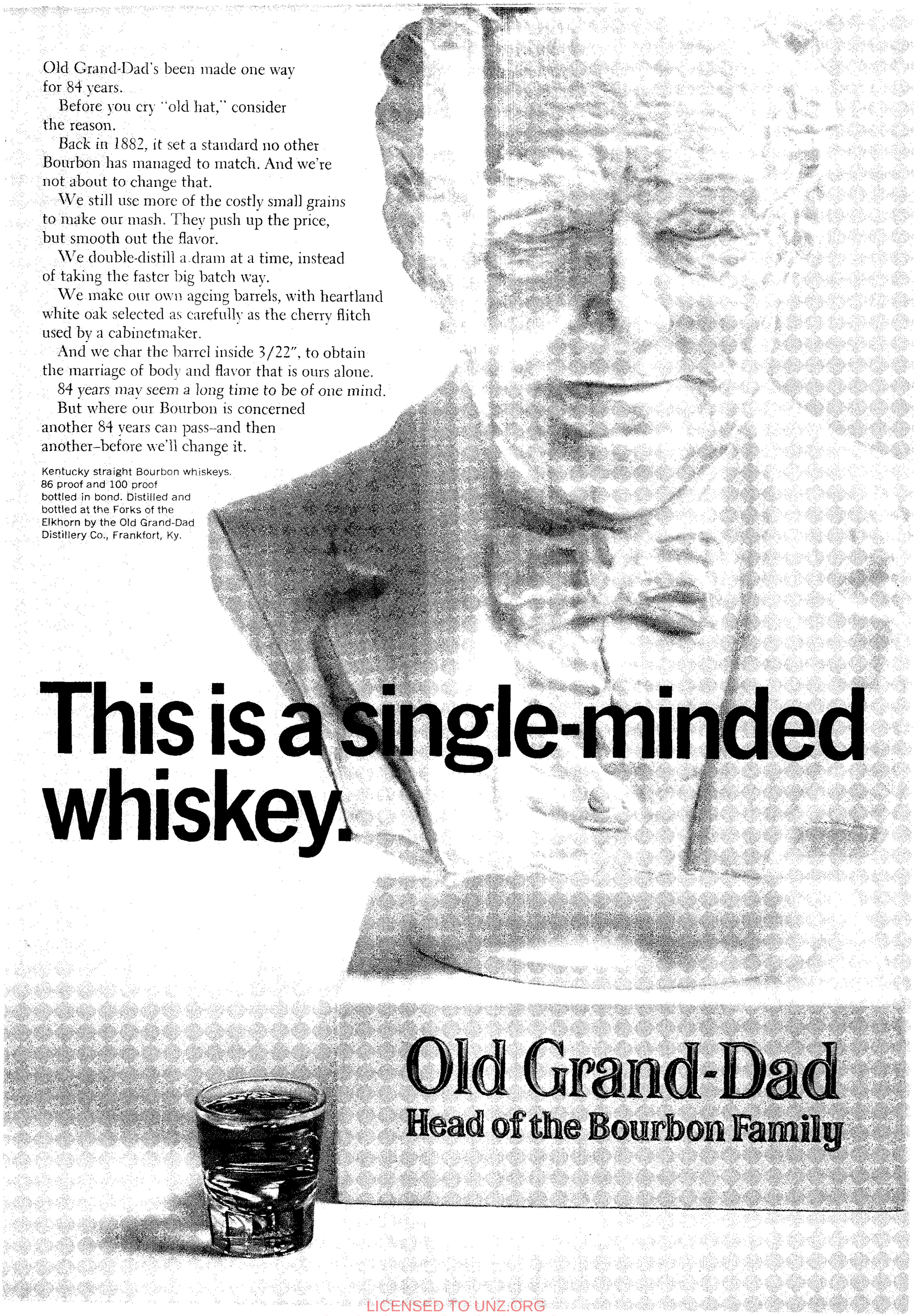
without having some problems, so you have problems if you have five hundred. If you make a lot of rules, they never hit the fellow you made them for. Two hours after making a rule, you may want to change it. We have rules here, unwritten ones, but we make exceptions to them more than we enforce them. I always remember what Robert E. Lee said when he was president of Washington College, which is now Washington and Lee. He said, 'A boy is more important than any rule.' Ninety per cent of any group of boys will never get out of line. You must have about ninety per cent as a central core. Then the question is: How many of the others can you absorb?"

To say that Deerfield has no set rules is not to say that it is a place where a boy can experiment at will with his impulses. The academy has been described, perhaps fairly, as a gilded cage. The essential underlying difference between Deerfield and schools like Exeter and Andover is that Exeter and Andover make a conscious effort to teach independence and self-reliance by establishing a set of regulations to live by and then setting the boys free to stand or fall accordingly. Exeter and Andover boys can cut classes, within established margins, and they are provided with time they can call their own. Deerfield boys have a couple of free hours on Sunday afternoon, but the hundred and sixty-six other hours in the week are programmed for them, and attendance is constantly taken. The headmaster's respect and admiration for Exeter and Andover are considerable, and he likes to quote a conversation he once had with an Andover headmaster, who said, "Maybe you're right. Maybe we're right. There is a need for both schools." Andover and Exeter, looking ahead to the college years, try to prepare their students for the freedom they will have, so that they can enjoy it and not suffer from it. Boyden believes that the timing of a boy's life requires more discipline in the secondary-school years than later, and that there is no point in going to college before you get there. "Boys need a sense of security," he says. "Discipline without persecution adds to that sense of security. People sometimes don't realize this, but boys like a control somewhere. We try to give them what you might call controlled freedom. We're the last bulwark of the old discipline. We're interested in new things, but I'm not going to throw away the fundamentals."

A new boy at Deerfield cannot have been there very long before the idea is impressed upon him that he is a



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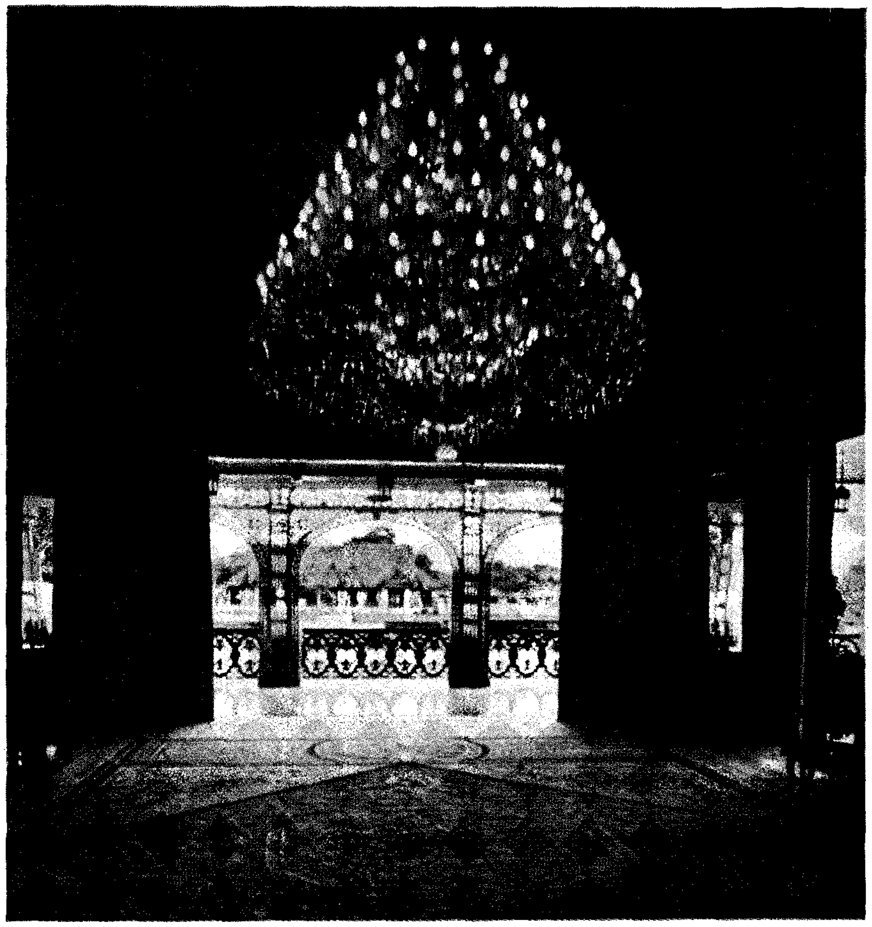

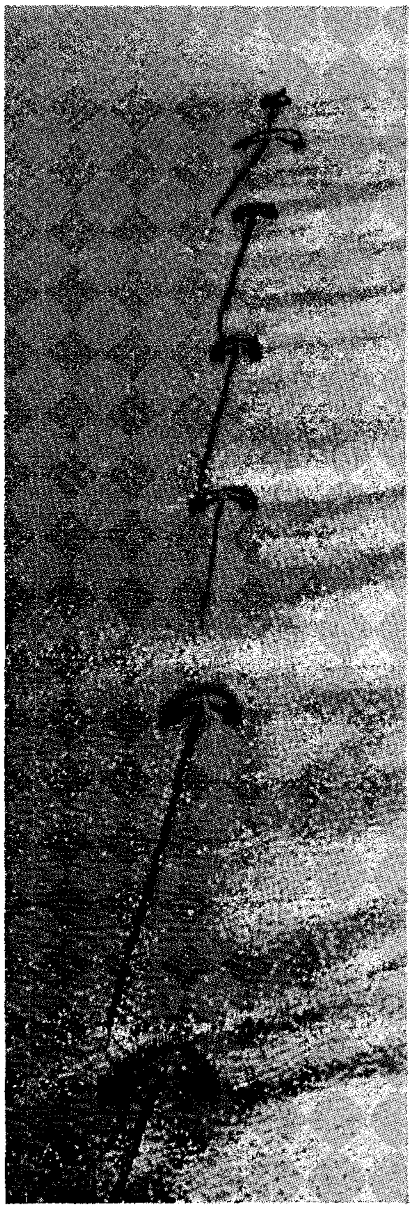

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part of something that won't work unless he does his share. The headmaster is able to create this kind of feeling in his boys to a greater degree than most parents are. All boys are given an equal footing from which to develop their own positions. There are no special responsibilities for scholarship boys, such as waiting on table. Everyone does that. In fact, the headmaster insists that scholarship boys not be told that they have scholarships, since that might injure the sense of equality he tries to build. His school, which grew so phenomenally out of almost nothing, has frequently been visited by curious educational theorists. One researcher spent a few days at the academy and finally said, "Well, there isn't any system here, but it works." Such people perplex Frank Boyden almost as much as he perplexes them. "People come here thinking we have some marvellous method," he says. "We just treat the boys as if we expect something of them, and we keep them busy. So many of our things simply exist. They're not theory. They're just living life. I expect most of our boys want to do things the way we want them done. We drive with a light rein, but we can pull it up just like that, if we need to. We just handle the cases as they come up." His art as a disciplinarian often enables him to prevent things before they happen. He listens to the noise level in a group of boys, and watches the degree of restlessness; he can read these things as if they were a printed page. This is one reason he believes in meetings that involve the entire school. "You must have your boys together as a unit at least once a day, just as you have your family together once a day," he says. Evening Meeting is a Deerfield custom. The boys sit on a vast carpet in the anteroom of the school auditorium and listen to announcements, perhaps an anecdotal story from the headmaster, and reports of athletic contests and other activities. "Junior B Football beat the Holyoke High School Junior Varsity six to nothing this afternoon," says the coach of Junior B Football. "Charlie Hiller scored the touchdown with two minutes left in the game." In the applause that follows, this one low-echelon athlete gains something, and so does the school. On Sunday evenings, there is a vesper service, or Sunday Night Sing, as it is called, in which the boys sing one hymn after another, with a pause for a short talk by a visiting clergyman or educator. The lustre, or lack of it, in their voices is the headmaster's gauge of the climate of the student body for

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the week to come, and he accordingly chides them or exhorts them or amuses them or blasts them at Evening Meetings on succeeding days. "He has the trick of the wrist with a whole community," one of his teachers has said.

All discipline ultimately becomes a private matter between each boy and the headmaster. Most of the boys feel guilty if they do something that offends his sensibilities. Unlike his great predecessor Arnold of Rugby, he does not believe that schoolboys are his natural enemies; on the contrary, he seems to convince them that although he is infallible, he badly needs their assistance. A local farmer who was in the class of 1919 says, "When you thought of doing something wrong, you would know that you would hurt him deeply, so you wouldn't do it. He had twenty-four-hour control." A 1928 alumnus says, "It didn't matter what you did as long as you told him the truth." And 1940: "Whatever it was, you didn't do it, because you might drop a little in his eyes." He will give a problem boy a second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth chance, if necessary. The rest of the student body sometimes becomes cynical about the case, but the headmaster refuses to give up. "I would have kicked me out," says one alumnus who had a rather defiant senior year in the early nineteen-fifties. The headmaster had reason enough to expel him, and almost any other school would have dropped him without a thought, but Boyden graduated him, sent him to Princeton, and, today, does not even recall that the fellow was ever a cause of trouble. Boyden is incapable of bearing grudges. He wants to talk things out and forget them. He is sensitive to the potential effect of his forbearance, so he has sometimes taken the risk of calling the student body together and asking for its indulgence. A boy once drank the better part of a fifth of whiskey in a bus returning from another school, reeled in the aisle, fell on his face, and got sick. The headmaster called the school together and said that for the sake of discipline in the academy at large he would have to let the boy go unless they would guarantee him that no episode of the kind would happen again. The headmaster was beyond being thought of as weak, so he got away with it. People often wonder what on earth could make him actually drop a boy, and the five cases in which he has done so are therefore of particular interest. All have a common factor: the offender was unremorseful. One of them was guilty of nineteen different offenses, including arson. Nevertheless,

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if he had told the headmaster that he was wrong, he could have stayed in school.

A boy of considerable talent once told the headmaster that he could write his English papers only between midnight and dawn. His muse, the boy claimed, refused to appear at any other time of day. The difficulty was that after the boy's inspiration ran out he invariably fell asleep and missed his morning classes. Like all geniuses, this boy was likely to attract imitators. The headmaster addressed the student body. "Are you willing to let Mac Farrell stay up all night writing his English papers?" he said. "Mac Farrell alone?" The boys agreed. The headmaster has often put himself in an uncomfortable corner for one boy who was different. He once had two students—artistic cousins of Mac Farrell—who liked to paint and particularly liked to go out at night and do nocturnes. They did the cemetery by moonlight and the old houses in the edge of the glow of street lamps. The headmaster knew that this was going on, but he overlooked it. His own favorites have always been responsible, uncomplicated, outstanding athletes, and he cares even less about art than he knows about it, but, in his way, he was just the right headmaster for these two boys. "With a person as un-Deerfield as myself," remembers one of them, who is now Curator of Graphic Arts at Princeton University, "he was sympathetic and understanding. He was patient and—what can I say?—incredibly wise in the way that he handled me." Certain boys at Deerfield in earlier years would commit long series of petty crimes and believe that all had gone undetected. Then, finally, the headmaster would stop such a boy, pull out a small notebook, and read off to him everything he had done wrong since the first day of school. For years, the headmaster roved the campus late at night, like a watchman. Until the late nineteen-thirties, he made rounds to every room in every dormitory during study hours every night. Since then, he has made spot visits. He never gives a boy bad news at night. He never threatens. He uses shame privately. He more often trades favors than gives them. If a boy asks something of him, he asks something in return. There is no student government, nor are there faculty committees, helping to run Deerfield. The headmaster holds himself distant from that sort of thing. Senior-class presidents are elected on the eve of Commencement. Students who are in the school now say they would not want student government anyway, be-

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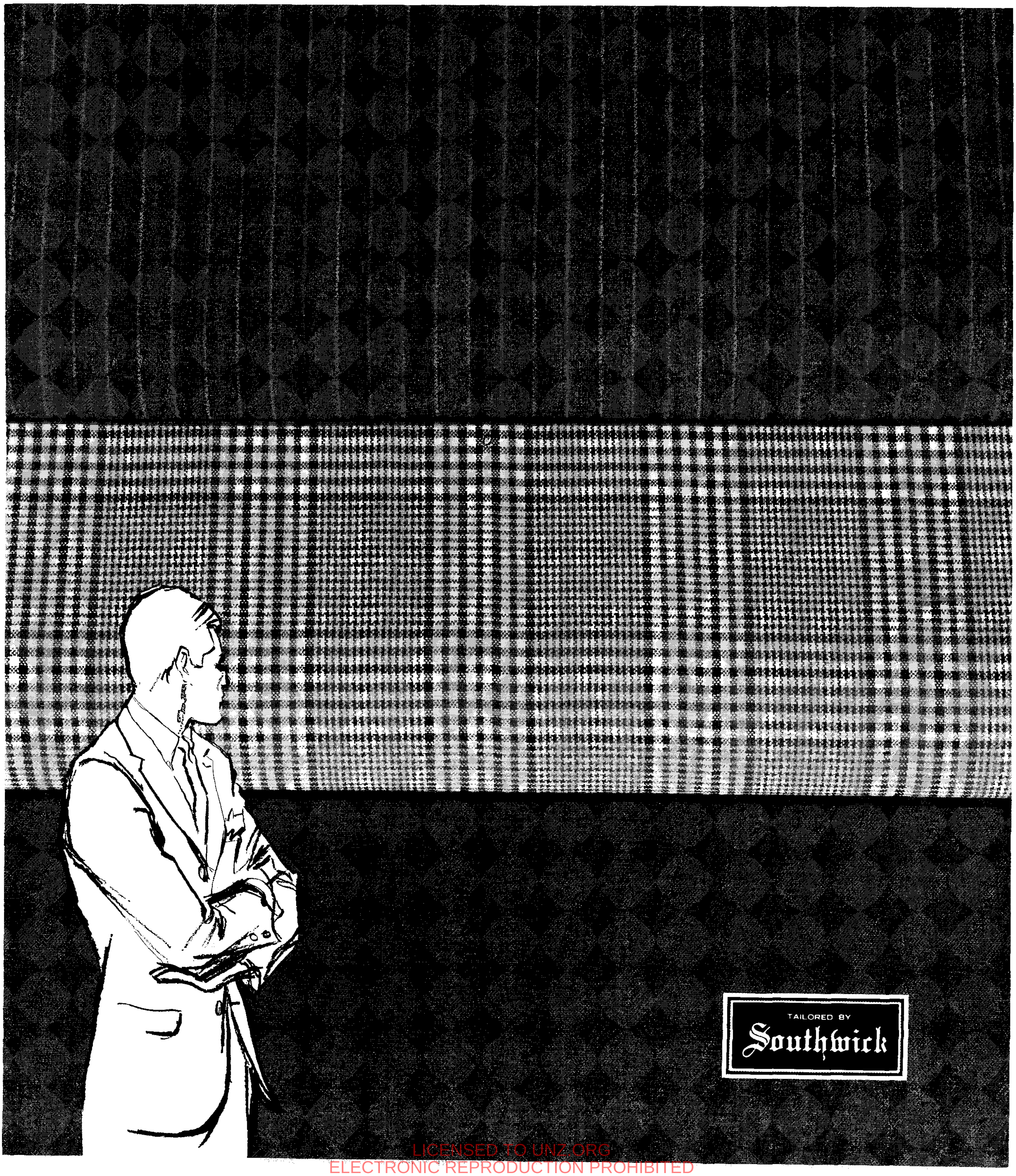

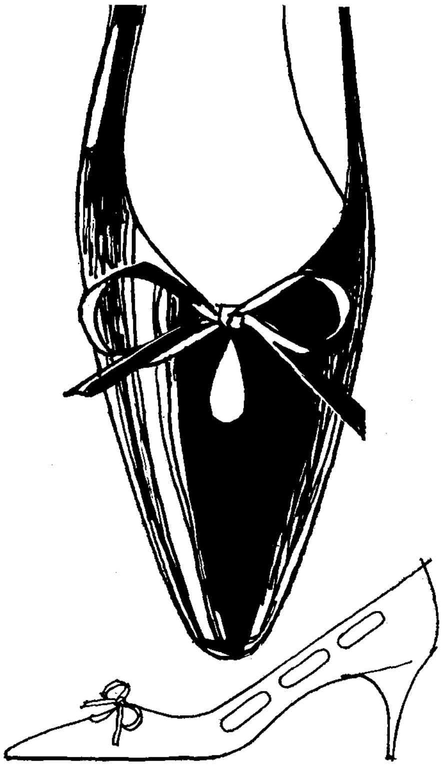

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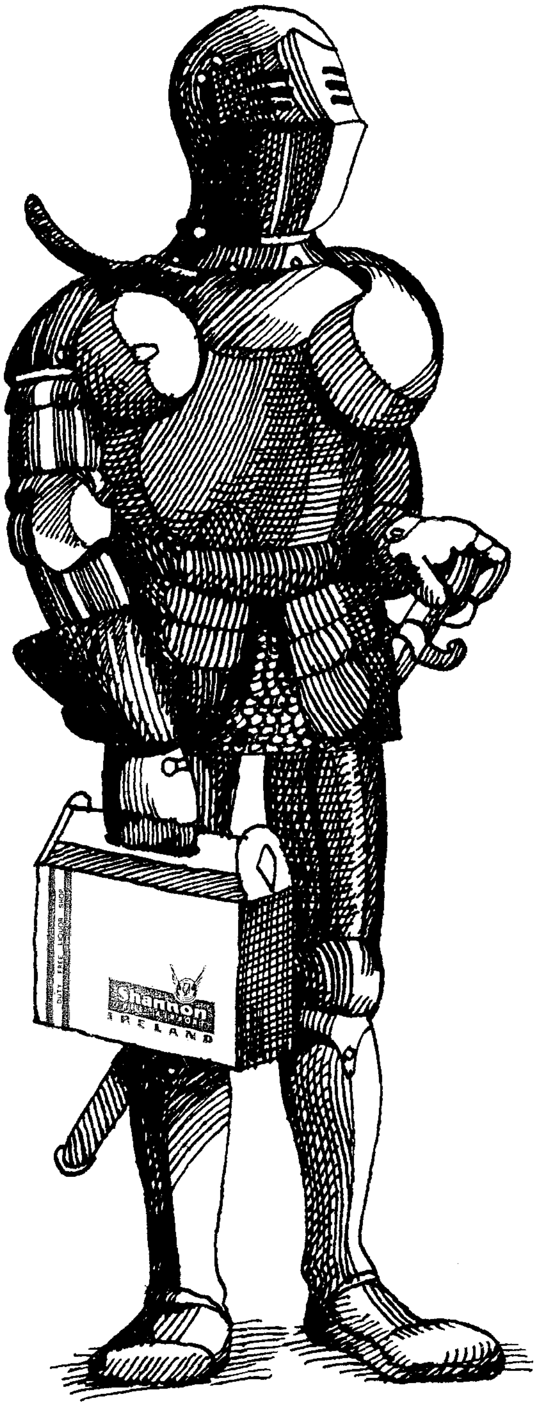
Boyden's principle of athletics for all has remained one of the main elements of the school's program, and Deerfield is unmatched in this respect today. Where once he did not have enough boys for even one team, he now has teams for all five hundred. When a boy at Deerfield chooses a sport, he automatically makes a team that has a full schedule of games with other schools. This winter, for example, Deerfield has eight basketball teams, each with game uniforms, away games, and all the other incidentals of the sport on the varsity level. This is true in soccer, baseball, football, tennis, lacrosse, hockey, squash, swimming, skiing, track, and cross-country as well. With few exceptions, every boy at Deerfield is required to take part in three sports a year. There is no set number of teams in any sport. According to the boys' choices, there may be a few more football teams one year and a few more soccer teams the next. Deerfield has sent on a share of athletic stars—football players such as Mutt Ray to Dartmouth and Archie Roberts to Columbia, for instance—but Deerfield is not really an atmosphere in which a great athlete is likely to develop. The headmaster's belief in sport is exceeded by his belief that everything has its place and time. Deerfield athletes are given no time for extra practice, nor are they permitted to practice any sport out of season. In the fall and the spring, the basketball courts are locked, and baskets are actually removed from the backboards.

In the early days, having the headmaster as a player produced some disadvantages for Deerfield teams. Once, in a pick-off situation in baseball, when he caught the throw from the pitcher and put his glove down, the opposing player slid safely under him. "Out," said the umpire. Any other baseball player would have congratulated himself on his luck, but the headmaster had to tell the umpire that the fellow had in fact been safe. From the start, he had been preaching sportsmanship to his boys. People who remember those days say that he was the first person in that part of the country to stress courtesy in athletics. "We may wish they were interested in other things," he said at the time, "but we must meet existing conditions, and since they will have athletic sports anyway, let us control them and make them a moral force." No matter how able a Deerfield player was or how close a game had become, if he showed anger he was benched. If a basketball player said anything the least bit antagonistic to the man he was guarding—even something as mild as "Go ahead and shoot"—a substitute would go into the game. Athletics was one of the ways in which Deerfield became known, and from the beginning the headmaster wanted his teams to be smartly dressed and thoroughly equipped. In the early years, he often spent at least a third of his salary on athletic equipment, and when a woman of the town offered a contribution to the school, he asked if he might use it for baseball uniforms. "Something has lifted the spirit of this community," she said to him. "Go and buy the best uniforms you can find, but don't tell anyone I gave the money for it."

The headmaster played on Deerfield teams until he was about thirty-five, and he was head coach of football, basketball, and baseball until he was nearly eighty. "I can't go to a funeral anywhere from Athol to Northampton without an elderly man's coming up and reminding me of a baseball game we once played against one another," he says. His sense of football has always been vague but imaginative. His blocking assignments were not precise. During his years as player-coach, he put straps on the belts of his linemen so that the backs—himself included—could hang on and be pulled forward for short gains. In baseball, he followed a simple strategy. "If you can put your glove on a fast ball, there is no reason you can't put your bat on it," he has said for sixty-four years. "Anyone can learn to bunt." Deerfield teams use the squeeze play as if there were no alternative in the sport. He continued to hit fungoes to his baseball teams until he was seventy-five years old. It was a high point of any Deerfield baseball day to watch him hit precise grounders to his scrambling infield. Toward the end of his coaching years, the headmaster found that he could not hit the ball with quite as much snap as he liked to give it. He complained that the ground was getting softer. His main talent as a coach was that he always seemed to know what a boy could do and then expected no more of him. He knew, somehow, when a pitcher was almost through. If his assistant coaches happened to prevail on him to leave a pitcher in a game, disaster usually followed. What he did not know about football he made up through his knowledge of boys, and he could win a game with the right remark. He once did so—in the early nineteen-twenties—by taking his quarterback aside and saying to him, "You're just like a race



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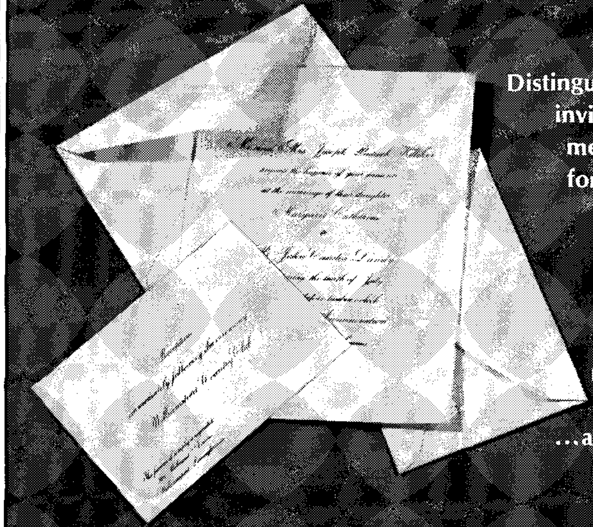

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horse. Sometimes you're too tense to do your job. Take it easy. You'll run faster." Visitors today sometimes think that the headmaster is a little theatrical when he walks up and down the sidelines—eighty-six years old, and wearing a player's duffel coat that almost reaches the ground—and acts as if he were on the verge of jumping into the game. Something they may not be able to imagine is what it must mean to him to remember the games against small local schools when he himself was in the backfield and there were fifteen or twenty boys in the academy, and now to be watching his team make one touchdown after another until the final score is Deerfield 28, Exeter 0. As a semi-retired coach, the headmaster still gives the same pre-game talks he has always given. In a way that is desperate, unyielding, and total, he wants to win, but he wants to win with grace. "The consequence of poor sportsmanship is that you lose, somewhere along the line," he says. "Remember, it's better to lose in a sportsmanlike way than to win and gloat over it." And he goes along in that vein for a while, until he has satisfied the requirements of his conscience. Then he says, "Now, boys, let's not let up on them for a minute. Let's win this one, if possible, by forty points."

THE headmaster has never thought of Deerfield wholly, or even largely, as a preparatory school. He thinks that the education a secondary school offers has to be considered in its own right and in all its aspects, and that the school is not merely a conduit to college. "Things can be done at our level which they can't do in college," he says. "Dean Henry Pennypacker at Harvard always used to say, 'After a man is thirty, he is going to settle most of his social and moral problems in terms of his training in secondary school.' My philosophy—I can't express it, really: I believe in boys. I believe in keeping them busy, and in the highest standards of scholarship. I believe in a very normal life. It generally seeps in. I try to do the simple things that a well-organized home does for its boys." When he expresses these ideas, and uses a phrase such as "normal life," he is drawing, in the main, on his own boyhood, in Foxboro, Massachusetts. "Basically, it is an acceptance of the code of that era," he says. "The home was dominant, you see."

Foxboro, about halfway between Boston and Providence, was a town of about twenty-five hundred people when Boyden was a boy. It contributed im-

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A swirl of color gets a cool shoulder and free and ea
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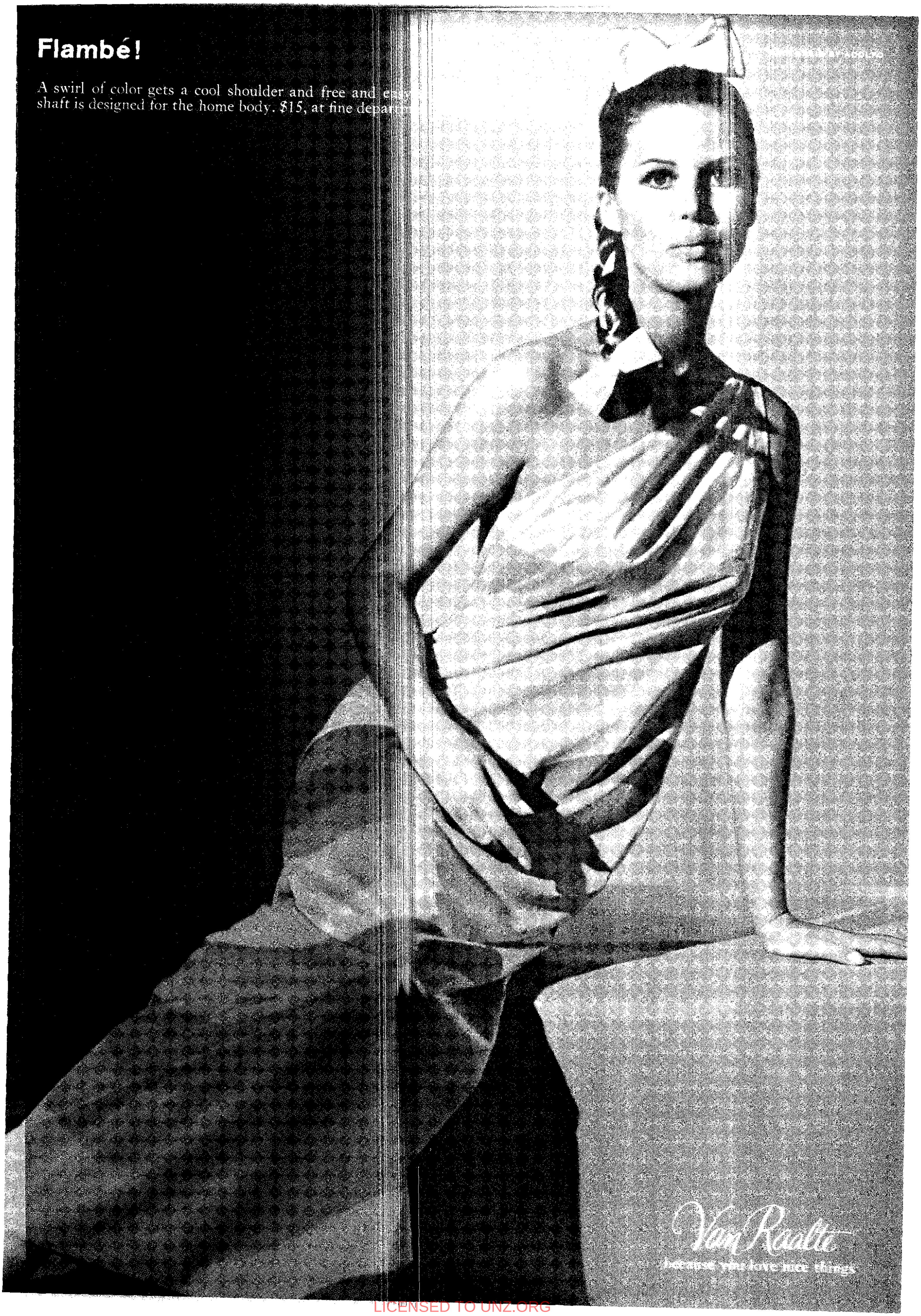
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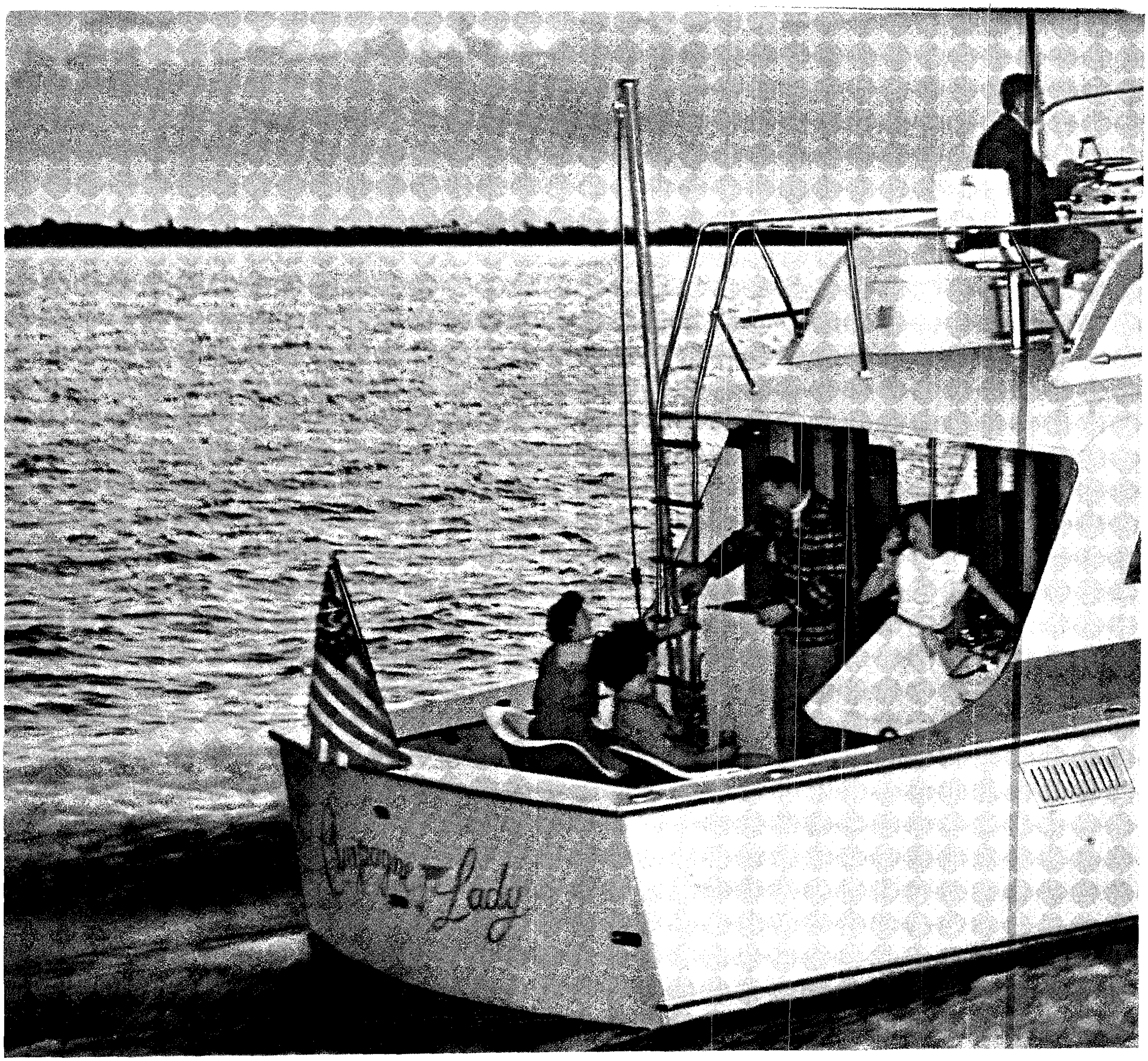


And—this fiberglass Hatteras 41

It's true that this Hatteras 41 Convertible was designed for family fun and entertaining. But it also converts to a sports fisherman with exceptional speed, maneuverability and seaworthiness.

The deck lounge has a height of 6′6″. The width from cabin-side to cabin-side is 11′. From the windshield to the sliding door bulkhead it is 14′2″.

There is 12 cu. ft. of storage space in the 4-drawer end table.

The (optional) bar and the ice-maker unit has space to keep bottles and sizable glasses.

The curved, sectional lounge easily converts to a full-size double bed. There is complete privacy when the drapes are drawn and the doors are closed.

A stereo tape or record player (optional) makes this room a most pleasant lounge for relaxation and for entertaining.

There are four 110-volt outlets for TV, lamps and other appliances. There are also two 110-volt light fixtures.

The sliding door bulkhead opens to the roomy (105 sq. ft.) cockpit. There is plenty of room for deck lounge chairs for sunning and fighting chairs for fishing.

Modern, efficient, and very roomy galley

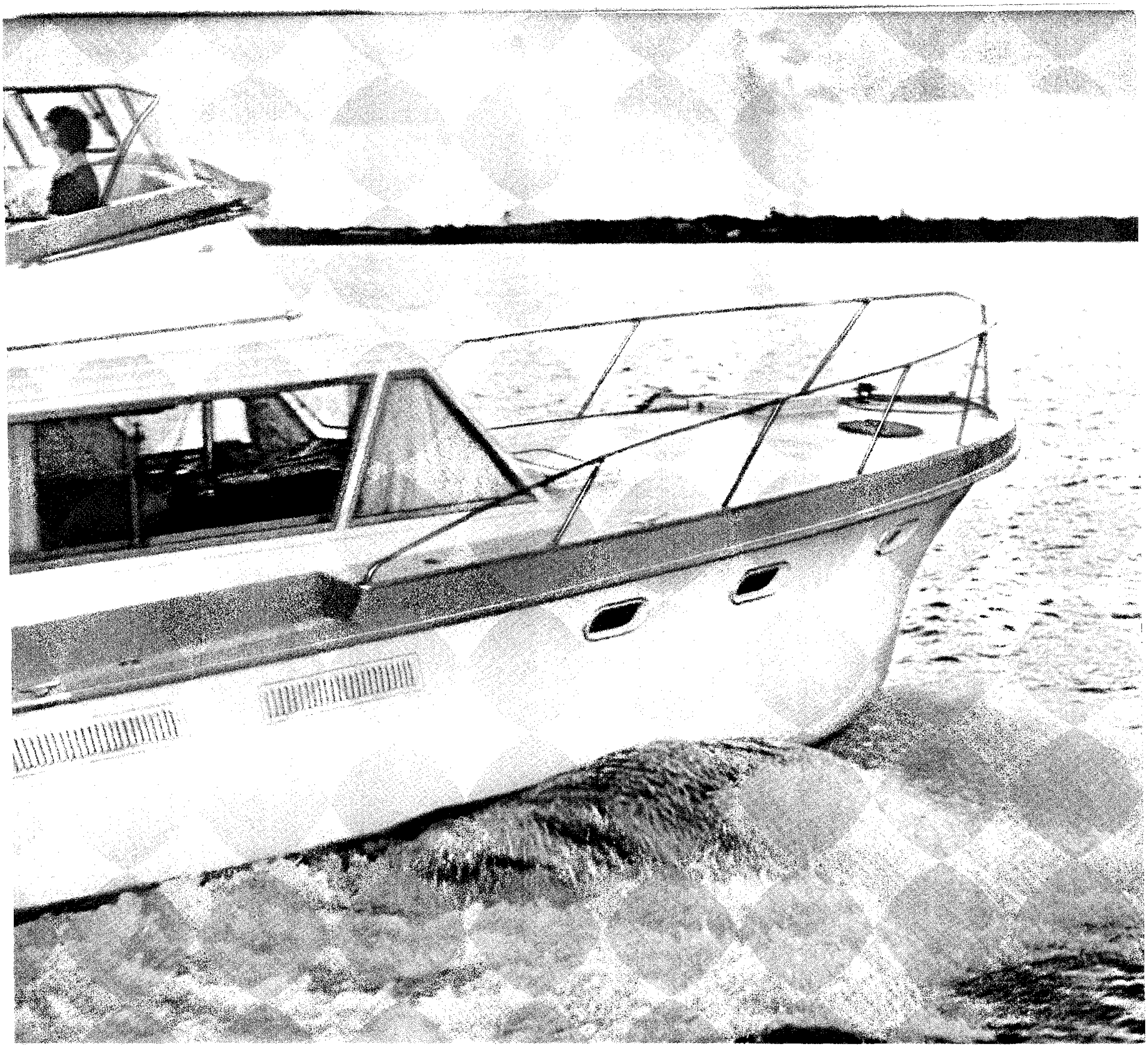
In the galley, there is 9 sq. ft. of counter space; 3-burner electric stove with oven; 10 cu. ft. refrigerator; 12 cu. ft. storage space in the counter; 3 cu. ft. in 4 drawers. Even under the deck house there is 3 cu. ft. of storage area.

There are four 110-volt outlets for appliances; a fluorescent light and two bulk lights. An overhead screened hatch provides light and ventilation. Headroom is 6′3″.

32 cu. ft. storage space in master stateroom

The master stateroom has entrance from galley and a private entrance to a large, complete head.

There is 32 cu. ft. of storage space in a large hanging locker and six drawers beneath the two 6′3″ bunks Mattresses are polyurethane foam For light and ventilation there are two screened portlights and an over



Convertible is great for fishing, too!

head screened hatch; two bed lights; two 110-volt outlets.

There is 6 cu. ft. of storage space in the head. Man-size shower with dome light. Vitreous lavatory. Hot and cold pressure water system. Two 110-volt outlets. Screened portlight.

The bow stateroom with two 6′3″ bunks has 6′4″ headroom and 56 cu. ft. of storage space.

There are four screened portlights, an overhead screened hatch, 110-volt outlets and 12-volt lights over the bunks.

How come so much space and privacy?

The designer, J. B. Hargrave, has taken full advantage of laminated fiberglass construction.

He used a wide 14′ beam to obtain extra space. And, because reinforced fiberglass, properly designed and engineered, does not require ribs, framing or beams—necessary in boats built of traditional materials—there is simply more usable inside space.

Low maintenance because of fiberglass

A Hatteras is easier to maintain than boats of traditional material because of its one-piece laminated fiberglass hull and fiberglass superstructure. There are no seams or joints. No loose fastenings, rust, dry rot, caulking or sanding.

You can paint for appearance, but you don't have to paint for protection. This saves time, work, money.

Comfortable because of its hull shape

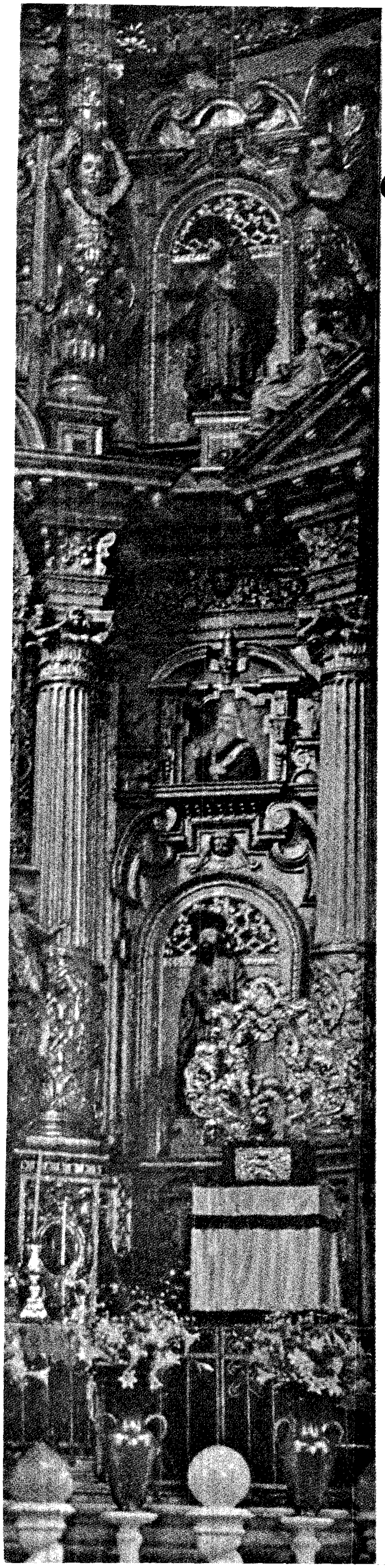
The hull shape virtually eliminates pounding, yawing and broaching. Even at high speed in heavy seas, the molded flair of hull throws water off in a low flat arc.

You won't really appreciate this two-in-one boat until you see it.

We suggest you look up your nearest Hatteras dealer. Husbands: bring your wives. Wives: bring your husbands.

This is one boat guaranteed to satisfy both of you.

For dealer's name and illustrated literature write Dept. NY366, Hatteras Yacht Co., High Point, North Carolina.



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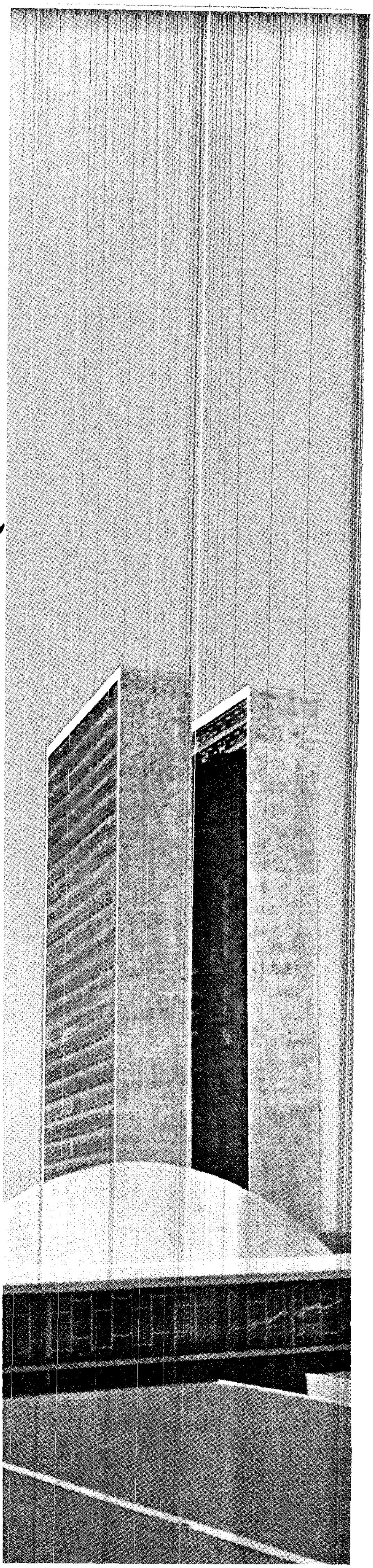
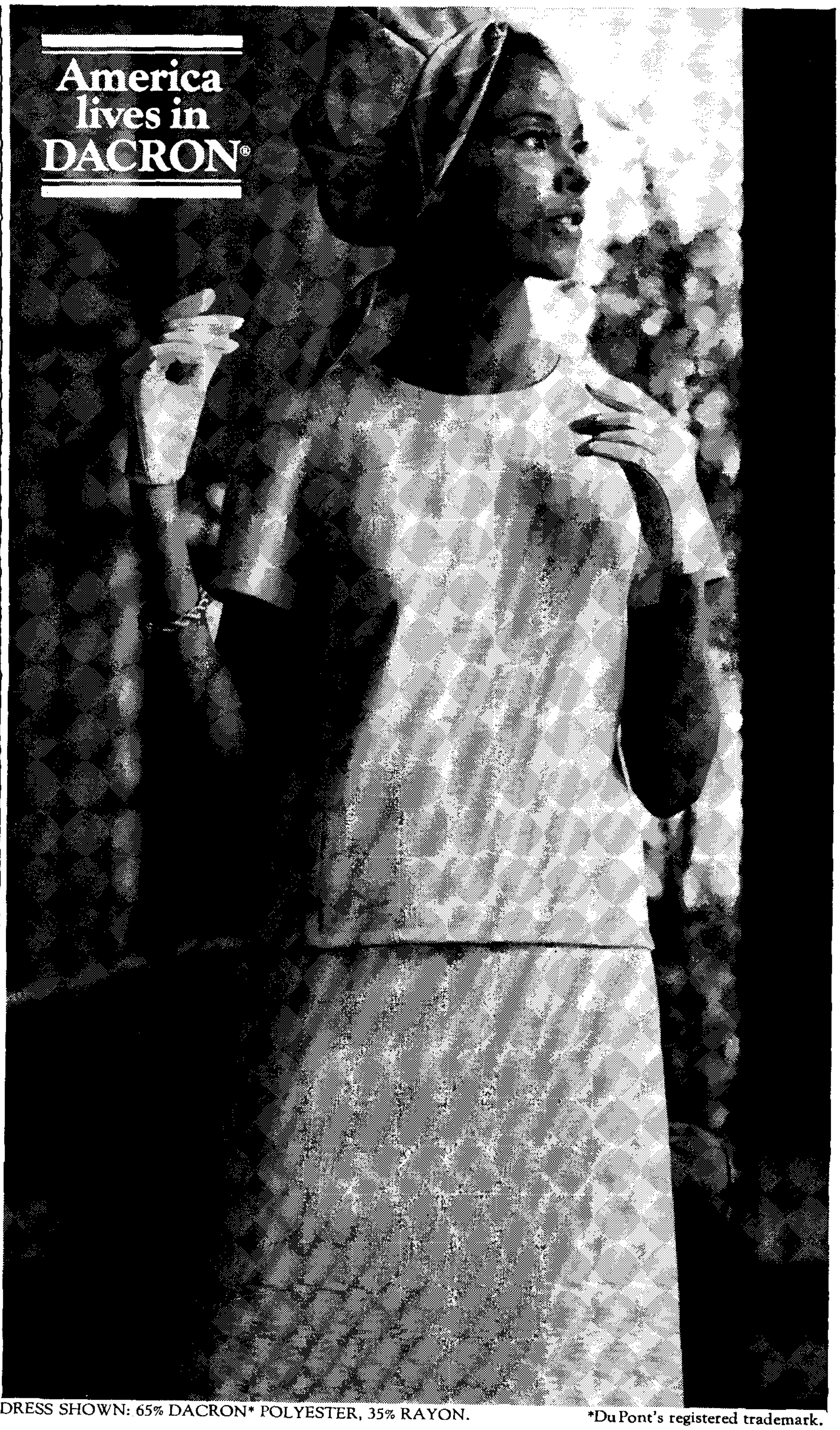


portantly to the straw-hat industry, and it had an iron foundry, which had been established to cast cannon for the Continental Army in the American Revolution and had more recently supplied New York City with its red fire-alarm boxes. Boyden's family owned the foundry. His father and mother, who had both been schoolteachers in their early years, had settled into the foundry business before he was born. Like everyone else in the town, they had a few cows and horses, chickens, and a pig. They had a hundred and fifty acres of land and raised their own vegetables. "In those days, people raised everything they ate," the headmaster says. "I can't understand it when I see these farmers today, with so much land, buying their own vegetables." He was born in 1879 in the family's large white frame farmhouse, a building that is still an attractive place. In the subtle gradations of Foxboro society, people in the town center preferred not to mix with the people in the section known as South Foxboro. "We were halfway to the center," the headmaster remembers, and this intermediate position has served him well. His family had been in Massachusetts since 1634, when an indentured servant named Thomas Boyden arrived from England and went to work in Salem. Thomas Boyden prospered sufficiently to pay off his debt, become a freeman, and contribute one bushel of wheat to the establishment of "the new brick college"—Harvard. Seth Boyden, a great-uncle of the headmaster, was one of those people whom the term "Yankee ingenuity" was coined to describe. He devised the first patent leather and produced the first daguerreotype in the United States, and he developed malleable iron. The headmaster inherited none of this. He hates machines, and, in fact, is suspicious of anything inanimate that has moving parts. His Grandfather Cary—his mother's father—owned the iron foundry and was, in many ways, an earlier version of the headmaster. He was known as the Little Man, he still had iron-gray hair when he was in his seventies, and his employees would say, "If you hunt for him, you will never find him, but stand still in one place and within five minutes the Little Man will come around." All this precisely describes the headmaster, and, as a matter of fact, he is known in Deerfield as the Little Man. His Grandfather Cary served in the Massachusetts Senate and Assembly, and so did the headmaster's father, Benjamin Franklin Boyden, a man who has been remembered as a bit of a Mi-



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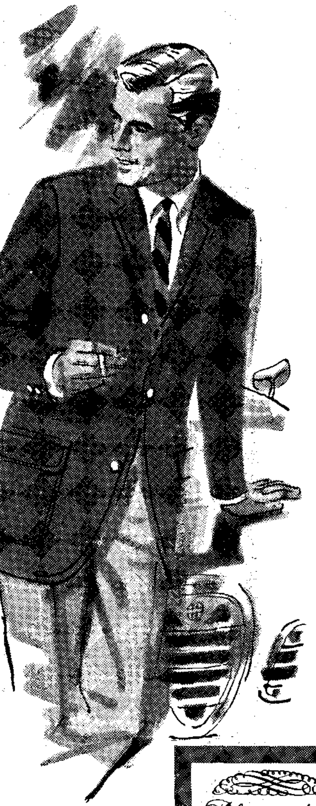
cawber with a gift for words. The headmaster's mother was more simply designed. "She was quiet, and a very good Sunday-school teacher," he says. "She was a gracious and devout religious person. A great deal of our life centered on the Congregational church. I used to go to four services on Sunday. The only reason I didn't go to five is that there wasn't a fifth one, I'm sure of that." Deerfield boys go to two services on Sunday. The first is beyond the headmaster's control, because it is in the hands of one clergyman or another in the area; the second, the Sunday Night Sing, is made palatable by his selection of rousing and familiar hymns—one verse, two at the most. He says that when he was young he belonged to "a tough Sunday-school class." A photograph of him in his Sunday-school clothes at that time does not make him look very tough, but there is a kind of reinforced gravity in his eyes which suggests that if this little boy were to clap his hands, everyone within earshot would fall silent. Around his neck is something that resembles a lace doily, and there are pouches under his eyes. He was the third of four children. He read a lot as a little boy, played backgammon every night with an aunt, and went to a one-room school that was named for his maternal grandfather. In icy weather, which came often, he skated to school, passing a cranberry bog and stands of scrub oak and pine, and crossing ponds to which his family owned flowage rights. Throughout his years in Deerfield, he has visited Foxboro with great frequency. He reads the Foxboro paper every week, and says, "I'd be lost without it." The town is still his home, though none of his family is there. He points into a forest of high white pines in Foxboro and says, "That was our mowing lot. In a dry summer, you couldn't get anything out of it—not even hay. We used to play baseball there." The Foxboro library, a small nineteenth-century building that looks like a gingerbread house, is called the Boyden Library, as it was when the headmaster was a boy. Around the town common is an exceptionally graceful iron fence, which his Grandfather Cary designed and wrought in his foundry. Driving through a section of woodland, the headmaster gestures toward a dry stream bed in a broad hollow filled with tall deciduous trees. "The foundry was right in there," he says. "It was quite sizable. The men were fine molders. Seventy people worked there." He confides that many of them were drunk about half the time, and he adds that because of this he has always been



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"What do you mean 'Fine wine is wasted in cooking'? Aren't you going to eat it?" —Paul Masson [to a fellow-member of the St. Claire Club, San Jose, 1936]

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able to identify a problem drinker at sight. How? "There is something in the face of a man from the lips up."

Boyden went to Foxboro High School and was graduated with the class of 1896. He was sixteen years old. "That's too young," he says. "I had no competition in high school, and when I finished I had no interest in education." His school today takes part in advanced-placement programs, but only because the universality of the idea has forced the headmaster to go along with it. He clearly feels that an individual's development is in danger of being hurt if it is accelerated. On the other hand, if there had been an advanced-placement program at Foxboro High School in the eighteen-nineties he might not have lost interest in education. He had no desire to go to college. Instead, he went to work in a grocery store. He got to be such an expert grocer that it irritated him when new employees came into the store and got the handle of the lard tub greasy. "There was a way to manage the handle without getting it greasy," he says, "but it took experience." He also worked for his father, driving a horse and buggy between the train station and the foundry five trips a day. Eventually, all this palled, and his intellectual curiosity came back to life. He decided to take examinations for admission to Amherst College, which meant that he had to learn Latin and Greek within nine months and also recondition his English, mathematics, and history. "I got my power of concentration then," he says. "I had to."

After Boyden's class—1902—had been at Amherst for one term, more than a sixth of its members were flunked out. "I was so green, so small, and so scared I'd be sent home that I just stayed in my room and worked and worked and worked," the headmaster remembers. Like all the other freshmen, he was interviewed by Amherst's eleven fraternities. The next step in the screening process was a second interview by fraternities that were interested. Boyden was invited to no second interviews at all. "I was ruled off as a cipher," he says. "And it was true. It was a fair judgment. I just boned away everlastingly." His classmates began to call him Plugger Bill. None of those who are still alive can give a satisfactory explanation why they chose Bill. One of them says, "We called him that because it was euphonious." Whatever the reason, he has always been called Bill by his Amherst friends. "I never liked the Plugger part," the headmaster says now. "I like the name Bill very much. I can't stand Frank." His classmates came to know him in later years much better than they had known him at Amherst, and some of them, as trustees of Deerfield Academy, more than once helped to keep the school out of bankruptcy. Two of them are still living, and their recollections of Boyden at Amherst are valuable, if not wholly flattering. "Plugger Bill Boyden expresses it," says Robert J. Cleeland, the retired president of a candy company in Springfield. "He didn't make any impression on me at all. He was a midnight-oil burner. Our paths didn't cross. I was involved in athletics. He was Plugger Bill Boyden. There's something about that fellow. You stand him up in a line of ten people and try to pick the successful man, you'd pick him tenth. He was unknown in the class, and he is the biggest man the class produced. Perhaps you can tell the fertility of a seed by looking at it, but I don't think you can." Robert W. Maynard, the chairman of R. H. Stearns Company, the Boston department store, describes 1902 as "a tail-ender class," and says, "No one ever thought we would amount to anything. The first time I saw Bill was at the freshman-sophomore baseball game on Blake Field. He was out for the team, this little bit of a cub. He didn't make it. He was good at his studies, he liked athletics, he worked hard. Phi Kappa Psi finally took him in. It was a new fraternity then. A lot of waifs and strays were taken in there."

While Boyden was learning what it was like to be thought of as a stray, he was also learning what it was like to be relatively poor. A fire destroyed the foundry in Foxboro, which was uninsured. During his sophomore year in college, he had so little money that he once felt guilty about the expense when he bought an ice-cream cone. As interested as he was in athletics, he never made a team, because he was too small. (His own version is that he was not good enough.) He managed the tennis team. He was an accomplished debater, and he was impressed by the singing at Amherst; two of the most luminous features of Deerfield Academy are its debating teams and its superb glee clubs. Charles Edward Garman, professor of mental and moral philosophy, was one of the few people at Amherst who apparently saw Boyden's potentialities. Garman told him that he would become a fine lawyer. The headmaster describes Garman as "one of the great

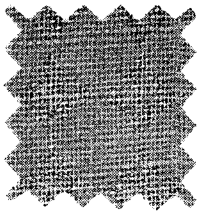
How The James Ho Yang American Laundry Invented The Most Important Shirt Color Since White

James Ho does not run a Chinese laundry. "When in America, do as the Americans do," he told his children. Outside his shop a sign read, "James Ho American Laundry."

Inside the James Ho American Laundry was American assembly line production. In a row stood two washing machines, one wringer, two dryers, one mangle.

To emulate the American Coffee Break, James Ho instituted the Tea Break. Every day at 3, work stopped and employees sipped Green Banchu Tea.

It was James himself who started the trouble brewing. During his tea break, he reached for a pack of chewing gum (an acquired Americanism), and brushed against the fragile China tea pot, smashing it to the floor. Green tea splashed all over, mostly all over customers' shirts. In vain, James Ho rubbed and scrubbed, but the tea stayed and stained.



(THE COLOR)

"No use crying over spilt tea," he said, but by the time the shirts' owners came to pick them up, James Ho had turned green himself. He showed his customers, Manny Greenheim and Ira Katz, the great rings of green tea that would never come out.

Ira, a kindly fellow, saw his concern, and in an attempt at lightheartedness, said "Not a bad color." (Ira is the bearded one.)

"Not a bad color? Not a bad color. A fabulous new shirt color!" chimed in Manny. (Manny is the moustached one.)

Green Tea is the newest shirt color since white, and one more Holbrook invention that proves you don't have to have a button-down mind to make button-down shirts. You'll find Holbrook at great stores, or write 350 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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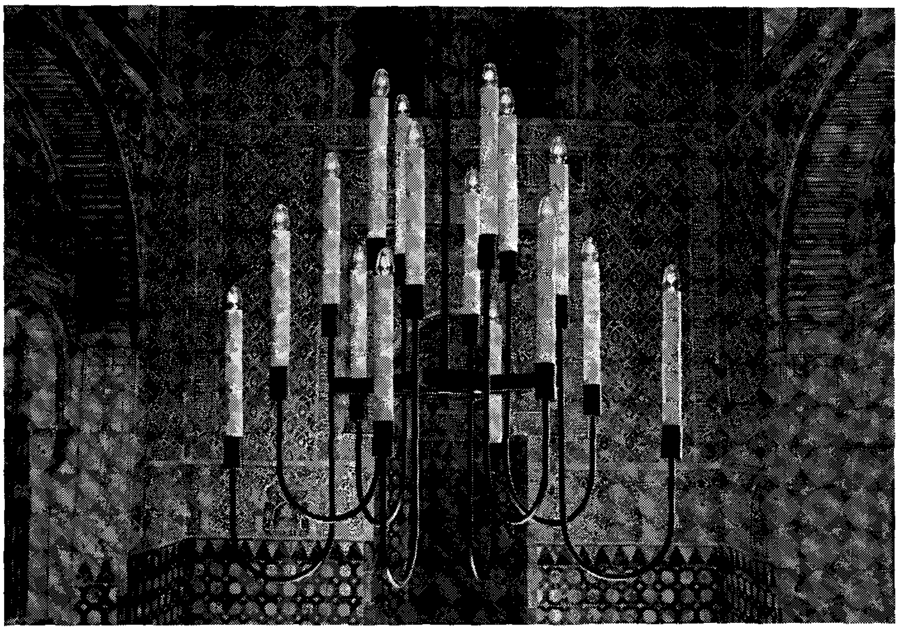

Intimate Ultimate. Light a mood. Highlight the subtle beauty of a room with a chandelier by Lightolier—like this "Silhouette." Delicately-curved black iron arms (sixteen or twenty-four lights) meticulously blended with soft candle white. Dramatic elegance for most any setting. One of the loveliest new looks in sight, designed to be the ultimate in intimacy. From Lightolier ...for over 60 years the symbol of craftsmanship and creative design in both decorative and functional lighting. Send for our Free Lighting Idea Book to Dept. NY-3,

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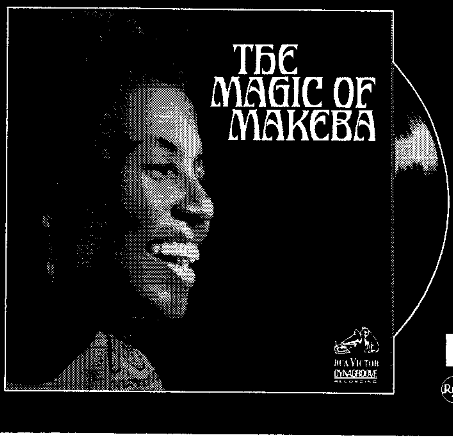
teachers in America," and says that Garman turned down college deanships and presidencies because he preferred to stay at Amherst and help send people like Dwight Morrow into the world. On the many occasions when Boyden himself could have accepted headmasterships at wealthy and established schools, his affectionate memories of Garman helped to keep him at Deerfield. A note in the 1902 Amherst senior classbook said, "Magill won over Boyden by one vote as the man whom the college has benefited the most."

THERE were once academies in almost all the towns of New England, and most of them are now, if anything, just outlines in the lawns of other buildings. It is often said that Frank Boyden would have created a major school from any one of these relics wherever he happened to go, and that it was an accident fortunate for Deerfield that he happened to go there. Some families of Deerfield think otherwise, however, and there is much in what they have to say. The sum of it is that he was lucky to come upon such a town. Deerfield, in the seventeenth century, was the principal settlement on the Massachusetts frontier. Its first minister was a Mather. Its first baby had the annunciatory name of Mehuman Hinsdell. Its first Indian raid wiped out the town. Some people escaped, and a few of them returned. Then, during Queen Anne's War, a French general in Canada dispassionately planned the murder of the town, augmented his forces with two Indian tribes, and made the long march south in winter. Deerfield lived in ignorance of this condemnation until the night of February 29, 1704, when the Indians rushed in over the snow, pausing, rushing, pausing, rushing—absurdly, perhaps successfully, trying to disguise their sounds as gusts of wind. On drifted snow, they vaulted the palisades and they chopped their way into houses with tomahawks, shrieking even more loudly than the people they were shooting and axing to pieces. The French watched with no apparent emotion. Forty-eight people were buried in a common grave in a cemetery that is now within the grounds of the academy. On the nearby grave of Mehuman Hinsdell, the inscription says that he was "twice captivated by the Indian savages." A raid of reprisal in Nova Scotia became the background for Longfellow's "Evangeline." In Deerfield today, two of the old houses predate the Deerfield Massacre, as it is

**Hear a new Makeba
in a musical kaleidoscope**



Here is Miriam Makeba in a dramatically different presentation. This album presents her as a "new" artist singing a great variety of original material: ballads, bossa novas, swingers and gospel. The program gives Makeba fans a broader scope of listening pleasure: from the beautiful "Sunrise, Sunset" to the stirring gospel treatment of "When I've Passed On." Makeba sings each song with her very special interpretation and style. Album also includes "Seven Good Years," Where Does It Lead?," and 8 more great songs to complete the picture of a "new" Makeba.

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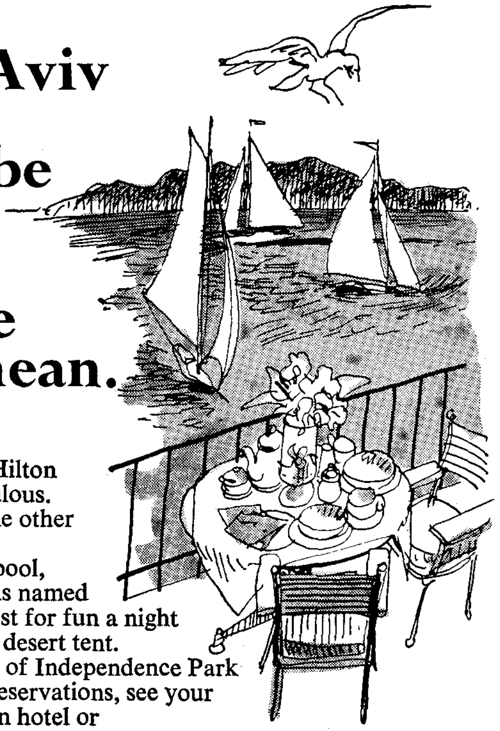

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Every room at the Tel Aviv Hilton has a view of it. And it's fabulous. Manager Bob Grant has some other fabulous things for you too. Among them—a glamorous pool, a restaurant so splendid it was named after King Solomon...and just for fun a night club that looks like an exotic desert tent. And it's all set in the gardens of Independence Park in the heart of the city. For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

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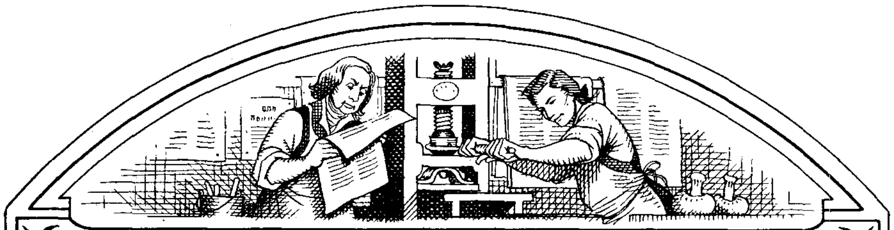

Which was first to make headlines in England: The London Times or Gordon's?

Alexander Gordon got out his first edition 9 years before the Times. In 1769, to be precise. The delicately flavoured, delectably dry gin that made headlines then, is still big news in England. It's still biggest seller there. And here. In fact, worldwide. Why not indulge yourself in the pleasures of a proper 18th-century English day? Miss the London Times this morning? There's still time for Gordon's tonight.

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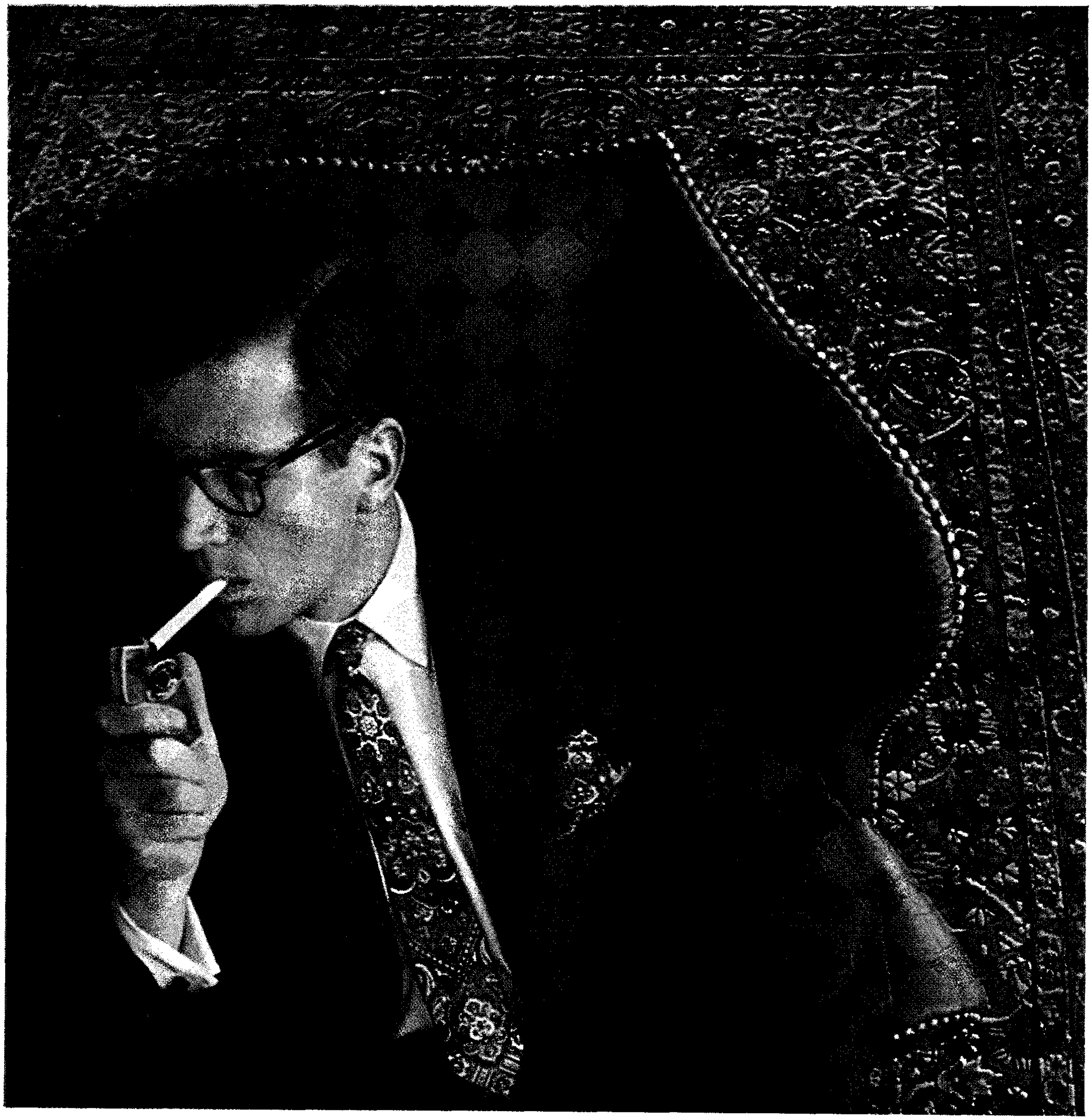
called, but most of the others were built during the quiet and prosperous period that followed, between Queen Anne's War and the American Revolution. Deerfield declared its independence in *June* of 1776. Colonel Benedict Arnold bought food there for his army. The academy was established in 1797, and for about fifty years it attracted students not only from the town of Deerfield but also from other towns and states. Eventually, it diminished into a small, entirely local school.

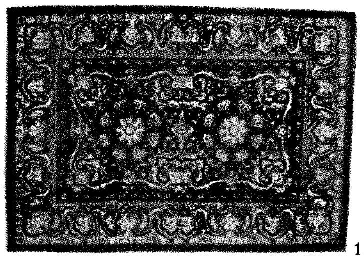
In the nineteenth century, Deerfield first became something of a tourist attraction. John Quincy Adams said that the village and the valley were "not excelled by anything I have ever seen, not excepting the Bay of Naples." It apparently attracted all kinds, for John L. Sullivan stayed there and so did Francis Parkman and Ralph Waldo Emerson. The town became an art colony of some importance. By the time the headmaster arrived, in 1902, there was a dedicated group of citizens who were already determined that Deerfield's old houses should be preserved. Such people would not have been found in just any New England town. One of them, George Sheldon, an old man with a tapering white beard at least a foot and a half long, had written a two-volume history of the town, three hundred and fifty thousand words long and composed with a high degree of literary skill. When people were in church or out of town, he went into their attics and removed artifacts of Colonial days in the interests of posterity. His wife, Jennie Arms Sheldon, the woman who gave the headmaster the money for baseball uniforms, was the first female graduate of M.I.T. Deerfield was, in a sense, under the control of cultivated women, most of whom were spinsters—Miss Whiting, Miss Coleman, Miss Baker, Miss Miller. They made baskets, held art shows, conducted a literary salon, and, collectively, were the single most potent political force in the community. To some of these people, the young headmaster soon appeared to be "an upstart trying to run the town." He was not, after all, Old Deerfield. Boyden, in 1902, had walked into a town that would shape him as much as he would shape it.

It helped the headmaster that he married a Deerfield girl. Helen Childs' father was a dairy farmer and also a highway contractor and builder of wooden bridges. In 1896, when she was thirteen, her father arranged for her to go to Greenfield High School, five miles up the road, because she wanted to try for Smith College and he



ARE ANCIENT PERSIAN RUG PATTERNS TOO FLAMBOYANT FOR THE TRADITIONALIST'S TIE?

Even dyed-in-the-rep stripe traditionalists will be at home in patterns that have been a tradition with Persian rug weavers since 1600. Damon has taken the most choice of these patterns, reduced them in scale and exactly reproduced them on opulent squares of Italian silk. The result is that an entire, richly colored Persian rug pattern (down to the finesse and finish of its border) goes into each Damon tie. The Damon collection of Persian Rug ties and pocket scarves at good stores, or write 16 E. 34 St., N.Y.



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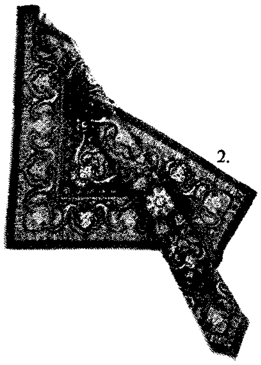

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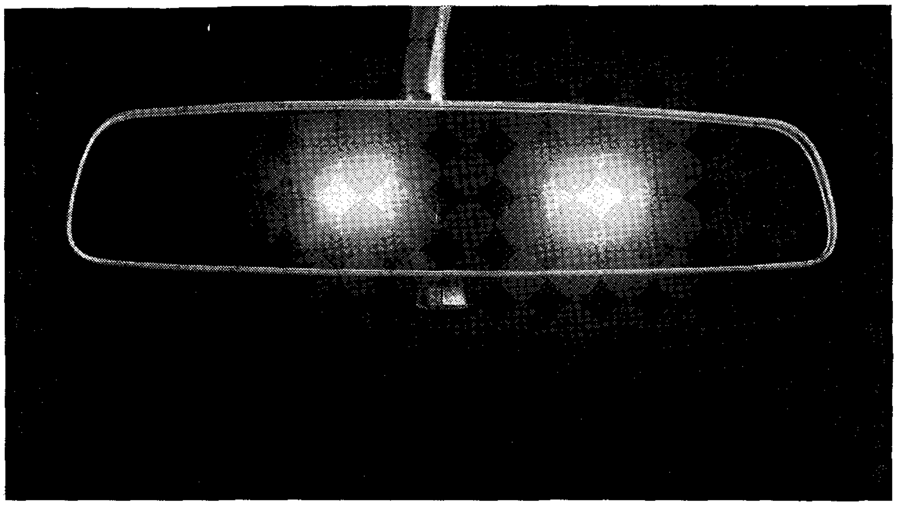
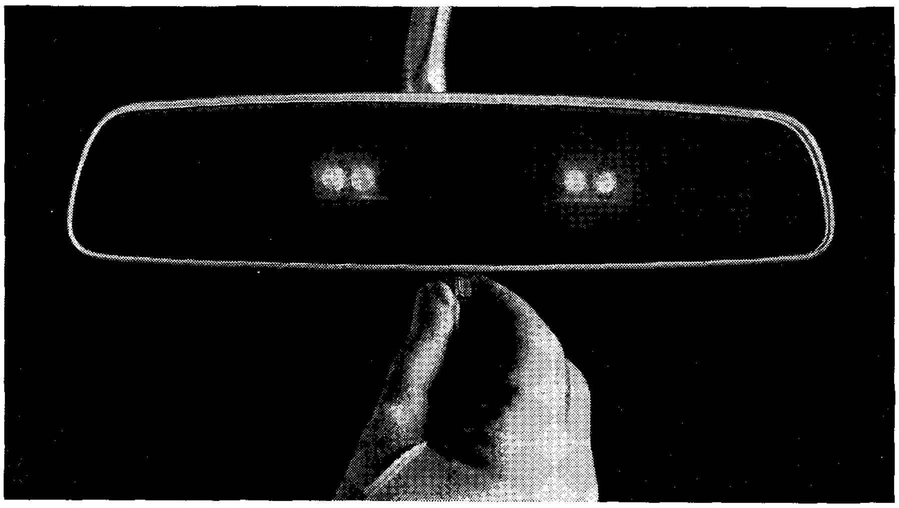
Vive la difference! Vive le Pernod!

LET THIS SEAL BE YOUR GUIDE TO QUALITY. 90 PROOF felt, reasonably, that Deerfield Academy was inadequate for someone with such an ambition. She was graduated from Smith in the class of 1904, and after teaching briefly in a school in Connecticut she accepted an offer from Frank Boyden, the new headmaster, to teach science and mathematics at the academy. They were married in 1907. With interruptions for the birth of their children—two sons and a daughter—she has been on the Deerfield faculty for sixty-one years. Her reputation as a teacher of chemistry grew quickly, and it has stood for decades among the highest in secondary education. She is everything a headmaster's wife could possibly be—gentle, understanding, forgiving, irreverent about her husband; but beyond this, she is the brightest person on the faculty and the busiest employee of the school. She is eighty-two now. She teaches five hours a day, meeting more classes than any other Deerfield teacher. "She is much more important than I am," the headmaster says. "She has a wonderful sense of humor and deep affection for the boys. She has more influence on the boys than I have. She makes them want to do the work. Her judgment is excellent. It is interesting that a combination such as the two of us could get together. I don't know that I've ever known her, really. She could have been the head of any school." Mrs. Boyden reads a book or two a week and keeps up thoroughly with what is going on in the world—much more so than the headmaster does. He is totally immersed in the school and travels only for school purposes. Her interests have no limit. When she was planning to go up the Nile a couple of years ago, she read histories of Egypt for a full year in advance. She also reads the books that people are talking about, and when it is her turn to do the talking she invariably has something original to say. Her husband seems at base to be an emotional man; she is more logical. "She is very feminine," the headmaster says, "and she wouldn't like it if I said this, but she has a man's mind." In class, she is a drillmaster, with the important qualification that she uses rote as a device rather than an end in itself. She may be discussing, say, isotopes. "Wait just a minute, young man," she says. "What about the atomic structure of isotopes? . . . Right. Where do they differ? . . . In the nucleus." Her gray-white hair is swept high on her head. She often wears a pearl choker, a silver bracelet, a gold watch, a silver pin. Her glasses are tortoise shell across the top; the bottom rims are clear. She



Guide's Day-Night Mirror...



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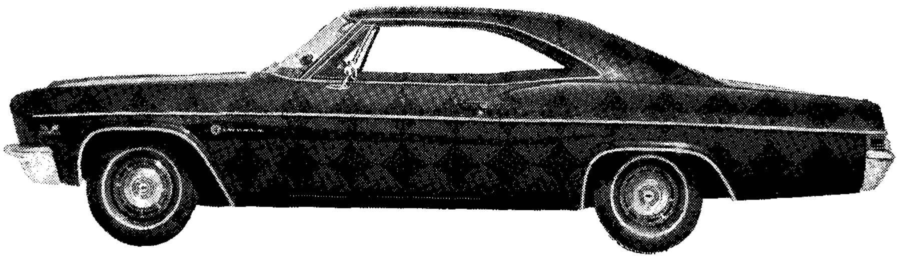

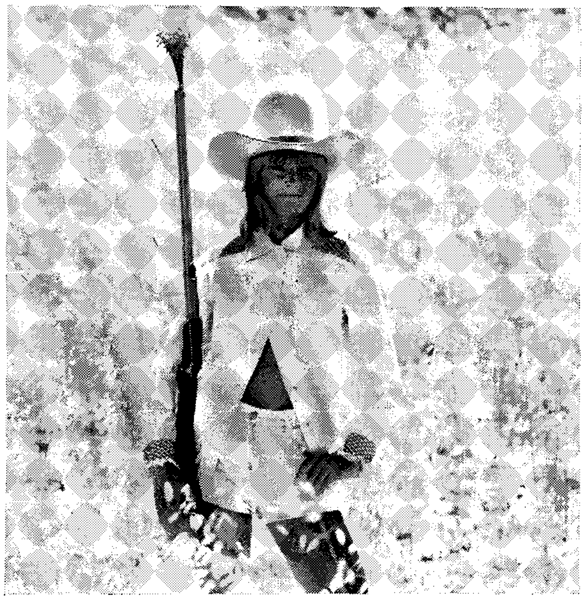

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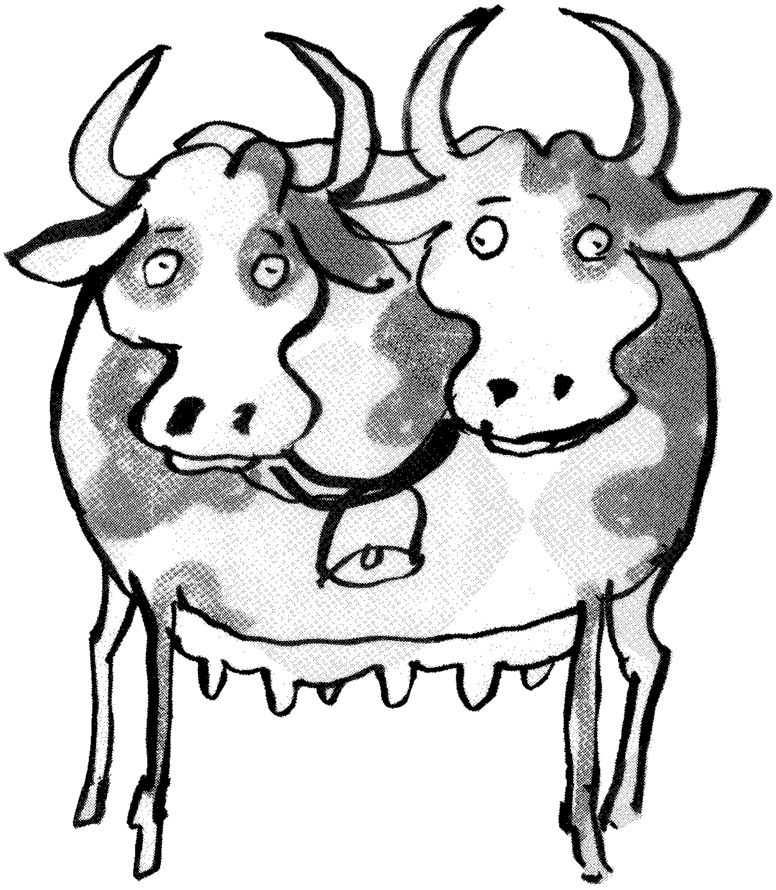
can't really see anyone in the room, because she is nearsighted to the point of partial blindness. She knows who her students are by the seats she has assigned to them. She may not be able to see them clearly, but she knows when something is not right. Once, she broke off in the middle of a sentence and said, "George Gallup, do you have a shirt on?" There was young George Gallup in the third row with his sports-jacket collar turned up around his neck and an embarrassed explanation about having failed to send his shirts to the laundry. Because of her handicap, her memory has developed phenomenally. An alumnus visits her classroom—an event so frequent that the room almost never seems to be without one—and she says to him when he enters, "Why don't you sit where you used to sit, in the second seat from the windows in the next-to-last row?" He may have been graduated from Deerfield seventeen years earlier, but she is right. On the blackboard, she has written, "The sins we commit two by two, we pay for one by one." The next day, she has written, "There are few concepts so difficult that they do not yield to the repeated attack of the ordinary mind." She has moved on to a discussion of the overthrow of the phlogiston theory. "I hope none of you smoke," she puts in. "As I get old, I'm getting awfully arbitrary." She plays games with the boys, giving them gradeless quizzes, asking one short question after another, drawing them out as if they were around a dinner table. "Victor," she said to one, years ago, "when will you stop trying to remember and start trying to think?" Victor Butterfield is the president of Wesleyan University, and that is his most highly valued story about his own education. At the end of the hour, the buzzer sounds, and she goes right on talking. Minutes pass, and another class collects in the doorway, but she is still talking. Her classes end this way more often than not.

Mrs. Boyden gets up every morning at six and works in her greenhouse until breakfast. She studies in her office during free periods in the school day. The normal class day consists of six periods, ends at 2 P.M., and is followed by a conference period for supplementary discussion with students who need it. Each faculty member holds one conference period a week, except Mrs. Boyden, who holds one every day. She also spends Saturday mornings with students who need special help, and many afternoons and evenings as well. During College Board tests, she walks the school-building corridors with anx-



How now, sacred cow?

Antitrust, the great American sacred cow, says the March FORTUNE, was born two-headed. The story, *Antitrust in an Era of Radical Change,* takes a fresh look at antitrust enforcement policies; measures today's statutes against tomorrow's needs; finds that "much more is at stake than the level of corporate profits, the efficiency of the economy, or its rate of growth."

FORTUNE, being FORTUNE, takes the problem by the horns with the proposal that: "Congress should amend the antitrust statutes to make it clear that the national policy is to foster competition by punishing restraints of trade, including conspiracies to fix prices, limit production, allocate markets, and suppress innovation; but that it is not the national policy to prefer any particular size, shape, or number of firms to any other size, shape, or number; and that mergers—horizontal, vertical, or conglomerate—are entirely legal unless they spring from a manifest attempt to restrain trade." It is a proposal that is bound to start talk and may well stir action in months to come.

FORTUNE's acceptance and authority stirs action for advertisers, too. For, the management community turns to FORTUNE for news *from* business, just as it depends on FORTUNE for news *about* business. In this era of radical change, the key to management planning is future knowledge, and that is what FORTUNE and its advertisers uniquely provide.

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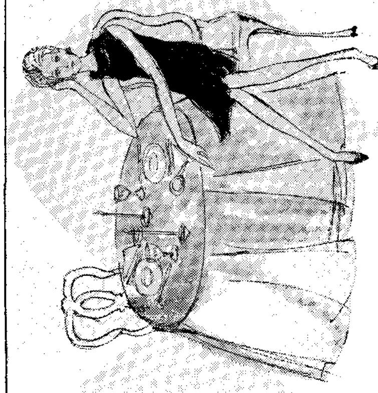

iety and is outside the door when her students emerge, to ask them how they did. She often has luncheon guests, and a couple of nights a week there are guests for dinner. Every evening, she pours after-dinner coffee in her living room for about fifty people. She goes to Sunday Night Sing, in part because she is expected to. She has been the official scorer of Deerfield baseball games since the First World War. She goes to all the home football and basketball games and to most of the away games as well. She arrives at the Deerfield pool a full hour before swimming meets and sits there knitting in the concrete grandstand, because she refuses the privilege of having a seat saved for her and does not want to precipitate a situation in which boys would feel obliged to move. She was feeling both weak and exhausted one day recently when she was supposed to go off in the evening to a glee-club concert in Hartford. "At your age, you wouldn't need to go," she said to a younger teacher. "At my age, I *have* to go."

She can sketch the headmaster in fine lines. "He had a very unhumorous background," she says. "I am a Unitarian, and he is a Congregationalist. I think his family would have preferred that he marry a Buddhist." Their wedding was a large one, with many bridesmaids and four hundred guests, and the reception was held in the academy. She says that the headmaster disappeared during the reception and was found delivering a talk to a group of boys on how they should behave going home in the trolley. When her daughter was born—in their home on the campus—and she was just emerging from the effects of ether and did not know quite where she was, the headmaster burst into the room and said, "What are we going to do about Ben Stebbins? He's such a fool." Stebbins was on the board of trustees. Their daughter, Elizabeth, now teaches history at Stoneleigh-Prospect Hill, a girls' school near Deerfield. Their younger son, Ted, is director of the Center for Business and Economic Education at Georgia State College. And their older son, John, is director of admissions at Deerfield. Mrs. Boyden was ready to return to teaching after the birth of her third child, but the headmaster was not certain that he approved. A few months later, a chemistry teacher quit. There were no other prospects in sight. The headmaster turned to his wife. She fenced with him and made him ask her twice, because she wanted so desperately to

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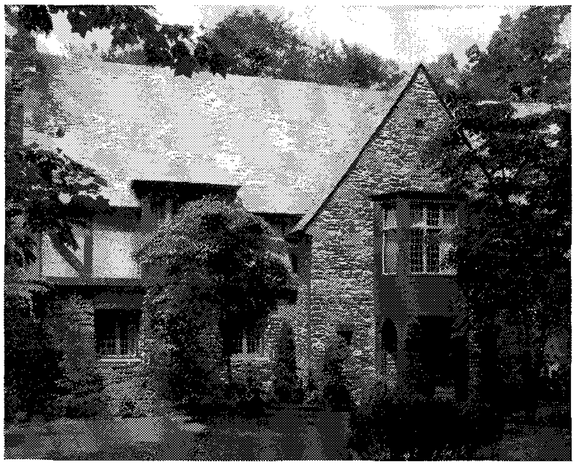

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See, rich men are more interested in how a Sussex suit feels, than how long it wears. But isn't it funny how money always goes to money?

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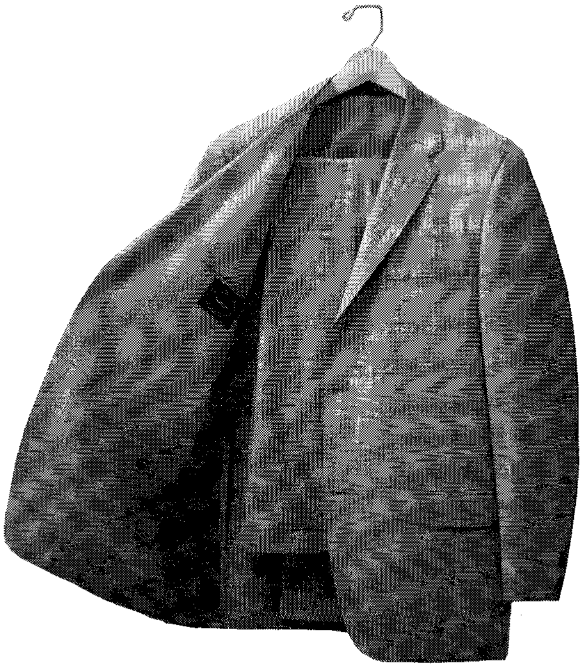

Sussex/Bentley
(In some cities Sussex is called Bentley.)

have the job. He said, "All right, you can do it for a year. But I don't think a woman should work for her husband. I want you to understand that if you ever have any disciplinary trouble with a boy, I will be on the side of the boy." For years and years, even when she had become one of the most brilliant teachers in her field, she feared that she might lose her job.

Like many people at Deerfield, Mrs. Boyden calls her husband the Head Man. More than anyone else, of course, she sees him plying and politicking and telling white lies in order to avoid collisions in the general flow of the school. She smiles at the remark of Victor Butterfield, who says, "There has to be a strategy as well as an ideal. Only petty people would fail to understand this." Her husband is a master politician. Sometimes, when he is about to put a spur into students or faculty, he will say, "Now, the board of trustees feels . . ." And the board of trustees, of course, is feeling nothing at all. Often, when he wants to offer constructive criticism to a young teacher, he spares both himself and the younger man by introducing the subject in this way: "Some of the senior faculty members are a little disturbed by this, and they have talked to me." In reference to these devices, Mrs. Boyden says, "At times, the truth simply is not in that man." The headmaster has never had a drink or a smoke in his life. She will have sherry before lunch. "He makes his boys be neat," she says, "but around here he throws everything on the floor. I spend half my time looking for the things he loses. He'll keep his anger in the house, and then go out and be sweet with the faculty and the boys. His father was like that. Just and gracious to other people, but how he yips at his family! He is a progressive-minded person, but he will cling to the old with tenacity. He is the least scientific person in the world. He has the craziest ideas. But what is it that makes a person have such strength? Why do I always do what he tells me to do? He wasn't interested in education when he was sixteen, and he isn't now. In a larger way, though, he is a man who believes that education equals public welfare. That's not a small thing to be. Anyone can be interested in the Latin derivations of words."

Yale once gave the headmaster an honorary degree for "research work in the hearts and minds of boys." Smith gave Mrs. Boyden one with a citation that read, "To Helen C. Boyden, who, with some small help from her

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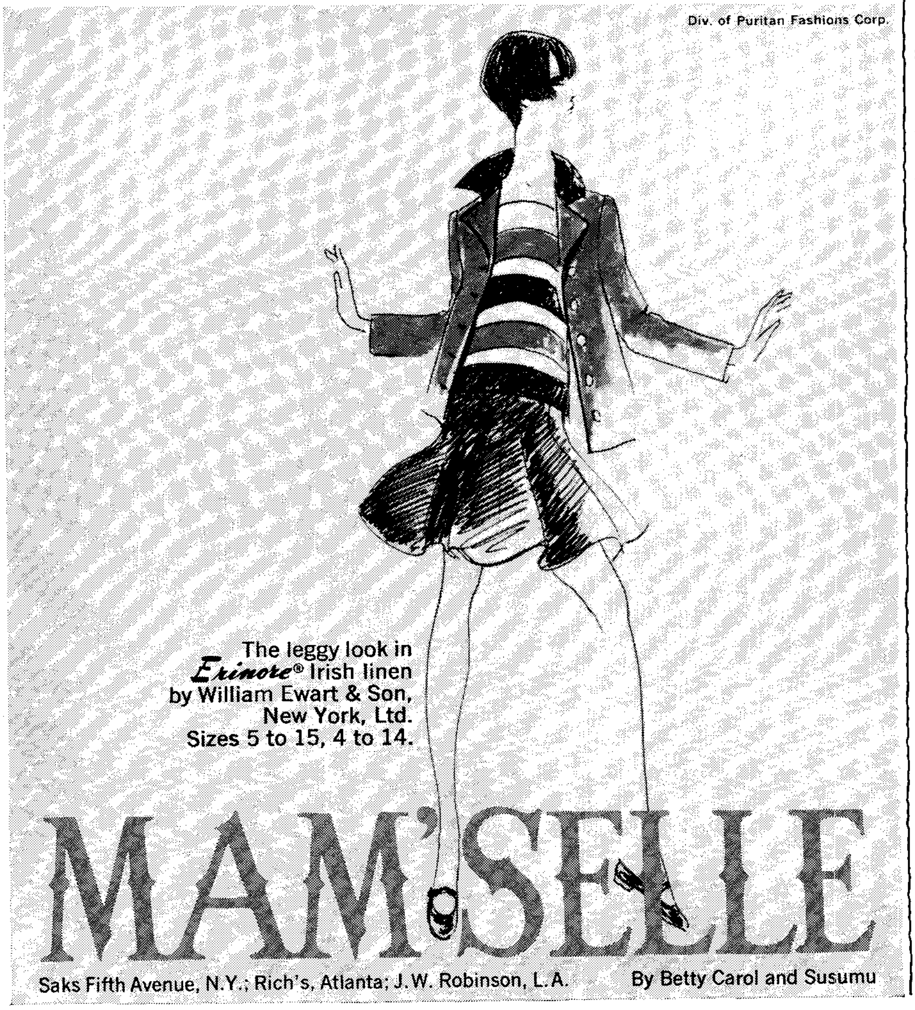
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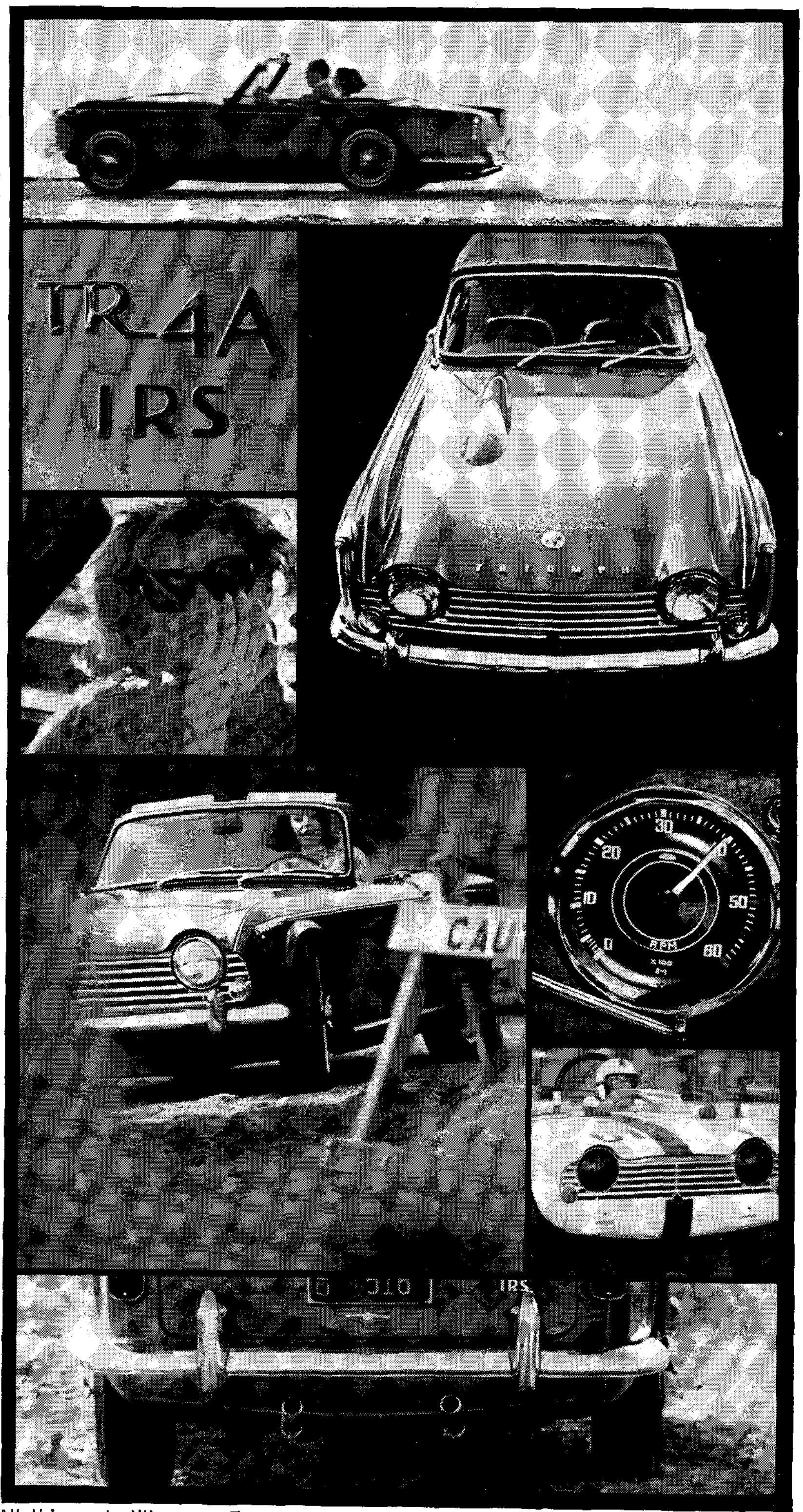

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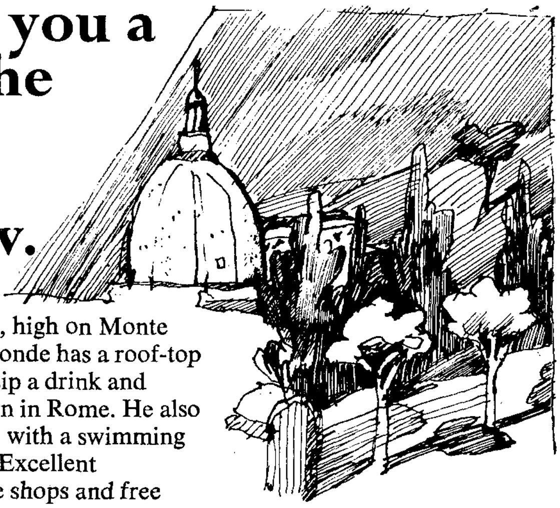

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husband, built a great school." When they are together, she makes light of him and he reacts in kind. She is the quicker of the two. He is funnier.

"You can't carry a grudge," she said to him recently, over afternoon tea. "You don't have a mean streak in you. You have plenty of other failings."

"Yes, don't forget to add that," he said.

He acknowledged her seniority in the community. "When I came here, she had been here for two hundred and *fifty years*," he said.

"You can't get around it," she said to him. "You're an interloper."

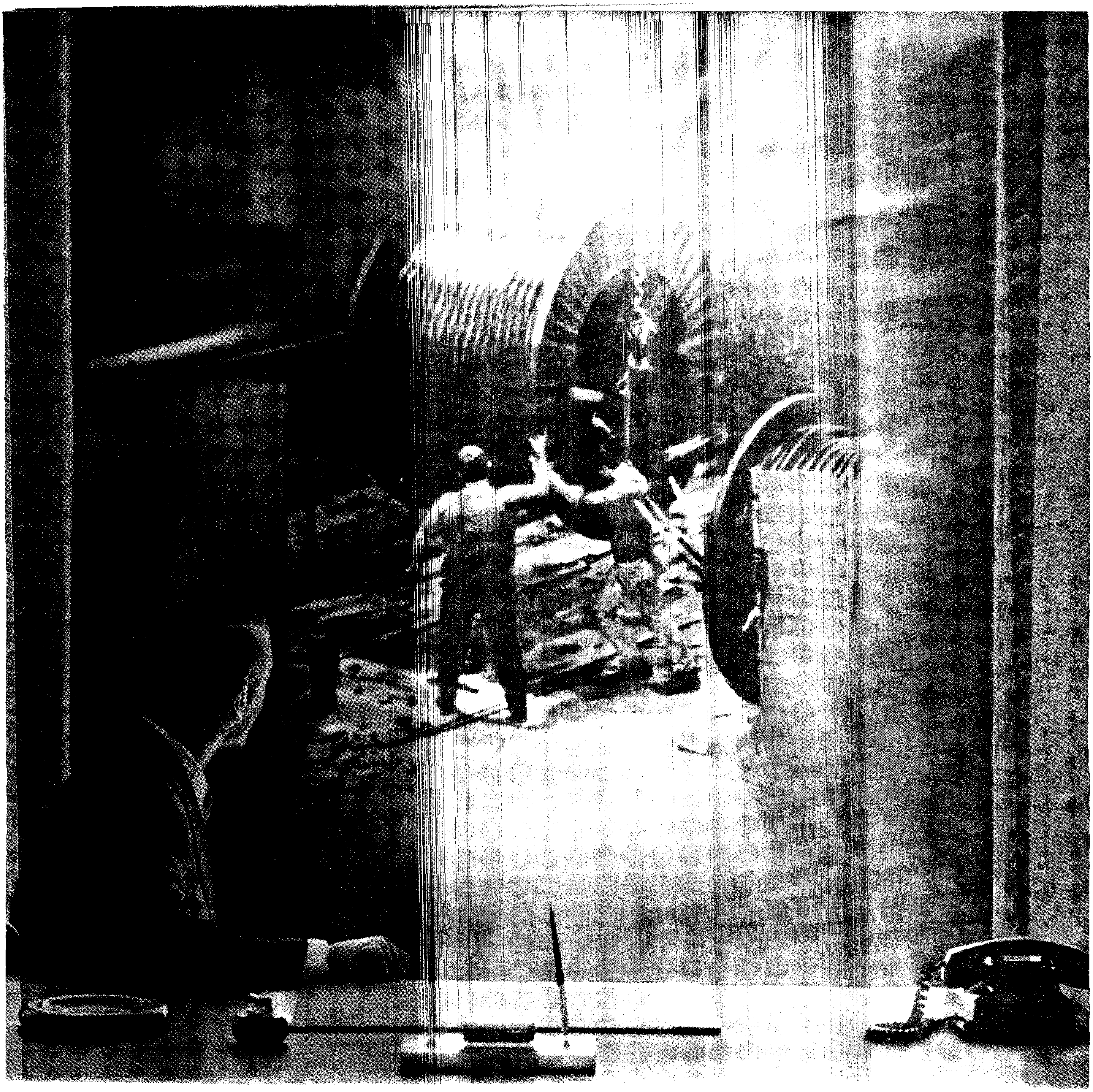
"Yes," he said. "But I came by choice."

Asked what era they thought had been the best at Deerfield, they both answered at once.

"1906," said the headmaster.

"1966," said his wife.

THE headmaster first became known among educators for his achievements with unlikely material. In the kind of language that modern academicians sometimes use, there was a high salvage factor in his work. He seemed to know when there was something in a boy when on the surface there appeared to be nothing. He could assess this potentiality in a way that no test could, and he had the talent to help the boy reach it. Deerfield at one time regularly had a number of students who, for disciplinary or academic reasons, had been kicked out of places like Andover, Exeter, and Taft. After a year or two at Deerfield, a considerable number of these boys outperformed their former Exeter, Andover, or Taft classmates in college. This was not only gratifying to Boyden but also both pleasing and relieving to other headmasters, who suddenly found that with clear consciences they could fire almost any boy, since Frank Boyden could be counted on to turn the lout into an interested scholar and a useful citizen. Boyden had developed this special skill partly as a result of his early work with the farm boys of the valley, whose education, in most cases, would have lapsed without his persistence. In one of these, a boy in the Deerfield class of 1911, the headmaster found a kind of objectification of his idea of Deerfield. Being an intuitive and untheoretical man, he has never tried to express in any definitive way the kind of goal he has tried to reach. Instead, he tells the story of Tom Ashley. As a thirteen-year-old boy, Ashley, one gathers, was uncommunicative to the verge of moroseness. He disclosed



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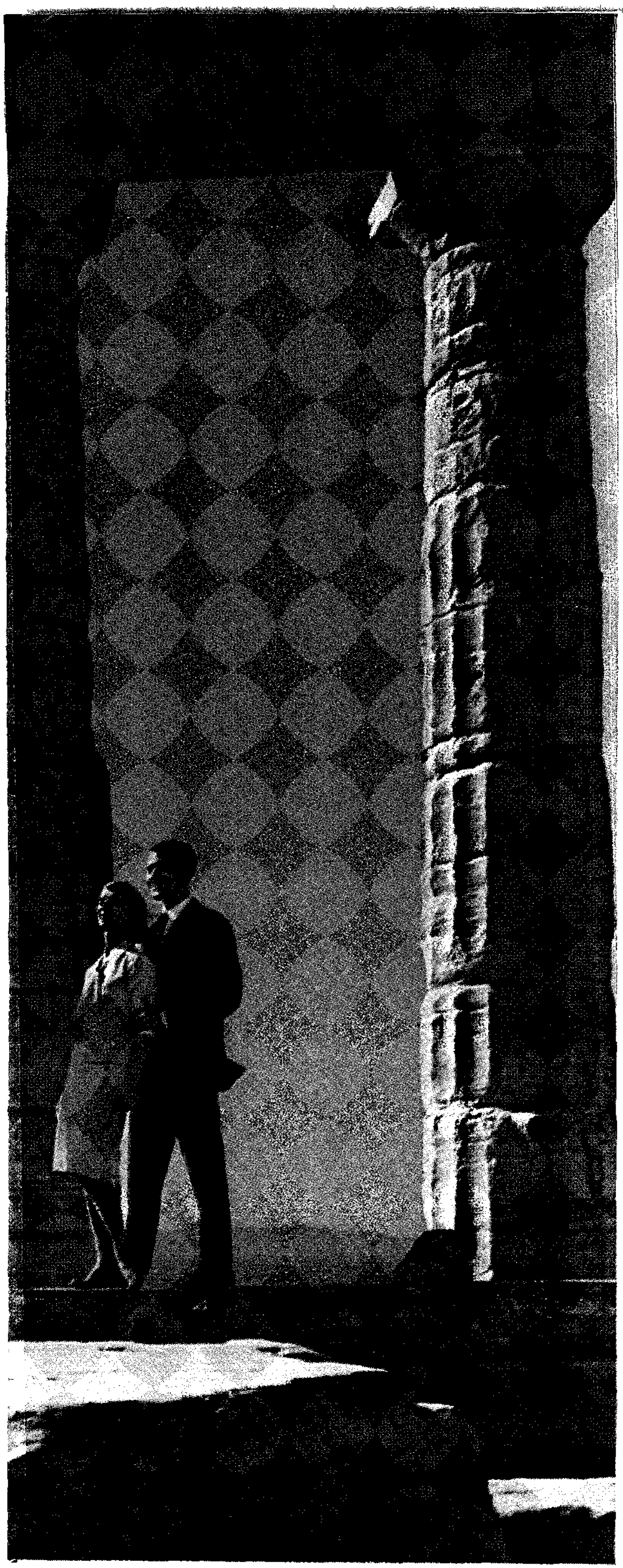

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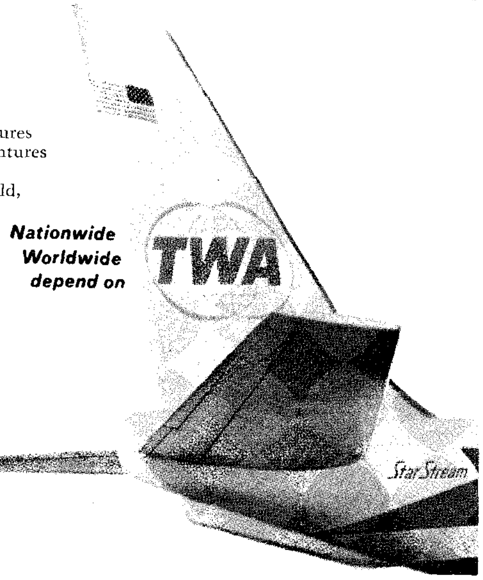
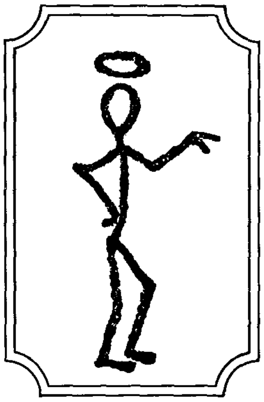
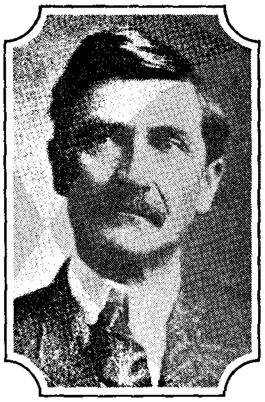


Sherlock Holmes

Elliot Ness, T-Man


The Saint

The mysterious Shadow


Sheriff Pat Garrett

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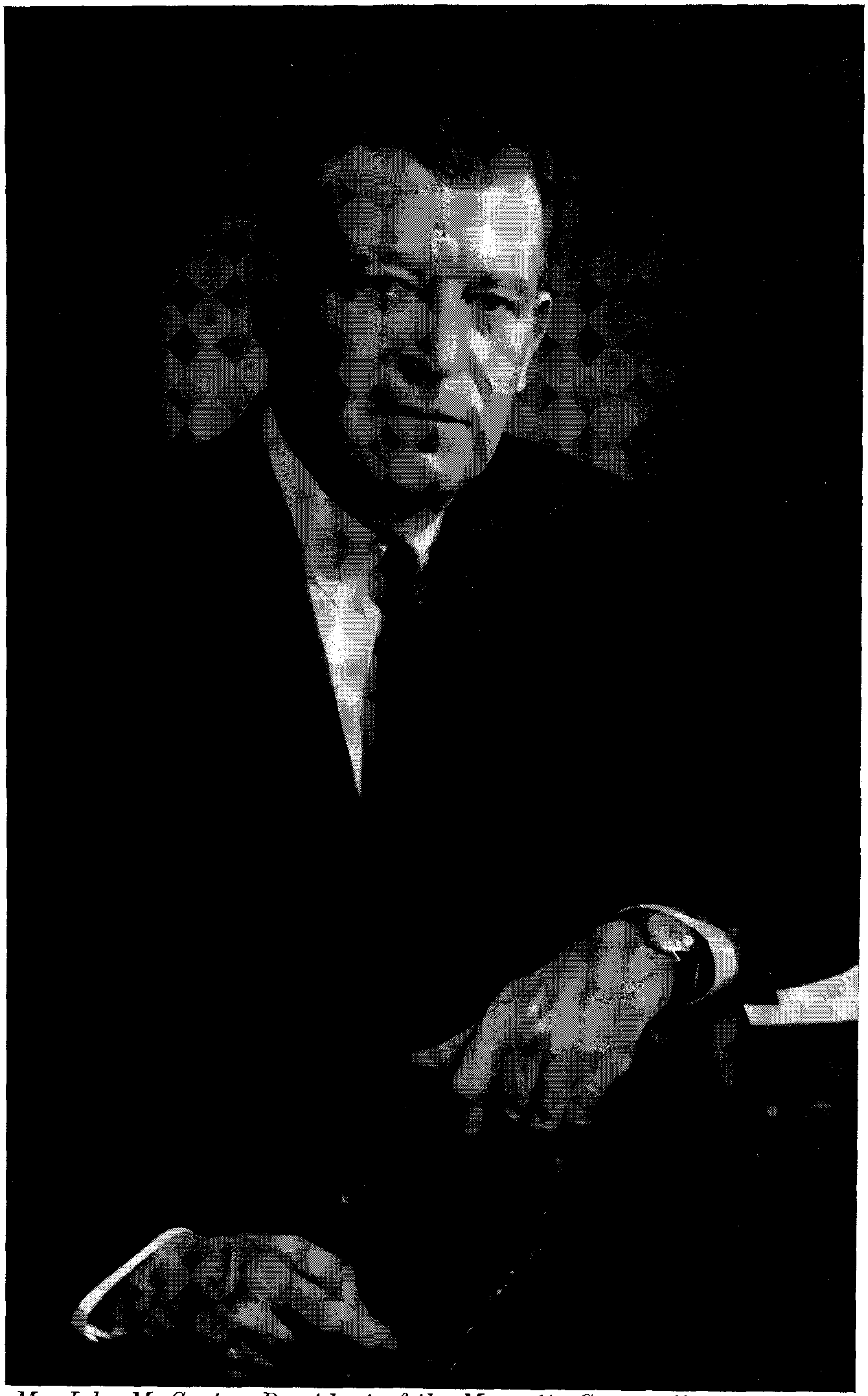
no intellectual curiosity. He had been born to farming, he loved the open, and he kept a notebook of the achievements he considered important enough to record. "Rifle, game shot," begins one entry, covering a brief segment of 1907. "Blue jays—1, red squirrels—3, muskrats—6, skunks—15, cats—3, mud turtles—1, snakes—1, rats—3, pigs—1, doves—8." On March 23rd of that year, the boy noted that he "went swimming first time, had to wade through snowdrift to get in the water." A note soon thereafter says, "Began haying July 15, 1907. 1. Great Pasture. 2. Wright's Yard. 3. The Island. 4. The Neck. 5. Pine Hill. 6. Pug's Hole. 7. Black Snake Piece. 8. Great Bottom. 9. Little Plain. Ended haying August 5." In the following month, the boy so intractably refused to enter the academy that his father seemed ready to write him off as a clod, and the headmaster made no apparent effort to influence him. There happened, however, to be a great stack of schoolbooks that needed moving, and would Tom please lend a hand before going off to shoot another pig, or whatever he was going to do? Ashley helped, without speaking. The academy was so short of football players, the headmaster told him, that although he was not actually in the school, he could play with the other boys that afternoon if he wanted to; meanwhile, the headmaster would be grateful if he would hold the door open for some visitors who happened to be coming up the walk. There was something romantic in Ashley, because he went to football practice that afternoon wearing a skate strap so that he could repair a leg fracture, if necessary, without leaving the field. Within a short time, he was enrolled in the academy. He was a well-proportioned fellow, and he proved to be an excellent athlete, replacing the headmaster in the backfield of the football team and becoming a teammate of the headmaster in baseball. For four years, he seldom said anything in class or to the girls, but, at the headmaster's request, he delivered a speech at the 1911 Commencement exercises, and it was moving, if for no other reason than that he was actually talking. Ashley went on to Amherst and began a steady correspondence with the headmaster, which was full of hopes, worries, reports of his grades, football plays for use at Deerfield, requests for advice, and minor apologies such as "I hate to bother you with such small matters, but I would like to know how you see it before approaching my father." Ashley was the



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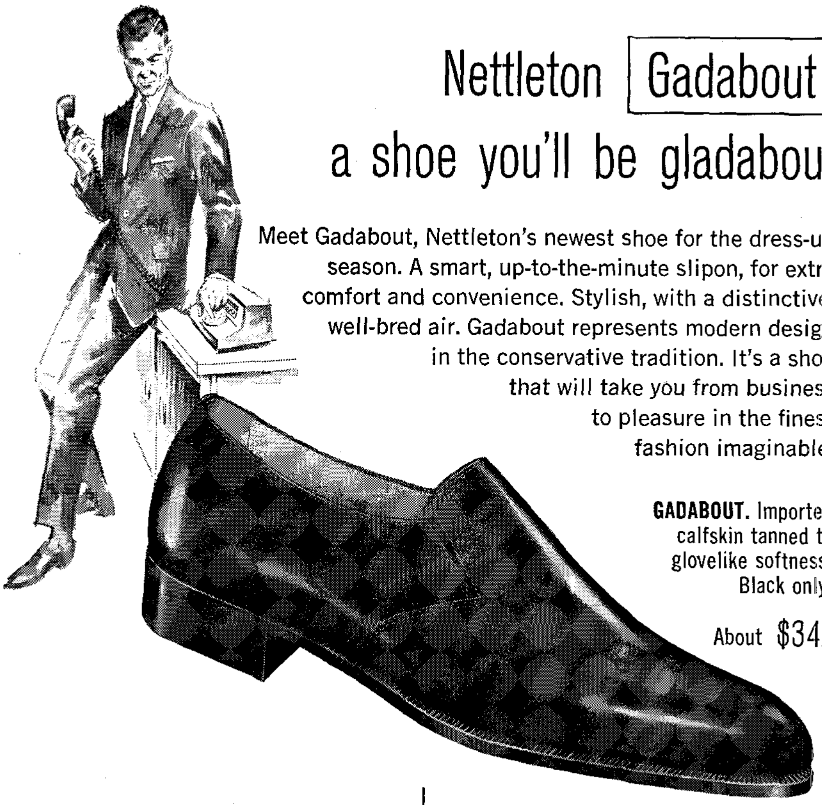

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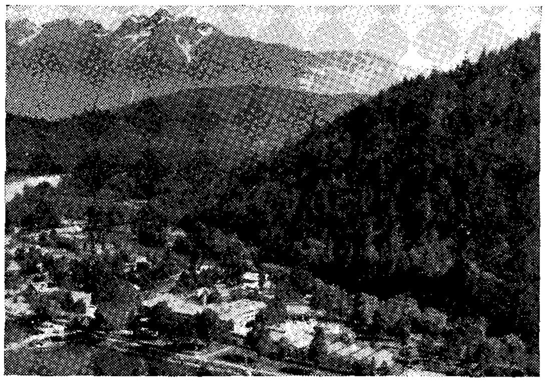

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Admittedly, The Harrison is a long ways hence (roughly 2500 miles northwest of New York, just inland from Canada's west coast). But it simply couldn't happen anywhere else. Just imagine the scene: a gracious resort of 200 rooms, suites and bungalows, sprawled serenely beneath wooded mountains and facing onto a vast, shimmering lake. Now add to the picture: cuisine to the finest international standards, dancing in the elegant Copper Room, golf, tennis, swimming, boating. Of course, you could travel a lesser distance for luxury resort living. But you'd never find anything like The Harrison. Why not write for our color brochure?

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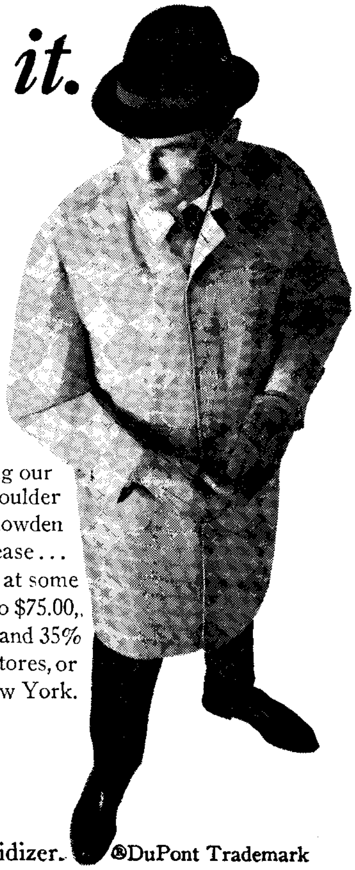
captain of the Amherst basketball team and a star in football and baseball. He majored in history and decided to become a teacher. His story, in its essential elements, has been repeated at Deerfield a thousand times, and it has served as a kind of standard. In memory, Ashley has become more of an ideal than an actual person, but fifty years ago he was probably the closest friend the headmaster had ever had. He joined the Deerfield faculty in 1916. He cared enormously about the school, and he had much bigger ideas for it than had ever crossed the headmaster's mind; he envisioned it as a large national academy, drawing students from numerous states. He drafted a prospectus of the expanded academy and sketched a map of future halls and dormitories. He urged the headmaster to start moving in that direction by reviving the boarding department, which had been inactive for seventy years. There were a few boarders in the school at the time—boys whose fathers had heard of the headmaster's early achievements and had arranged for their sons to live with families in the town. Ashley suggested that thirty-five students from outside Deerfield might be a good number to expand to right away. "We'll never have thirty-five boarders here," the headmaster said, with a swampy look—not because he did not want them but because he could not imagine so many boarders being there. Ashley died in a wheat field near Château-Thierry. He was trying to get a captured German machine gun to work, so that he could turn it against another German machine gun, which killed him. John Lejeune, the commandant of the United States Marine Corps, in whose office Ashley had first volunteered for service, later sent a personal check to the headmaster and asked that some sort of tablet be put up at Deerfield in memory of Lieutenant Ashley. The headmaster used the money to help build a dormitory for boys from other towns and states.

Soon after the war, John Winant, who was later to become Governor of New Hampshire and United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, made a visit to Deerfield, spent a day with the headmaster, and admitted to him during the afternoon that he had come as a representative of the Brearley School, in New York, whose trustees had asked him to see if the headmaster of Deerfield would like to become the headmaster of Brearley. "However, I am not going to make the offer," Winant said. "What you are doing here is

This is Gennaro. He designed the Gleneagles Snowden.

This is the Gleneagles Snowden. Gennaro hates it.



Poor Gennaro. He's poured his heart out designing our great raincoat collection. Belted models. Split shoulder models. Plaids. Checks. But the classic Snowden continues to be the runaway best seller. So please . . . before you buy the Snowden, won't you at least look at some of Gennaro's other inspirations? $32.50 to $75.00, for men and women. 65% DACRON® polyester and 35% cotton shells. Gleneagles, at well-informed stores, or write 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York.

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Mellow Mash
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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
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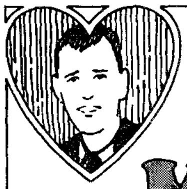
obviously too important, and this is where you should stay." Winant, who later sent his sons to Deerfield, did not say how much Brearley was offering, and the headmaster was too polite to ask. He had been sincerely tempted by other offers, some of which would have doubled his salary, and, of course, there was always the law, to which his commitment was regularly postponed on a June-to-June basis. "When I had been here seven years, I didn't see many possibilities, and I began to think more and more about the law," he says, remembering one black period. "I was pretty much discouraged." On another of these occasions, he was about to accept a different job and leave Deerfield, but he opened the Bible, and, he says, the first passage his eye fell on was Jeremiah 42:10: "If ye will still abide in this land, then will I build you, and not pull you down, and I will plant you, and not pluck you up: for I repent me of the evil that I have done unto you." He decided to stay. He tells that story often. His wife says that she believes it is true but that he has probably condensed it by leaving out the number of times he opened the Bible before he found a passage that would satisfy him. On still another occasion when he was about to quit, a priest from South Deerfield learned about it and told him, "You can't. You are the only man in the town of Deerfield who can go into every home in the valley. Now get back to work." By 1923, there were one hundred and forty students in the academy. Eighty were boarding students. The son of the president of Cornell was there, and the son of the president of what is now the University of Massachusetts, and so were grandsons of the presidents of Amherst, Smith, and Vassar, and sons of deans or professors at—among other places—the University of California, Mount Holyoke, Williams, Harvard, the College of the City of New York, and George Washington University. This endorsement of his work was gratifying to the headmaster, but for the moment he was too deeply concerned to enjoy it, because a section of the new Massachusetts constitution appeared to signal the closing of the school. The law said that public funds could not be used for the support of a private school. Deerfield Academy, which was now partly a private school and partly a public school, was receiving twenty thousand dollars a year from the town of Deerfield and was going to founder without it. If the academy were to close its boarding department and continue as solely a public high school, not

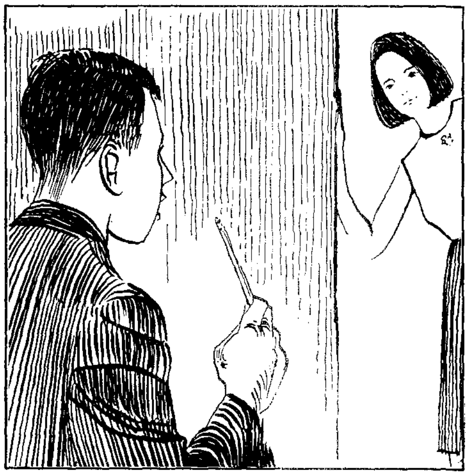


DINK STOVER MEETS MARY JANE HIGHTOWER

OR, "LOVE CONQUERS ALL!"

In which Dink makes the acquaintance of a comely young TV writer in the agency but discovers — much to his dismay — a basic conflict in their attitudes which he nevertheless succeeds in resolving, assuring a happy ending for the reader.

As we join Dink in this particular episode, it is a rather slow morning in the media department. Dink has already thumbed restlessly through a copy of "Boston Consumer Audience Profile" *and is admiring the new print on his wall (a handsome painting of* "Custer's Last Stand"*) when he hears a patter of heels approaching his office, then a low, well-modulated voice ask, "Are you Mr. Stover?"*



She was Mary Jane Hightower from Grosse Pointe. Mary Jane had only recently arrived at the agency but was already making a name for herself as a writer who could paint rare pictures with words.

"Please call me Dink, everybody does," said Dink with even more sincerity than usual. (Indeed it was true that after his celebrated new-business coup, even the agency President now called him affectionately by his first name.) Dink looked shyly at the lovely wordsmith standing by his desk. Tall and winsome, she was what the chaps back at Yale would have termed a "peach."

"Can I assist you with a media recommendation or something?" Dink smiled — a smile which had secretly melted the heart of many a girl in the agency. "In the flourishing Greater Boston area, for instance, I suggest The Globe. Why, did you know that last year The Boston Globe increased its advertising linage 14.1% over 1964 — *next to biggest increase among America's 50 top newspapers . . .*" Dink paused. He did not want it to appear as if he were flaunting his knowledge.

Mary Jane Hightower shook her raven tresses. "Who cares about stodgy old newspapers, anyway," she interjected rather petulantly. "I'm interested in *television*. That's today's *glamor* medium!"

Dink felt crushed, though he didn't betray his emotions by even the flick of an eyelash. "Gee whiz, Mary Jane, you're dead wrong!" he expostulated. "I just wish I had the time to show you how really indispensable a *great* newspaper — such as The Globe — is in this wonderful business of ours!"

This was the opening Mary Jane had been hoping for. "Then, Dink, how about lunch today when we could thrash this whole question out? Even though (she added challengingly) I doubt if you could *ever* change my mind."

Dink accepted her dare with alacrity. "You're on, Mary Jane! But I insist we go 'Dutch Treat'." (Dink had his pride and always believed in paying his own way.) "I know a nice little place right near the office."

Over orange juice and frankfurters they talked quietly. About linage figures. About frequency. About cost-per-thousand readers.

Mary Jane felt her defenses crumble.

About impact. About The Boston Globe. About life. And as Dink smiled and earnestly set forth his case, Mary Jane felt her defenses crumble.

"You're so right, Dink," she whispered helplessly. "A great newspaper has everything . . . (here she drew a deep breath) . . . even romance."

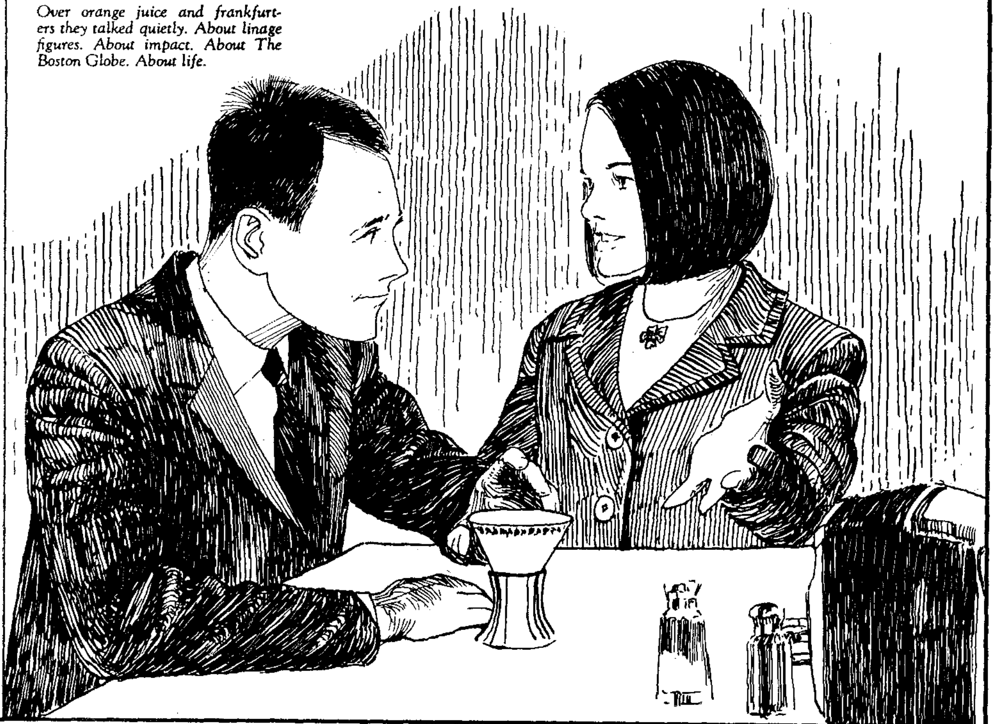
Dink felt jubilant. By Jove, he had won! Yet — by some curious contradiction that only the heart can explain — he had also *lost*. Yes, lost his heart to this lovely and intelligent girl from Grosse Pointe, a fact which now he tried desperately to conceal.

"I am only too happy I could clear things up for you, Mary Jane," he said softly. Dink lifted his slim, shiny, black attaché case and took out a brown paper bag:

"And now I have a surprise. Try some of Mom's cookies. They're delicious."

Reaching over, Dink's hand inadvertently brushed against hers. And at that instant, both realized they were sharing something far richer than Mrs. Stover's chocolate snaps.

Over orange juice and frankfurters they talked quietly. About linage figures. About impact. About The Boston Globe. About life.



ATTENTION STAUNCH ADMIRERS OF DINK STOVER! Follow the stirring adventures of our hero faithfully — as recorded in this journal by the number one newspaper in Boston — The Globe (which has more readers and carries more advertising than any other Boston newspaper). The Boston Globe. Morning, Evening, Sunday. A Million Market Newspaper. New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

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only would much of the headmaster's work be undone but a new and heavy concentration of population in South Deerfield, six miles away, would force the school to be relocated there, removing it from the original settlement, of which it was by now an integral part. Moreover, a legal battle broke out that filled up column upon column of Massachusetts newsprint. The technical area of contention was framed in the terms of a bequest that had been made to the town in 1878 by a woman whose will directed that the income from the bequest be used to support the school. The question was: Could the academy—in order to become a legal private school—pay the town the value of the bequest? The question had been raised by a small faction in the town that wanted to force the headmaster to close the school. One member of this group was a woman who had been replaced as school librarian. Another was an artist whose light had been cut off by the shadow of the one dormitory the headmaster had so far succeeded in building. The others were people who resented the growth of the academy in their town and the success of the headmaster, who was not even a native and had become the most powerful man in the valley.

The situation was unpromising. Even when he got successfully past the long legal battle, which he eventually did, the headmaster still had to produce at least a hundred and fifty thousand dollars just to come out even and stay in action for another year. In 1924, that seemed an impossible sum for a country schoolmaster to find. The school would have gone under had it not been for what must surely be one of the most extraordinary gestures in the history of American education. Lewis Perry, headmaster of Exeter, Alfred Stearns, headmaster of Andover, and Horace Taft, headmaster of Taft, left their schools and went to New York and elsewhere to raise money from among their own alumni to save Deerfield. Perry came up with thirty-three thousand dollars in a single day, and within the next five years Perry, Stearns, and Taft raised a million and a half dollars for Deerfield. Amherst classmates of Boyden's contributed their money and efforts, and so did the presidents of Cornell and Amherst, and Dean Pennypacker of Harvard. "What swayed us was that he had been able to keep that school going with inadequate quarters and salaries," one contributor remembers. "How did he hang on to the teachers? It was a marvel." The headmaster was forty-

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five in 1924, and his commitment to Deerfield was deeper than he may have realized. "I wasn't as worried as I probably should have been," he says now. Before 1924, according to some long-resident observers in Deerfield, the headmaster was straightforward in his ways, but after he saw what a small concentration of pettiness almost did to his school, he became, as he has remained, a fox.

When the headmaster had little else to offer, he hung on to his faculty by charming them into a kind of loyal paralysis. Year after year, he promised salary raises and could almost never deliver. As June approached, he would make a modest show of brave loneliness, telling the teachers to move on for their own good, and assuring them that his understanding would be unalloyed with resentment. He said that if, however, they should decide to stay with him, he would never forget it. And he thought that they could all build something together. The faculty, at one time, lived in his house. If Boyden and his wife wanted to have a private talk, they went down into the cellar and held their conversation behind the furnace. Miss Minnie Hawks sat in a rocking chair in the living room directly overhead, and listened. The headmaster built and has maintained a faculty of solid schoolmen, few of whom have administrative ambitions. Those who do have such ambitions rapidly become headmasters elsewhere. At Deerfield, all ranks between the five-star general and the noncommissioned officers are vacant. There is a high degree of compatibility between the faculty and the students, partly because they bear an analogous relationship to the headmaster. "I'm not running this school for the faculty," he has often said. "I'm running it for the boys." From early morning until late evening, his faculty's lives must constantly touch the boys' lives—at breakfast, lunch, and dinner, in the classroom, in organized study periods, in club activities, in athletics. The faculty members are expected at all school functions, and there are very few who manage to be simply teachers; most of them have to coach athletic teams and run dormitory corridors as well, not to mention a couple of dozen lesser duties. To some extent this describes all prep-school faculties, but at Exeter and Andover the extent is extremely small, and nowhere is it larger than at Deerfield. The headmaster's idea of a faculty is a group of people who are much in evidence all the time. The faculty is never in a position to complain, because the headmaster and his wife work

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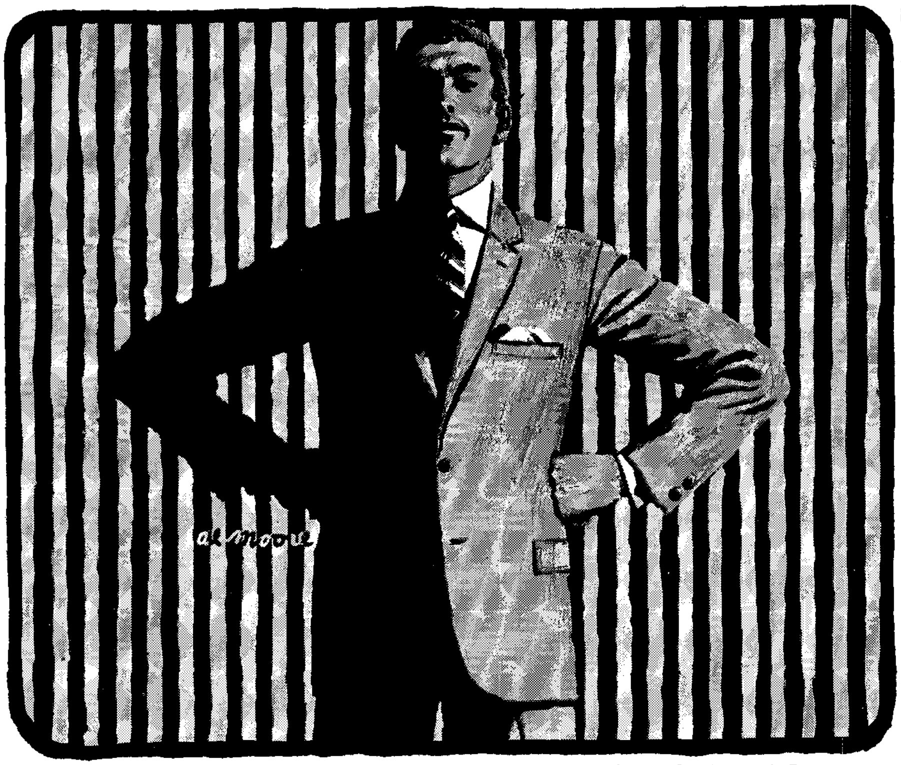

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harder than anyone else at being visible and involved throughout the school day. "The more you coöperate with the headmaster, the more he imposes on you," says a teacher who has been there twenty-five years. "He exacts a fantastic commitment. If you give it, he expects more. If you don't give it, he carries you, but you don't exist." The loyalty of these people sustains the headmaster, and he, in turn, has shown a loyalty to them which has at times seemed foolhardy. He has kept on at the academy men whose deterioration has caused both embarrassment and detriment to the academy but whose earlier contributions helped him build his school. "He has no patience with minor failings, but with big failings he has infinite patience," says an English teacher whose failings, if any, have been minor. Years ago, the same man was offered the post of head of the English department of the Canterbury School, at double his Deerfield salary. "He's not interested in money," said the headmaster, not bothering to compete with Canterbury. The teacher remained at Deerfield. The next year, when he expected a raise, the headmaster passed him over. He has, however, been given a raise in each of the twenty-two other years he has been at the school. The headmaster's chief disciplinary lieutenant is Donald C. Sullivan, a sort of saint in a hair shirt, who has been at Deerfield since the nineteen-twenties. Years ago, Sullivan, who is known as Red, went after the headmaster in a rage over some now forgotten matter. Seeing the anger in Sullivan's face, the headmaster spoke first. "Let's go into the horse barn, Red. Hurry! I'm hiding from Hen Smith." Hen Smith was one of the town's influential women. In the darkness of the horse barn, the headmaster complained about Hen Smith and how much of his time it took to placate these town women. "Red, I couldn't run this school without you," he slipped in. "Now I'm stuck here, so would you . . ." He sent Sullivan on an errand, and Sullivan didn't realize what had happened until it was much too late to do anything about it.

Deerfield boys have always valued the close relationship that Boyden has effected between the students and the faculty, and they have been conscious of the unusual effort it involves. "I frankly don't understand why any faculty members are at Deerfield," a boy in the class of 1966 said recently. There are two primary reasons. The first, of course, is an appreciation of Boyden and the things he has achieved. "He always

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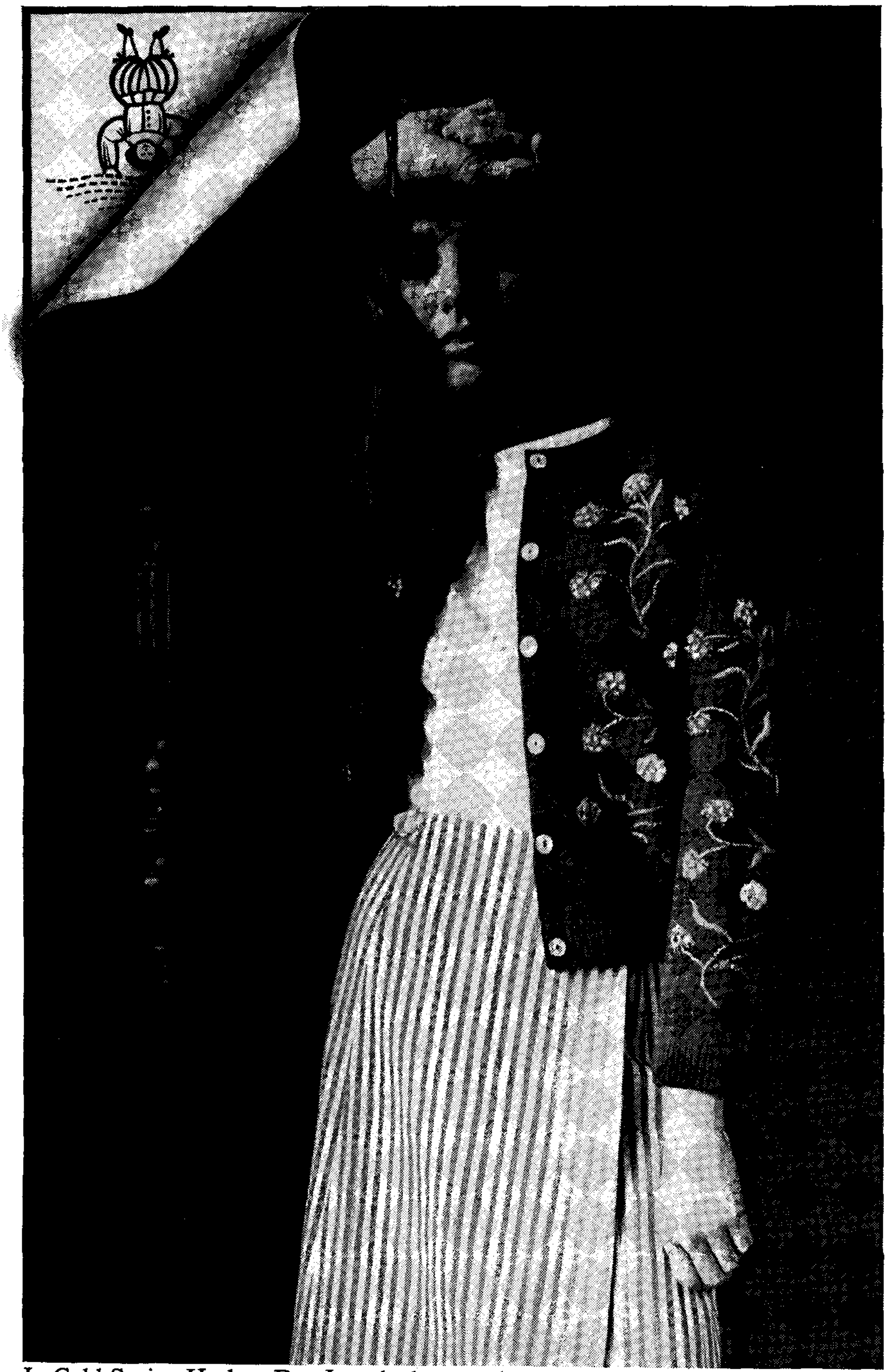

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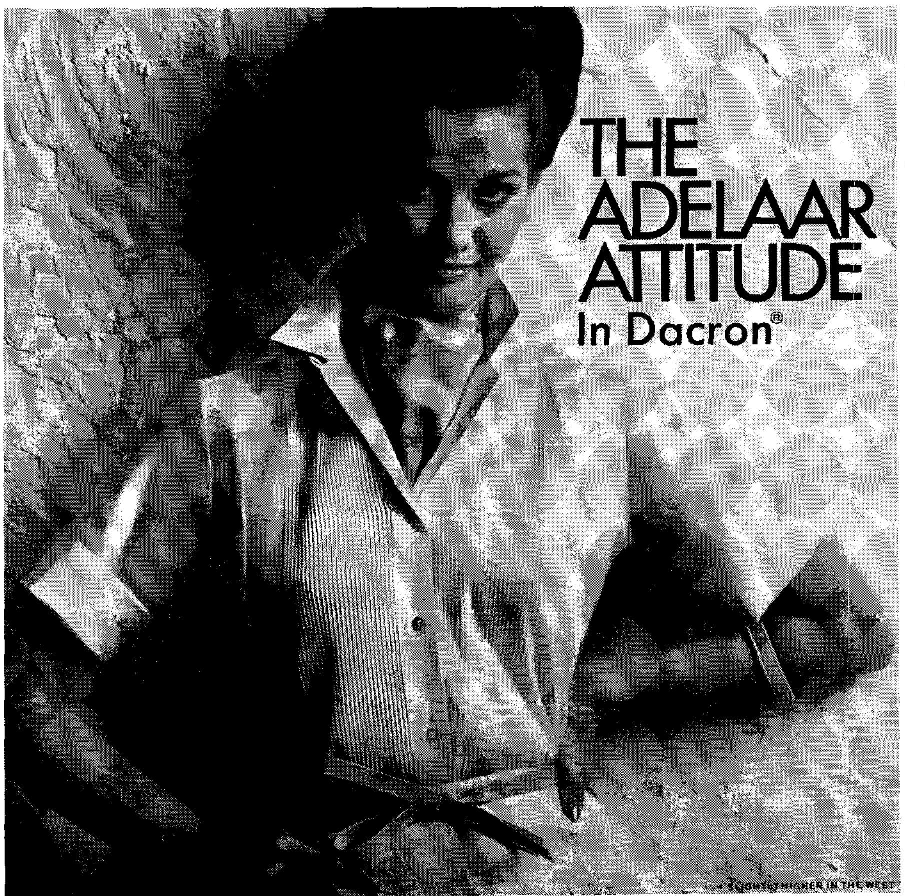

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stands for and fights for the absolute best," one of his teachers says. "Hence, people go along with him." The second is that the headmaster makes no impositions on the professional style or approach of his teachers in the classroom. "One here has a free hand in the way of teaching his classes; he can try any method he desires and can work in his own way to get results," wrote Tom Ashley in 1916. A teacher who is there now says, "The great thing about Deerfield is that there is no plan book, there are no supervisors, the teachers have freedom." The headmaster's own talents are extracurricular, and he has always known it. He has never been abreast of new educational ideas, but his wife has always been, and so has his core of first-rate teachers. This is not to say that he ignores Deerfield's academic side. For sixty years or so, until his bad hearing made it impractical, he gave out all grades himself. There were no report cards. Each boy had a private talk with the headmaster six times a year and was told where he stood. In these talks, the headmaster drew the boys out, getting their reactions to their courses, and thus learning where the strength of his faculty was. "Personality counts in teaching at the secondary level," he says. "Personality rubs off. The boys are conscious of meeting a colorful and active mind." Boyden has always had the insight to recognize people like this and the political grip to hold them. Building a group of loyal and talented men is a long process. He has built such a group. Deerfield has a skillful faculty, but not an intellectual one. It includes only one Ph.D. Nonetheless, the school is fairly appraised by a member of the class of 1952, now an editor at a university press, when he says, "The point of a boy's education is to learn to love knowledge. Deerfield gave me that. And I think it developed faster at Deerfield than it would have at most other schools."

In recent years, the headmaster has reacted perhaps conservatively—and perhaps not—to the great pressure under which contemporary students have to work. The relentlessness of the competition often drops a kind of pall over serious youngsters in high schools and in independent schools, and adjustments have been made in many school programs to reduce non-academic functions, create more time for study, and generally gear up the country's youth for the college-admissions battle. The headmaster believes that this unfortunate intensity erodes four of the better years of a life span, truncates many experiences that are quite possibly

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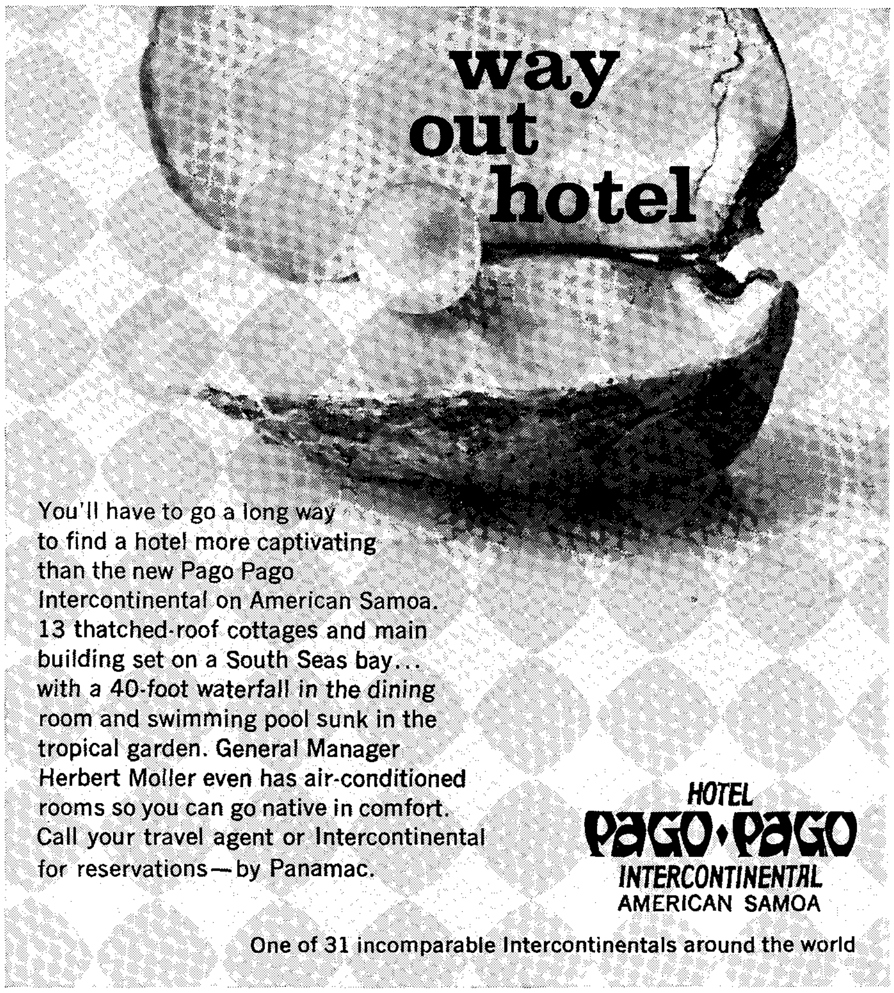

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of more lasting if less measurable value, and does not necessarily result in better preparation for college. "Work is being crammed down prep schools by colleges," he complains. "We don't set the college-entrance exams. We don't grade them. I don't know what can be done to relieve the pressure under which the boys are working. Frankly, I'm floundering on this." Meanwhile, he has refused to eliminate any of Deerfield's extracurricular activities, from the electronic jazz combo to the Junior C soccer team, or to give up time-consuming traditions, such as Sunday Night Sing and Evening Meeting. He has always thought that four courses were as many as a boy ought to handle, and he will not add a fifth one. The headmaster of another school has said, "Deerfield is not a pressure cooker academically. Most schools are now." In the college-placement race, independent schools have lost the sway they once had. Lawrenceville, for example, used to send seventy boys a year to Princeton; there are twelve Lawrenceville graduates in the Princeton class of 1969. Deerfield boys can no longer feel assured about their college choices, either, but the headmaster's refusal to put things on an emergency basis has not cost them their relative position. Numerically, Deerfield is regularly among the top six schools represented in the freshman classes of, for example, Princeton, Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, and Stanford. Until the early nineteen-sixties, the headmaster made an annual visit to the admissions office at Princeton, where he would be told what Deerfield boys Princeton was about to accept. If the headmaster expressed strong approval of other Deerfield boys whom Princeton had decided to reject, Princeton would change its mind. Boyden was the only man in the country for whom Princeton would do that. Deerfield is probably the only prep school that has never published a catalogue. "We offer all the courses required by any college or university," the headmaster explains. "A catalogue is expensive. I'd rather give the money as a scholarship to a boy or two. I have never been able to write a catalogue anyway. Those that have been prepared for me I could never live up to. They're idealistic—a sales argument. I don't think we need a sales argument. My successor will publish a catalogue—I'm sure of that."

Admissions to Deerfield have traditionally been in large part a subjective matter, since the headmaster for years required virtually all applicants to appear for a personal interview and then

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would rely on his own impressions. If he liked a boy, he would admit him, and then ask the parents what they could pay. This was not a rarity. The academy's treasurers and bookkeepers have never been able to establish a figure for expectable tuition money for an approaching year. He has over a hundred boys there now whose parents have been told to "pay what you can." In 1923, one of his students spent the summer working in Georgia and made two friends whom he thought Deerfield could help. He wrote to the headmaster, who developed an interest and admitted them sight unseen, paying their train fare, forgetting tuition, and buying them second-hand suits when they arrived. In some eras, his admissions policies have seemed a little cranky. He refused to admit English boys for many years, and he went through a period when he would take no one at all from Boston. Local girls continued to attend the academy until 1948. Then he closed them out. He discriminates against no one else, including wealthy people, whose money he eagerly seeks, not caring whether it is new, mellowing, or antique. He responds quickly to an applicant who is an athlete. He is also interested in one-year boys, who need either added maturity or extra-course work before going on to college. He has fewer places for them than many schools have, but in the highly organized patterns of Deerfield those who are admitted readily become a part of the whole, and, in some cases, the one year can be as permanently valuable to them as three or four years might have been. Since some of these one-year boys have an embarrassing tendency to score more touchdowns, points, runs, and goals than anybody else, the headmaster has been accused of prejudice in their favor. The headmaster will follow his impulse when a situation comes up that appeals to him or seems to hold promise. In September, 1955, he got a telephone call from a boy in Saddlestring, Wyoming, who said that he wanted to go to Deerfield because he wanted to try for Princeton and did not think he was going to make it from Saddlestring. His father, he explained, had refused to underwrite any part of his plan, so he could pay no tuition at all, but he had heard that Mr. Boyden sometimes overlooked tuition, and would he please let him come to the school that fall. School would open in two weeks, and every place was, of course, full. "Oh, sure," said the headmaster. "Come right ahead." The boy eventually did go to Princeton, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and became

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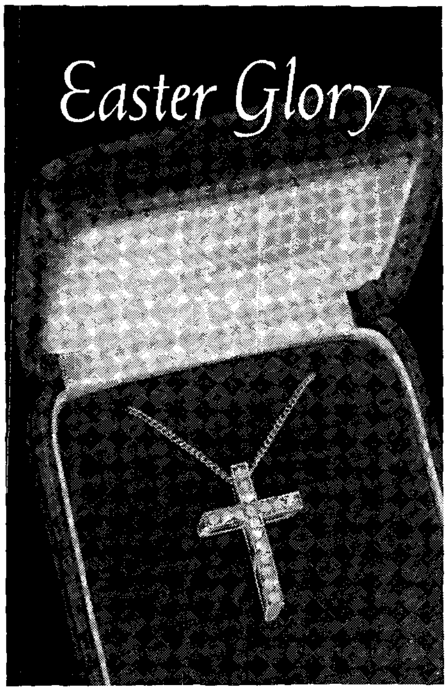

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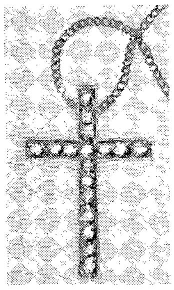

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a Rhodes Scholar. Needless to say, the headmaster's impulses have resulted in some spectacular mistakes as well as in dramatic successes. Also, parents have sometimes turned the tables on him with bold gestures of their own. The father of Mutt Ray, the eventual Dartmouth football All-America, was so put out when Deerfield turned down his son that he drove into town with the boy, opened the door of his car, shoved him out, and drove away. Boyden let the boy stay. Mutt Ray is now a trustee of the academy. Another father, refusing to be turned down, drove his twin sons to Deerfield and left them in the headmaster's house. Boyden educated both of them, and one is now his Director of Studies. Boyden's son John has largely taken over the school's admissions procedures, which are more orderly now than they were in the past. John Boyden points out an interesting parabola in the school's sources of new students. Deerfield started, of course, as a public school, drawing all its students from the valley. By the nineteen-thirties and forties, as many as seventy-five per cent of its students were coming from private pre-prep schools. Deerfield now draws seventy-five per cent from public schools—where, according to John Boyden, most of the better material is.

Before the Second World War, the headmaster all but went to college with his alumni—particularly to Amherst and Williams, which are ten and forty miles, respectively, from Deerfield—and in some cases he lent them money for their college tuition. He would appoint a kind of recording secretary in a group going to any given college, and expect regular reports on everybody's progress. If anything began to go wrong academically, he would send a Deerfield teacher to tutor the deficient alumnus until he was past the crisis. If anything was amiss morally or psychologically, he would go himself, even if he had to travel more than a thousand miles. Today, the headmaster often gets up before a large group of gray-haired men and begins a talk by saying, "Boys . . ." This happens because men who are today grandfathers, and even great-grandfathers, once sat on the floor at his feet at Evening Meeting. Deerfield has its celebrated and distinguished alumni, but not to an unusual extent, as prep schools go, unless one specifically remembers the fourteen students who were there when the headmaster arrived and then notes among their successors men like the present Governor of Rhode Island, or a Mayo Clinic doctor, or the presidents of Wil-

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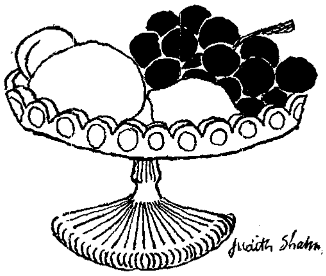
liams and Wesleyan. What is more interesting is the choice of vocations among Deerfield alumni. There are, of course, more bankers than farmers now; but there are more lawyers than bankers, more doctors than lawyers, and—by a wide margin—more alumni in education than in any other category.

Nothing about Frank Boyden lends itself to synopsis, although President Butterfield came close to one when he remarked, "There has to be a strategy as well as an ideal. Only petty people would fail to understand this." Boyden's strategy has sometimes seemed petty, but more often it has seemed inspired. It is best exemplified by his showmanship and his pantoscopic attention to detail. It has been said that a thousand details add up to one impression, and at Deerfield it is the headmaster who adds them up. He thinks in pictures. Once a picture seems right, he wants to keep it that way. Anything that mars it or changes the focus irritates him. To be handed an athletic letter, a citation for academic excellence, or almost any other award, a boy has to walk up onto the stage of the school auditorium: the headmaster stations a teacher beside the steps to see to it that the boy's coat is buttoned. A lengthy and expensively produced concert program once arrived from the printer with one name misspelled. "Miller" had been set as "Millar." The headmaster had the program reprinted. He stages basketball games as if he were the manager of La Scala. Every student has to attend, and all are checked in at the door by masters with clipboards, thus assuring a full house. People come in from all over the valley, too, and the headmaster walks around before the game orchestrating the behavior of his boys, casting acrid glances in the direction of excess commotion, greeting all the farmers, druggists, dentists, and telephone linemen as they come through the door. Then he takes his place on the players' bench. His band, which can compete in blare and grandeur with the bands of the national service academies, fills up the room with things like "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and "Under the Double Eagle" until the color of it all lifts the Deerfield team about a foot and a half off the floor. Deerfield basketball teams play well at home; in fact, some fairly undistinguished ones—middling performers on the road—have gone through an entire season without losing a game there. The headmaster likes the way West Point cadets and Annapolis midshipmen conduct themselves at football games. Deerfield boys march across the campus and down to the lower level to some of their own football games, because the headmaster believes that this expresses loyalty and organization. It is hard to imagine that modern boys would not become cynical about these things, but the level of cynicism among the students at Deerfield appears to be remarkably low. "Much of Deerfield, of course, is a carefully developed image," says one boy who graduated last June. "The headmaster has been meticulous in maintaining this image, and it is the prime ingredient of his success. No matter how much we groaned, we all felt a great deal of pride marching to the football games and saying, in effect, 'This is Deerfield. Try as you will, you'll never beat it.' "



Once, in the nineteen-twenties, when Lewis Perry, of Exeter, made a visit to Deerfield, the headmaster assigned each of a number of boys a pose to strike while Perry walked by; one was to be reading busily at his desk, another browsing through a newspaper in a master's living room, a third straightening his belongings. Some boys had two assignments, in the way that spear carriers disappear from stage one moment and return a bit later as messengers or pages. On athletic trips in the early days, the headmaster had certain handsome specimens get off the bus first, to create the best possible impression. For numerous functions, he has always arranged boys according to height—tall ones in front. He appears to have developed in his mind a picture of a ruddy and athletic fellow whose face somehow spells Deerfield. He places the living approximations of this picture in the front row at church and at Sunday Night Sing, and for many years he formed them into a Dance Committee, which was something like an athletic team with a schedule of girls'-school dances, and, like an athletic team, appeared in a group photograph in the Deerfield yearbook. Supervising the arrangement of boys for other yearbook photographs, he reasoned that the eye goes first to the lower left-hand corner of a picture, so he selected a ruddy and athletic boy to sit in that position. One alumnus says, "We

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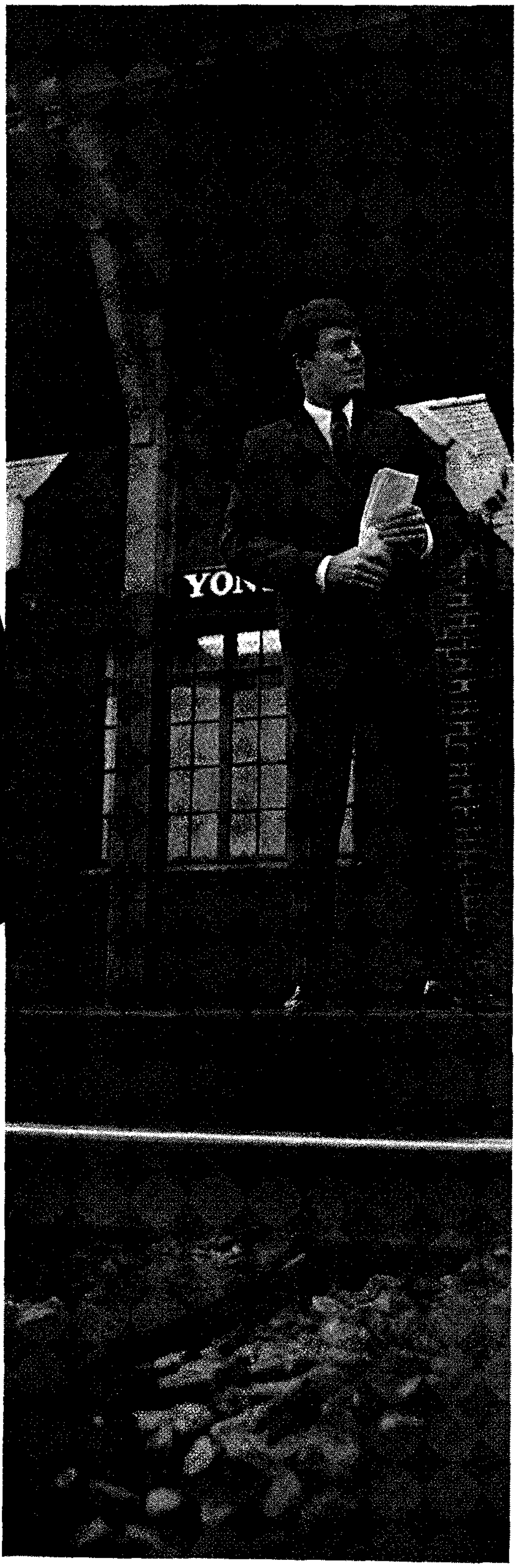

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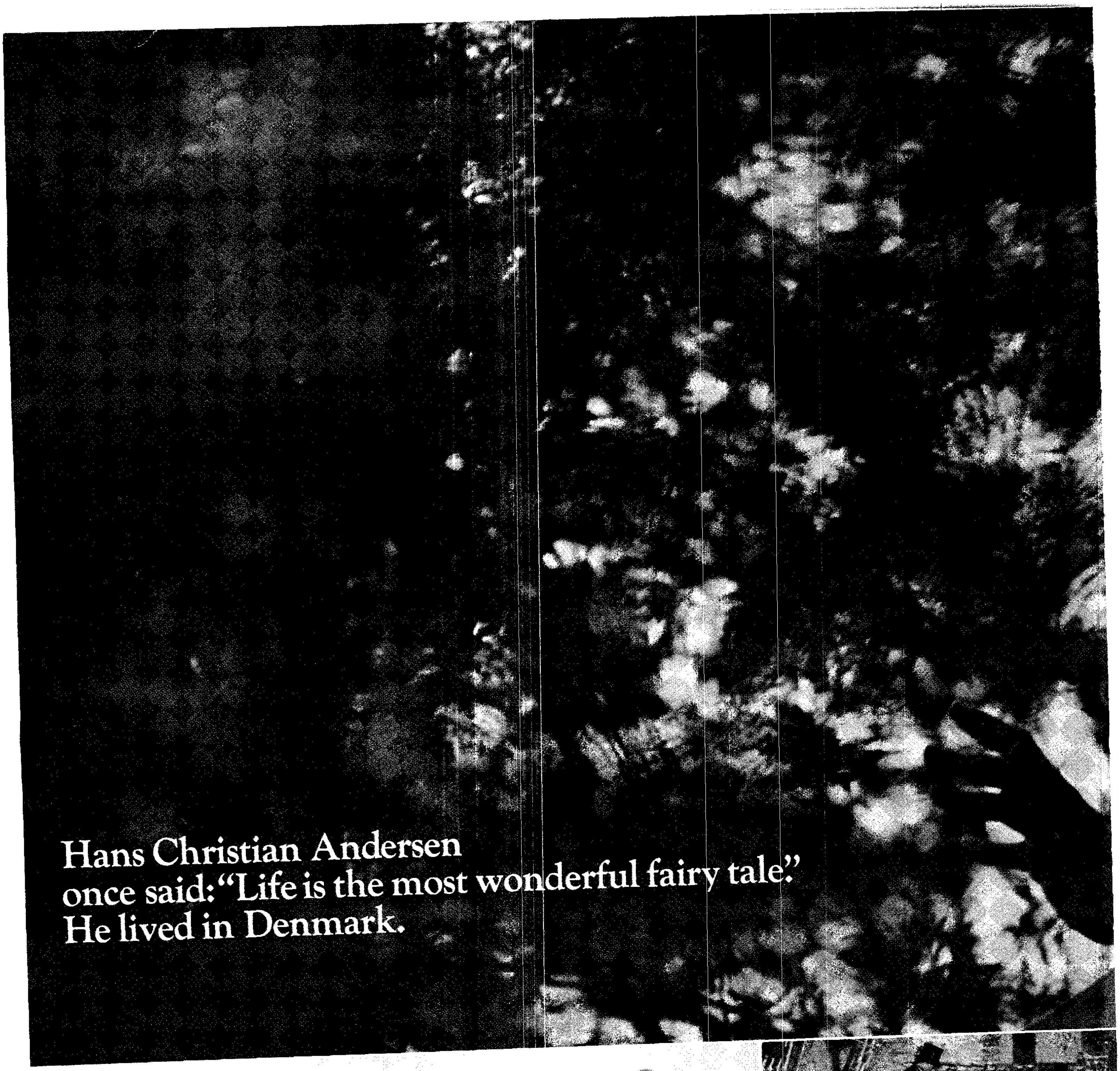
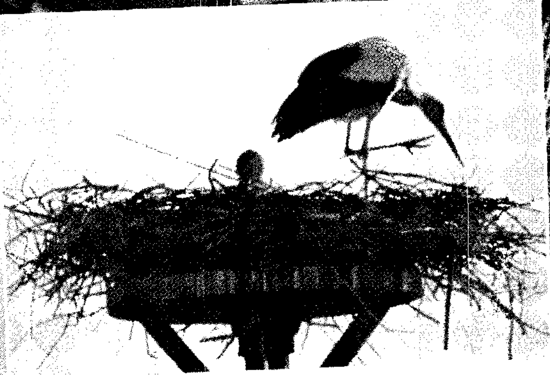


Hans Christian Andersen once said: "Life is the most wonderful fairy tale." He lived in Denmark.

For many years Andersen was a poor, gentle, lonely man few people understood. He once wrote of a little mermaid whose feet were pierced by invisible knives when she walked. She couldn't speak and was different from everyone around her. On a cool morning in Copenhagen, you can take a beautiful walk to the harbor where Andersen's little mermaid sits alone on her rock and gazes out to sea. Some say she's the statue of his heart.



Ribe is a town of great medieval beauty with narrow, winding streets and ancient houses where storks roost on the chimney tops. For as long as anyone can remember, the storks have come back to Ribe each April all the way from Egypt. And why shouldn't they? Not only do the Danes welcome them, they actually compete to attract these beautiful, over-size weather vanes. In Denmark, a stork on your chimney is a sign of good luck.

In one of Andersen's tales, a chimney-sweep says to a shepherdess: "I dare say I can support you at my trade." It's still a good trade in Denmark. After 4 years of apprenticeship in the provinces (the roofs aren't so high there), you get to be a svend and wear the top hat.

Chimney-sweeps have their own union now and retire at 63. But there's less work all the time because of gas and central heating. Someday a chimney-sweep may have to take a second job to support a shepherdess.

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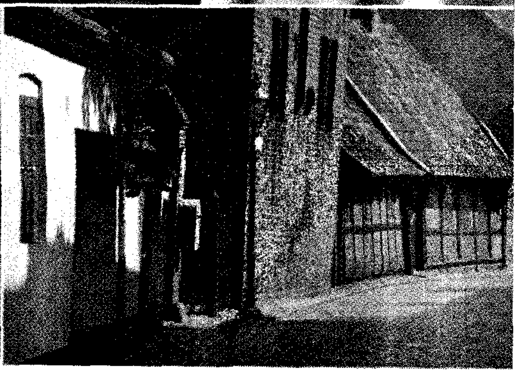

In Copenhagen there are twenty acres of fantasy you can walk right into. The Tivoli Gardens. Every amusement and entertainment in the world is in Tivoli—concerts, ballets, acrobats, jugglers, cabarets, restaurants of all kinds, all the rides of an amusement park (without the honky tonk), fireworks and a wonderful theatre that presents all the traditional bawdy pantomime from the Italian Middle Ages.

In sto books, it's usually a witch, or a dragon, or mayb in evil magician who lives next door to the king. t in Denmark it can be you. The photo above of Fredensborg Castle, summer residence of the oyal Family of Denmark. You're looking at it fror an attic window of the Hotel Frederik IV where ou get three meals and a room with bath (not ir he attic) for $12.12 a day.

The Danish countryside is an enchanted land—tiny gingerbread towns and fishing villages, moated castles, tilted medieval houses and winding roads that take you through fresh scented miniature forests, past lush green fields surrounded by billions of flowers. You'll take home pictures of all these beautiful things. But you'll take home memories of the people. The kind of people who would build a statue to honor a children's story teller.

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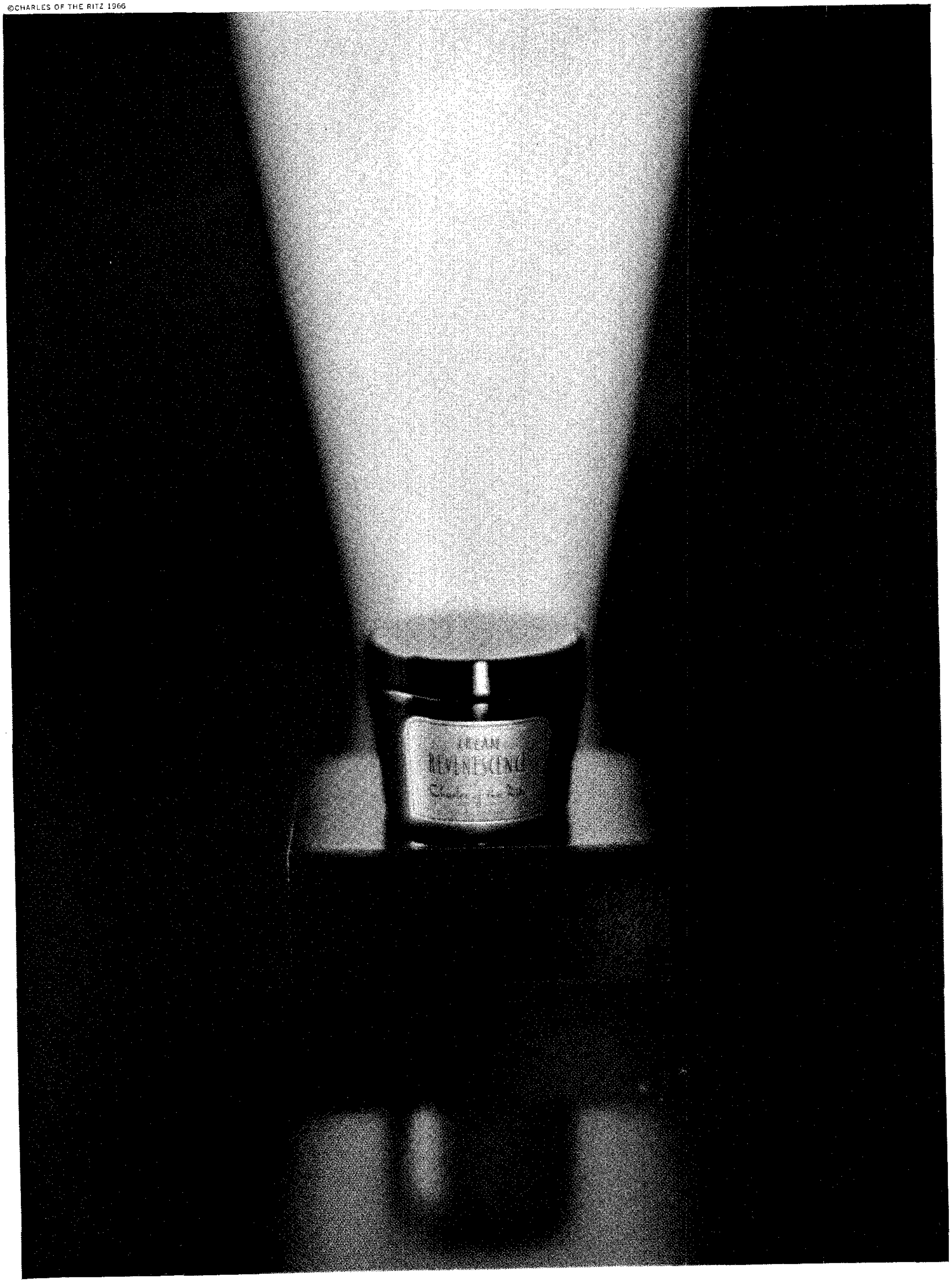
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sometimes felt like signed postcards: 'You must come and see our school.' " For a man with so much insight into the needs and thoughts of boys, he has seemed incredibly naïve when he has done some of these things, and it must be said of him that in his drive to buff and shine his developing school he has been utterly unconscious that a few boys might be hurt. Actually, nearly all have been merely amused, if anything. Besides, many of these showmanly wiles have been practiced without the students' awareness. "Now, boys, we're going to have a lot of visitors this weekend," the headmaster says every week. "If you see people wandering around looking lost, I want you to help them." He stations masters and boys in various places to greet people, and strangers can hardly pass through the town without being stopped, given a tour, and, often, invited to stay for lunch or dinner. "His idea is that if you do anything you do it right—at its best," says Walter Sheehan, headmaster of the Canterbury School, who was once a student and then a master at Deerfield. "Always put yourself out to be courteous, even if it costs a couple of thousand more."

Until 1960, the academy switchboard was in the rear parlor of the headmaster's house. He often sat there and worked it himself. "Hello, Deerfield Academy. . . . One moment, please," he would say, expertly pulling and pushing plugs. For decades, all calls coming into the academy between 10:30 P.M. and 7 A.M. would ring in his bedroom. For a community of about six hundred people, he alone answered the phone in the dead of night. He finally got tired of that four years ago, when he was eighty-two, and hired an answering service. A machine now signs checks for the academy, but until 1960 the headmaster personally signed about six thousand checks a year. At his wedding reception, he fussed because there were no rugs in the school building, and he has been fussing similarly ever since. "If you keep floors and walls nice, it's like having your shoes shined and a clean shirt on," he says. He has been seen mopping floors. He has the gym floor kept like polished brass and classroom floors polished every day. There are no dirty windowpanes. "Bob," he once said to a coach, "I was in your locker room after practice today and there was some tape on the floor." He is essentially conservative with money, but he will spend any sum to get what he wants. Cut flowers appear regularly in vases all over the campus, and there is a single rosebud on each table in the

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school store; athletic uniforms are the best available; the dining hall is open all summer, and anyone can eat there; the food served throughout the year is unlimited and excellent; all the school's appointments, from furniture to masonry, are solid, tasteful, and expensive. Most independent schools have business managers. Deerfield, naturally, does not, for such a man would devastate many of the customs established by the headmaster. When people talk to him about economy and hand him charts showing how much more Deerfield spends than other schools, he says that the other schools are not telling the truth. "We can't cut down," he will say. "It would save nothing. By cutting down, we would sacrifice something. The sacrifice would be too great. Deerfield costs money." The details have long since added up to a place that is incomparably impressive to the eye. Even the grass is a little greener there, growing in fourteen inches of topsoil, and for many years the headmaster went around with a jackknife digging plantain out of his lawns. Last summer, he was riding around in his golf cart one afternoon with his wife and daughter when he saw a mess of papers on the ground. He stopped the cart and sent the two women to pick up the litter. Last fall, an hour or so after the end of a rain-soaked football game, he returned to the field and, until it became too dark to see, moved about alone in the continuing rain, replacing the chunks of turf that had been torn up by the cleats of the players.

THE pattern of the school day was different for the headmaster when he was doing a good part of the teaching, but it has not varied much in the past fifty years. "You can't stay with him," a member of his faculty remarks. "If you tried to follow him around, he would have you out cold by four o'clock in the afternoon." He gets up at six, or a little earlier, and while he is dressing and shaving he frequently prays. It is noteworthy that he doesn't stop to pray. In the words of one member of his family, "He goes into nothing without praying. He prays all the time. He has consummate faith that the Lord will take care of him." Once, believing himself to be alone, he said to his mirror, "I'm such a God-damned fool." When he saw that one of his children had heard him, he said, "I'm not swearing. I'm praying." Only in rare moments does the headmaster get into a contemplative mood about his work. In one such moment, recently, he said, "I'm not sure, quite seriously,

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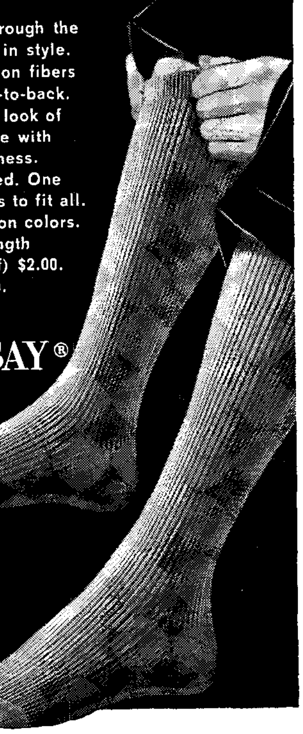
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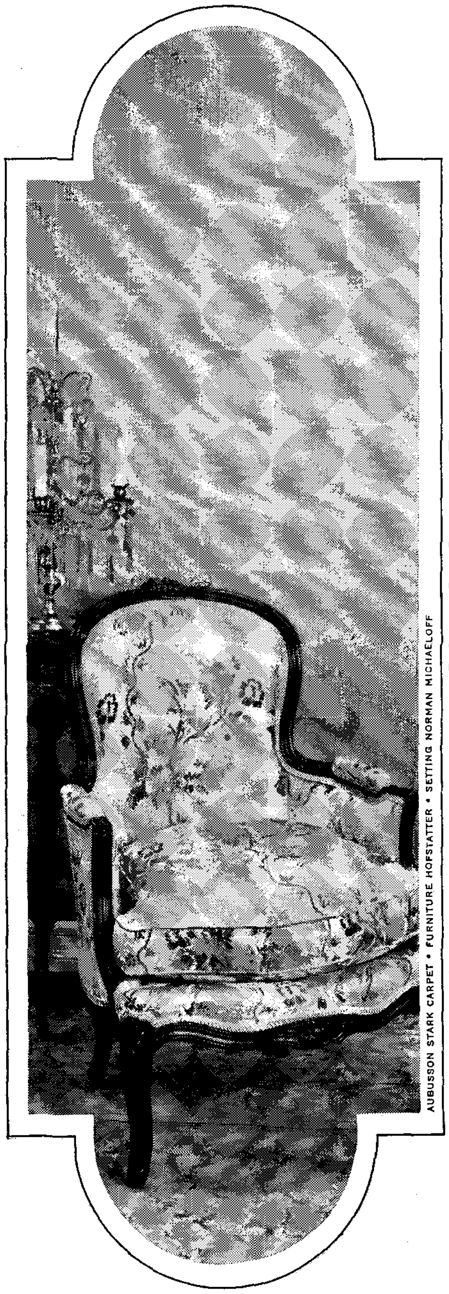
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that the Lord didn't put Mrs. Boyden and me here to do this."

At seven, his secretary arrives, and the headmaster is waiting, standing in his study with a Boston newspaper held open at arm's length, so that he is almost completely hidden behind it. He lights a fire. One explanation of his good health may be his use of fire. He is never far from a set of crackling logs. There are fireplaces within five feet of both of his working desks—in his home and in the school building. While he dictates, he sits on the top of the fire screen and bakes himself. There is nothing he likes quite as much as mail. He can't wait to get at it, and it takes precedence over everything else in his routine. He writes thirty-five letters a day, on the average—sometimes as many as seventy—and, as he dictates, he strews the floor with sheets of paper and keeps pitching envelopes into the fireplace. He is not interested in letters that require study, for his batting average has to be maintained. He has developed a kind of X-ray vision. He can stare at a large mound of incoming mail and unfailingly pluck forth the envelopes that contain checks. He writes mainly to alumni and parents, answering not only their letters but every birth announcement and Christmas card. He answers everything he receives. He acknowledges acknowledgments. If an oil-heater salesman sends him a brochure, he sends off a note saying that he isn't interested. In the past sixty-four years, he has written about five hundred thousand letters, carbons of all of which have been kept in the school-building attic. "He acknowledges trivia sweetly," his present secretary says. And thus he has, in a sense, written his autobiography.

JANUARY 25, 1943

DEAR PHIL:

. . . Foxboro has always meant a great deal to me, and my only regret is that I can't get home more frequently. As I look back, it seems to me that the young people of our time had a very sane, wholesome, active life, and that is just the sort of thing which I have tried to give to the boys at Deerfield.

OCTOBER 28, 1952

DEAR LAURA:

Deerfield is a beautiful spot, and since I could not stay in Foxboro I am very thankful to have spent my life here. . . . I remember so well the days in Foxboro and the Sundays when we all went to church, sometimes twice and three times. I also thought of your father as one of the great farmers I have known and your farm as the best in Foxboro.

JANUARY 21, 1922

MY DEAR MR. WHITE:

As you may know, Harvard has been very kind to us, and two or three times it

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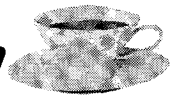
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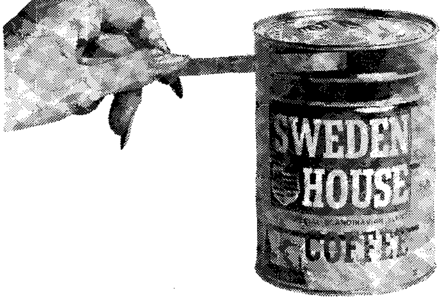

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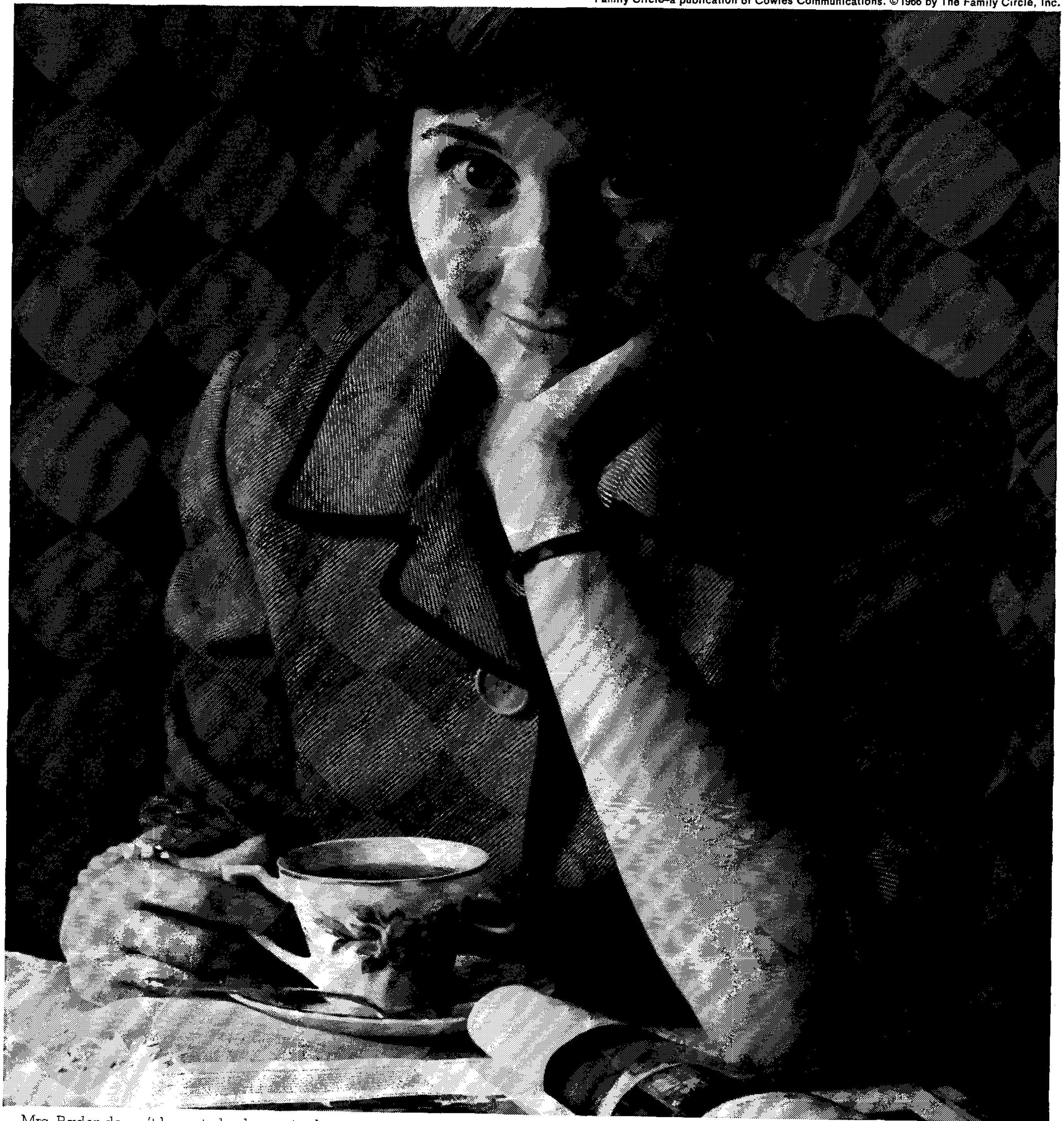

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has been insinuated that if we were to throw our influence towards sending boys to Harvard, money might be available. I much prefer, however, to be a free lance, and also to feel that the dominant influence is towards Amherst.

FEBRUARY 28, 1922

DEAR BOB:

. . . This letter reminds me of an old lady who used to live with us, and whose tongue ran on forever, and of whom my brother said her only trouble was that she thought out loud. Perhaps you can manage to unravel the two or three points worthwhile.

FEBRUARY 15, 1927

DEAR MR. REYNOLDS:

I should like to order two suits of the same type and material as my last one. . . .

APRIL 23, 1930

MY DEAR MR. STEVENSON:

Your letter of April 22nd has just been received. Please renew the Full Coverage Insurance on my raccoon overcoat for one whole year.

JUNE 16, 1949

MY DEAR MRS. HAMMOND:

My middle name is an unusual one and quite often people have asked about it. My father and mother taught school many years ago in Danvers and lived in the family of Deacon Learoyd. Although they later returned to Foxboro and my father was in the foundry business, no place seemed as important in their lives as Danvers. They talked about it constantly and apparently the happiest years of their lives were spent there. . . .

He dictates rapidly. At seven-thirty or so, his wife calls to him from the dining room and tells him that breakfast is ready. He says, "Just a minute, Helen," and goes on writing letters. To a guest, he says, "You sit down and have your breakfast. I'm very sketchy." What he means by this is soon apparent. A full breakfast has been prepared—grapefruit, eggs in eggcups, bacon, toast, and marmalade. The table is handsomely set. He finally walks in and says hello to his wife in his endlessly imitated voice, which is a sort of light, amiable whine; then he stands at one corner of the table, picks up a cup, and drinks hot water. He eats a slice of plain toast. He reaches into one of his trouser pockets, where he keeps loose pills like nickels and dimes. He takes out three or four and swallows them. In twenty seconds, he has had his breakfast. No root beer and animal crackers this morning. He goes back to work.

FEBRUARY 3, 1928

DEAR CHARLES:

Thank you very much for your cordial invitation to speak before your Men's Club. Unfortunately, I have only one talk, which is the story of the development of Deerfield Academy in general

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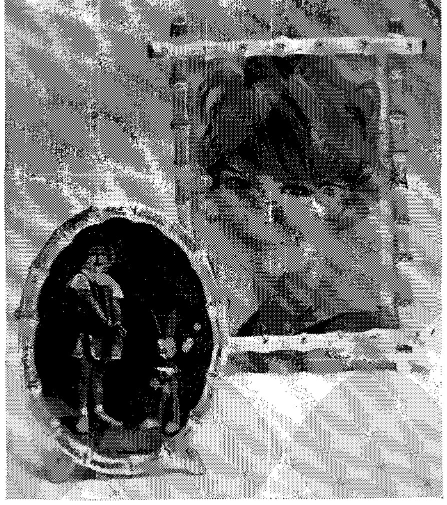

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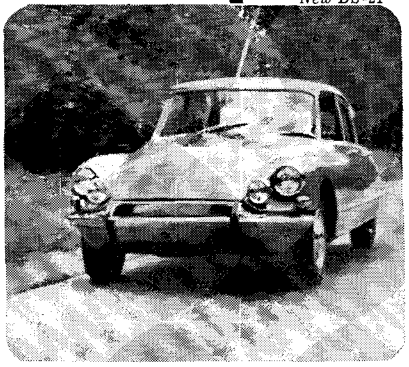

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and of Tom Ashley in particular. If you wish me to give that and then answer any questions which may be asked by the men, I shall be glad to do so.

December 10, 1934

My dear Mrs. Graves:

Thank you very much for your cordial invitation to speak for the ladies of the Baptist Church. I am one of the few headmasters who realize their speaking limitations and have not spoken anywhere for the last few years.

September 5, 1953

Dear Mrs. Bannister:

I can come and would be glad to say just a word or two but, as Mrs. Dwight will tell you, I am entirely out of my element. I don't do it well and don't like to do it at all. Mrs. Dwight, as I am sure you know, always speaks well and can talk for an indefinite period.

September 28, 1953

Dear Mr. Cowdrey:

Your letter is a very appealing one and I share your sentiments with regard to Amherst, the Connecticut Valley, and Western Massachusetts. My own home was in the town of Foxboro, but I have been in Deerfield now for fifty-one years and I am thankful to have spent my life in this valley. . . . Many years ago I realized that I was not a good speaker and that that was a field in which I was not qualified and so for many years I have not spoken. I have no definite topic. I would not quite know how to approach any other than an educational subject, and in my work have just gone ahead from day to day without any particular theory or any particular policy except a real personal interest in the boys, in their work, and in their activities. I am afraid you would be very definitely disappointed in any effort which I might make.

September 8, 1949

Dear Mr. Wilk:

I really question the advisability of a moving picture about Deerfield and particularly about me. I hope you will understand, however, how much I appreciate your interest.

June 12, 1948

Dear Mr. Garland:

I have heard several rumors to the effect that I was to retire, but so far as I myself am concerned I have no idea of doing so. . . .

Every secretary he has had remembers this scene: While the headmaster is dictating, his hostler goes by outside the window in the act of exercising one of the headmaster's carriage horses. The headmaster gets up in the middle of a sentence, goes out the front door, and takes over the reins. He rides around in his buggy for ten minutes and comes back, sits up on the fire screen again, and picks up the sentence just where he broke it off. He owns sixteen buggies and four horses. "Nothing will ever take the place of the horse and buggy with me," he says. "I go back to that period. I don't drive much these

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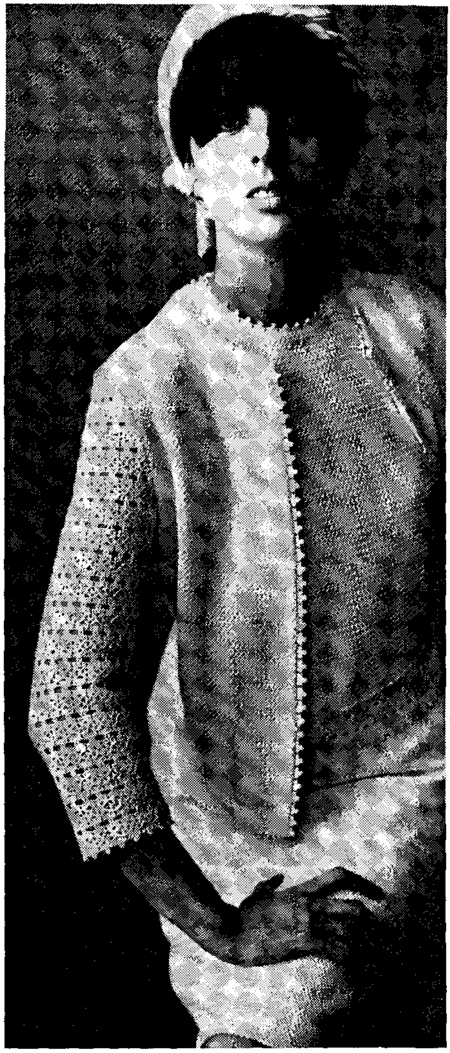

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days, but the mere fact that those horses are out there brings me a lot of comfort." For years after he came to Deerfield, he made his trips home to Foxboro in his buggy—two days, ninety miles, and an overnight in Worcester or Barre. As his children grew up, he often confused their birthdays with the birthdays of colts that had been born at about the same time. His knowledge of the behavior of horses helps him in his handling of boys, and the reverse is probably true as well. The only pilgrimages of any kind that he has ever made have been to Goshen. On the walls of his office in the school building there are, among other things, six pictures of horses, including one of Assault, and a letter from President Eisenhower thanking him for the use of a horse and buggy. Mounted as a hood ornament on the nose tip of Boyden's big black Cadillac is a chromium sulky-and-horse that was given to him by one of his Amherst friends. The car was waiting for the light at Forty-fifth Street and Seventh Avenue one day when a man stepped off the sidewalk, shoved his head through the window, and—assuming that the headmaster was a trotting king—asked him for a hot tip on that night's meeting at Roosevelt Raceway. The headmaster's wife hates horses.

AUGUST 23, 1946

DEAR MR. DOWNING:

Thank you for your letter, which I enjoyed very much. I wish that more people could experience the thrill of driving a good horse. Last Wednesday, I drove all three of mine. The first, Hollywood Robin, was once a very fast race horse. He has a natural road gait of from ten to twelve miles an hour. In spite of all his power and strength, he is very easily handled, and he gets as much fun out of a trip as I do. Talisman, the second, is a beautiful chestnut with one white ankle and one white leg. He is a more delicate horse but is very good on the road and in some ways more of a handful than Robin. Don, the third, is a fat, lazy, little Morgan who can go just as fast as you want but will not voluntarily contribute anything to the speed of the ride. On the other hand, he is a comedian and keeps the whole stable in an uproar when given the chance.

OCTOBER 2, 1953

DEAR MR. BROWN:

Yesterday morning early, Bert Tilton, who takes care of my horses, sent me word that Don was very sick. We had a veterinary immediately, but there was nothing that could be done, as he had had a very bad heart attack and passed away shortly. Up until then, he had been in perfect health, and just the night before ate his grain and hay and also kicked around because he was feeling so good. I do want you to know how much I have enjoyed him during the twenty-eight years since you sent him down. He has always

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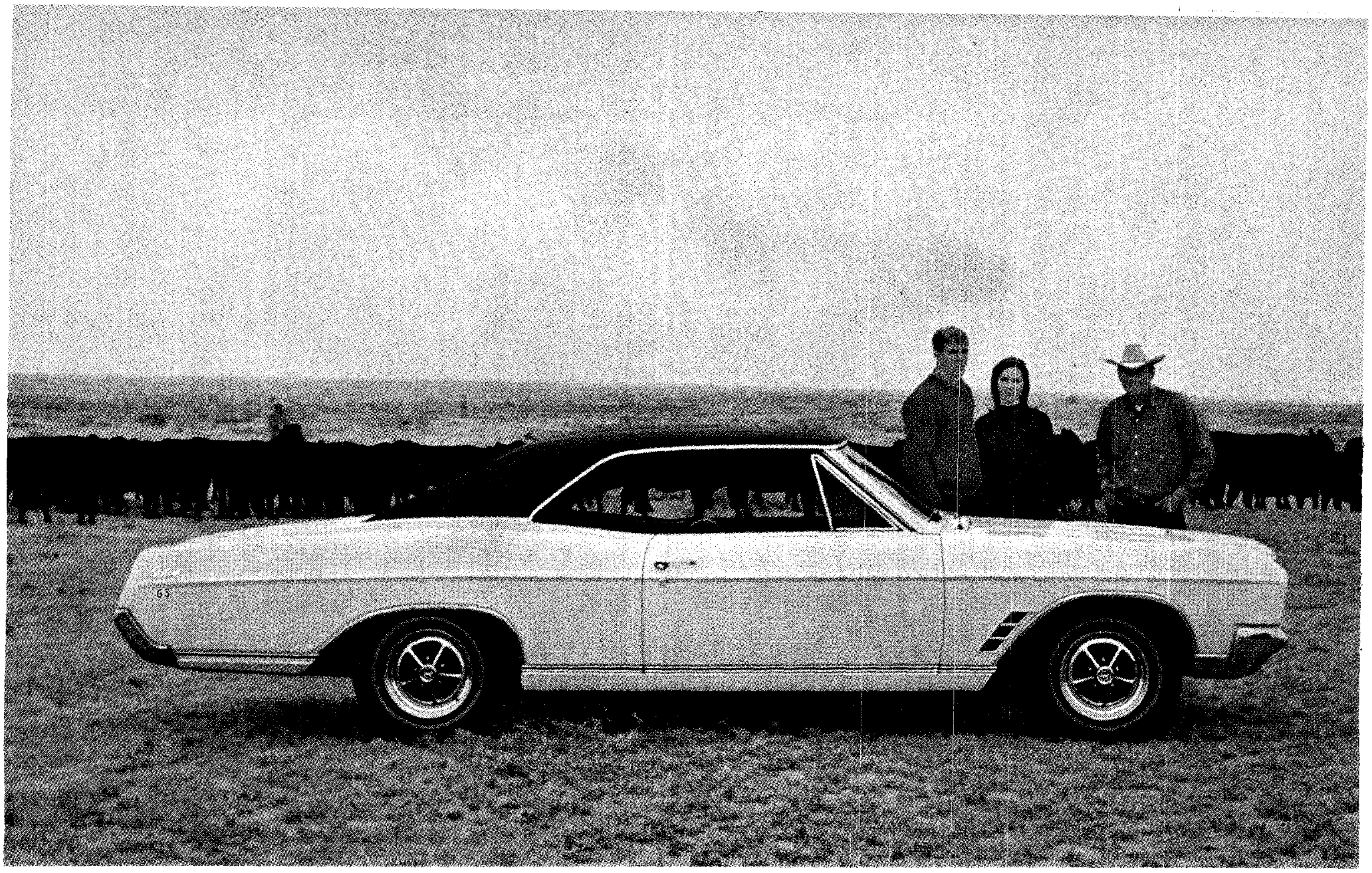

This is what mountain country looks like to the tuned car.

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been very much of a personality, and I have never had a horse that meant so much to me. He liked to travel, and when he couldn't go fast enough to suit himself at a trot would swing into the smoothest pace that I have ever seen any horse have. A ride with him was always a pleasure, because there were always so many exciting things along the road from squirrels to pheasants to attract his attention. There was never anything mean or difficult about him, and everyone, including the little children who came almost every day to see him, will miss him.

DECEMBER 30, 1953

DEAR MR. AND MRS. MAYBURY:

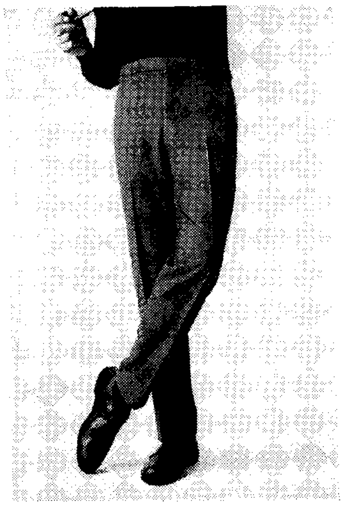
Thanks ever so much for your very clever Christmas card. I did not realize that the horse and buggy would be inside the barn until I lifted it up. Those really were good old days, and I wish that more people were in the horse and buggy stage. I am really quite lonesome as I go out, because I guess I am the last one with a driving horse, but I get a real satisfaction as people stop along the street and everyone in the automobiles turns to look at Madagascar as we go along. He really is a wonderful little horse. He is a smart little apple and nothing escapes his attention. Somehow or other, when I get very tired, nothing relaxes or refreshes me so much as to ride behind a good horse.

JULY 23, 1945

MY DEAR MR. HINRICKS:

I am very much interested in the illustration at the heading of your stationery, for when I first came to Deerfield forty years ago there was an old horse trader with a very long white beard who looked like your illustration. He could drive anything and handle the most difficult horse with no effort whatsoever. I am enclosing a check for $3.00 to cover my subscription to *Hoof Beats*.

Books come and go in the headmaster's study, but some seem to have been there longer than others. Among these are "The Complete Book of Horses," "New Testament in Four Versions," "Herbert H. Lehman and His Era," the *Foundation Directory*, "Ways of Giving to Amherst," "The Reverend Jonathan Ashley House," "Jamestown 1607-1957," *Congressional Directory*, "From Maine Pastures to Vermont Shores," *Miller's Catalog* (*Everything for the Horseman*), "Operation Crossroads Africa," "Building a Championship Football Team," "Coaching the Zone and Man-to-Man Pressing Defenses," "Cavalcade of American Horses," "Horses at Home," "Selections from the Old and New Testaments," *Private Independent Schools*, "Steve Mather of the National Parks," "Phillips Exeter Academy—A History." However, the books that the headmaster likes most to read, the novels of Agatha Christie, are not in evidence; he keeps these upstairs. He says that a head-



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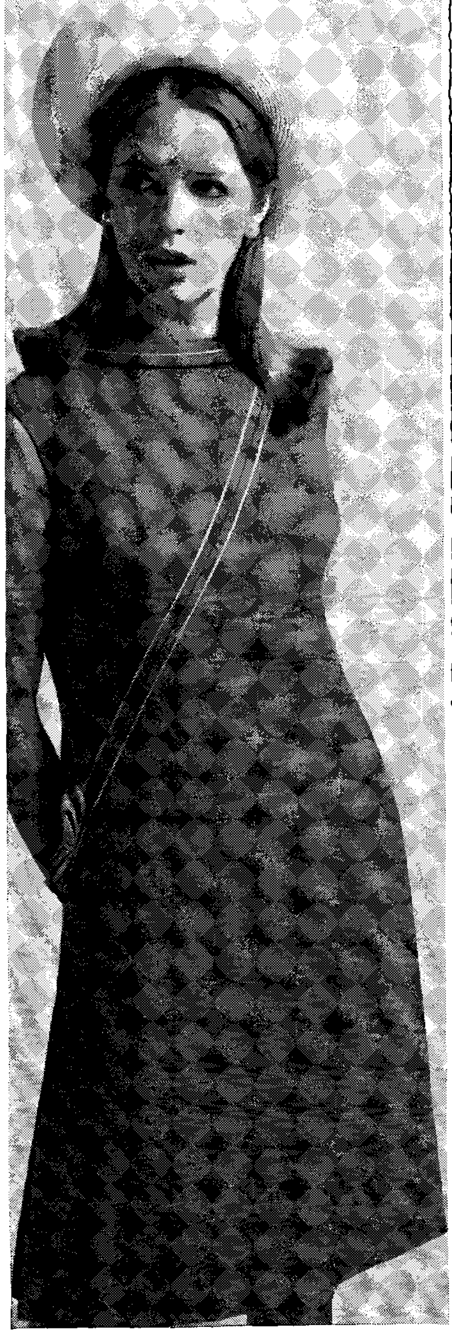


master does not have time for wide reading, but he has what is known in some circles as the luck of the dip. He can dive into the middle of a book and emerge with a highly quotable fragment that might escape the memory of someone who had read the book thoroughly. A year later, the fragment may pop out in conversation. He is honest about such devices. "You know, I read a very interesting book," he will say, and then he will correct himself, saying, "I didn't actually read the book. I opened it." The magazines in his main living room, strewn about in rampant variety to divert the faculty, include *Defenders of Wild Life News*, *American Forests*, the *New England Farmer*, *Main Currents in Modern Thought*, *Protestant Church Buildings & Equipment*, *Natural History*, the *United States Investor*, the *National Parks Magazine*, and the *Massachusetts Review* ("New Light on Emily Dickinson").

MARCH 31, 1947

DEAR MR. SULLIVAN:

I have been away most of the time for the past two weeks and have missed the Foxboro *Reporters* for February twenty-eighth, March eighth, March fifteenth, and March twenty-seventh. If you have any extra copies of those issues, I would appreciate your sending them to me.

OCTOBER 13, 1934

DEAR MR. CATON:

I saw the other day the notice of your Birthday Anniversary and want to write you and Mrs. Caton a note of congratulation and best wishes. I always remember with pleasure the good times we had at your house and occasionally on Sunday nights my mind goes back to the stereopticon entertainments which you gave at the church.

JANUARY 25, 1935

DEAR MR. FINNETY:

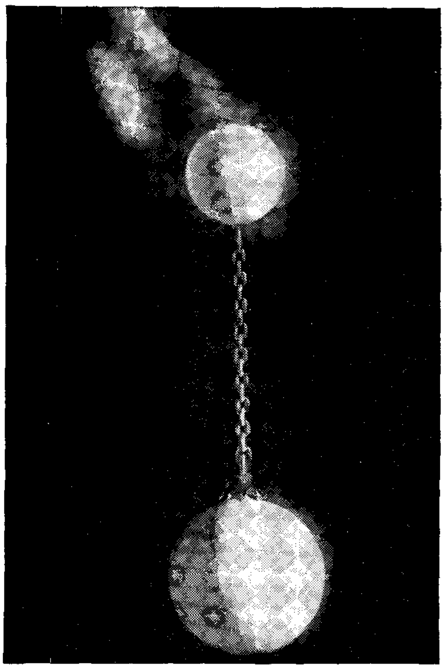
I was very much interested in the item in the Foxboro *Reporter* about your eighty-eighth birthday. I remember very well when we used to meet at church.

DECEMBER 16, 1946

DEAR MRS. THOMPSON:

I have just been reading my copy of the last Foxboro *Reporter* and find that I missed your birthday. I hope that you will excuse me this time and I am putting it down on my calendar for next year.

At nine o'clock, he gives up dictating and goes over to the school building, which he enters through the Browsing Library, a high-ceilinged, oak-panelled room with reference books on its shelves and newspapers on its long oak tables. This morning, a man, a woman, and a boy are standing in one corner, obviously feeling strange as they wait for an interview with a young admissions man. The headmaster walks over to them. "Hello," he says. "My name is



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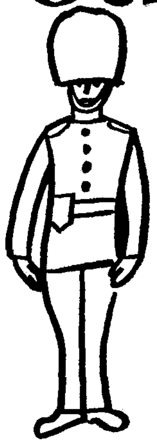

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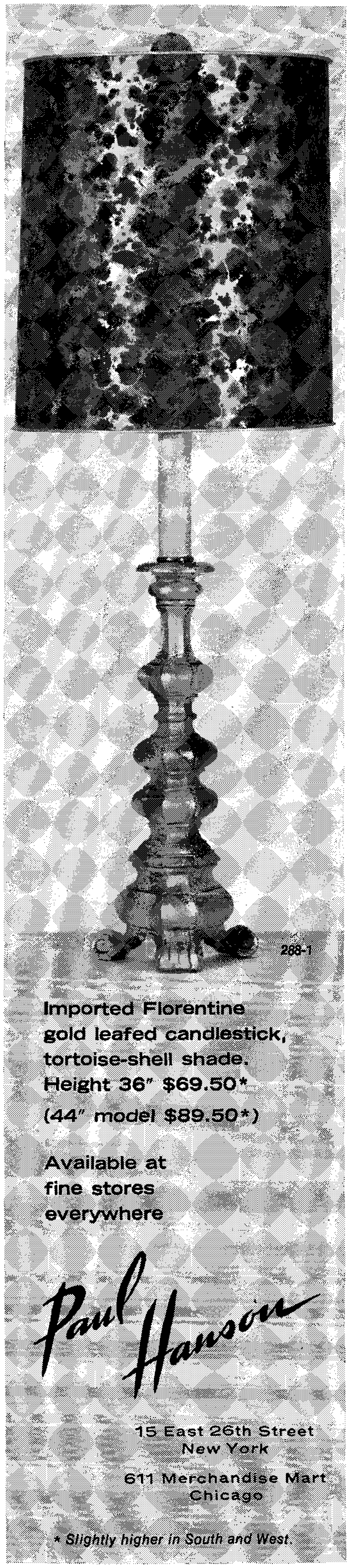

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Boyden." The people are from Minnesota. The headmaster launches into a long discussion of geographical distribution and its importance to an independent school. Have they, by chance, read the article in the school paper by the boy from Rhodesia? He'll see to it that they get a copy. On he moves into the main corridor, where he meets the admissions director of Rutgers University and the admissions director of Princeton. He tells them a story about a man he recently encountered in a club in New York. The man heard him mention Deerfield, Massachusetts, and said to him, "Do you live there?"

"Yes," said the headmaster.

"Do you know the old man who runs the school there?"

"Yes," said the headmaster.

"How old is he?"

"Eighty-six, I believe."

"Can he still get around?"

A long-distance call comes in from a woman whose son has decided that he wants to go to college immediately and does not want to go through the formality of completing his senior year at Deerfield. The headmaster takes the call at his desk. When he puts the phone down, he sees his athletic director in the corridor and complains to him that there has been a letdown in the way receptions after sports events are handled.

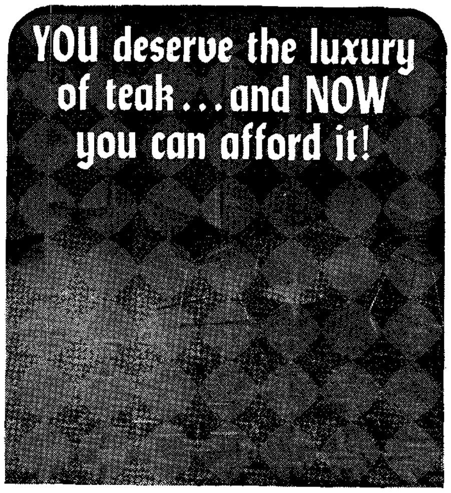
The headmaster of another school—a former master at Deerfield—telephones. "We had them seventeen to fourteen when one of our very good backs fumbled a punt," Boyden tells him. "Andover? They are a little better than Exeter. Playing Exeter was like playing one of our smaller high schools around here. They'll get back at us—don't worry."

He has a call put in for him to Calvin Plimpton, president of Amherst, to whom he complains about a stipulation placed upon Amherst and Deerfield in the transfer of securities from a Wall Street trust to both institutions. "After all," he says, "it was Charlie's money." This is a reference to the late Charles E. Merrill, Amherst '08, a close friend of the headmaster, and a founder of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & (in his time) Beane.

"There is nothing like giving money away," Merrill once said happily to the headmaster.

"Charlie," said the headmaster, "we see eye to eye."

He sits down at his desk to watch the boys go by between classes. He waves to them and calls two aside to ask them questions. When the building has become quiet again, he goes downstairs and into the duplicating room, where he



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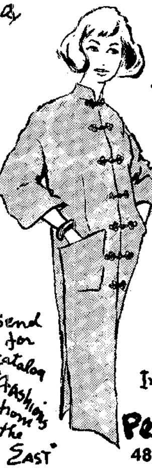

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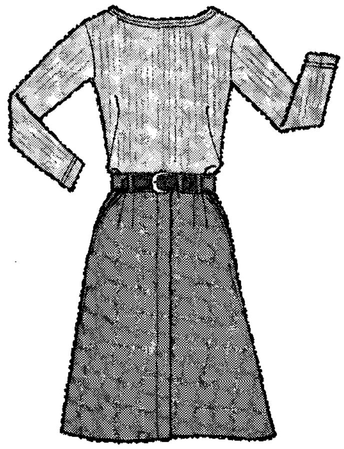

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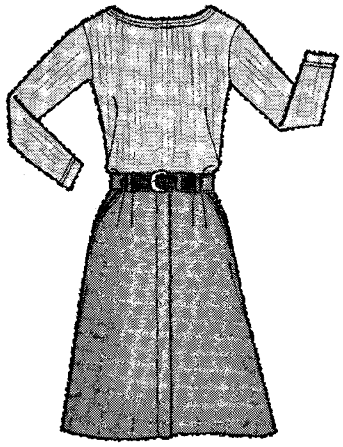

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fusses with some papers and makes unflattering remarks about the Xerox machine, not because it jams once in a while but because it is a machine. He goes into another room and tells the alumni secretary about a trip he made to New York the previous day. (An observer standing outside 30 Rockefeller Plaza might have seen him step out of the car in a cold wind, without his coat, slightly stooped, and with a frayed briefcase under his arm. He handed the doorman a dime and moved toward the revolving door of the great skyscraper, looking very worn and tired. Anyone's heart would have gone out to him for undertaking these long, exhausting journeys for his school, going alone to make rounds of the city that would last all day. But the pathos of it all was modified, because when he came back out through that revolving door he had a hundred thousand dollars in the briefcase.) He reports this sum to the alumni secretary. "I just look old and frail and sick," he once told a Deerfield parent in describing his approach to fund-raising. Throughout his career, he has assiduously cultivated the appearance of helplessness—a talent for which he has found many practical applications.

He talks to the master who runs the school bookstore about remodelling the store and doubling its size. The downstairs corridor is jammed with teachers drinking coffee. He talks to one after another—thirty seconds apiece. He retreats to a small room to discuss ideas for a new library with his faculty committee on architecture, which includes his son John. He goes back up to the main floor and stops to speak to a boy from India who is about to be interviewed by the man from Princeton. Another headmaster is on the phone—like the earlier caller, a former master at Deerfield. He has lost a physics teacher and needs one as soon as possible. Boyden says he will do what he can. He spends a few moments with the admissions man from Swarthmore. He signs a couple of dozen letters. His handwriting is firm and forthright, unflorid but remarkably graceful. Penmanship like his has not been widely taught or practiced in this century. For ten minutes, he confers with a fellow-trustee of the University of Massachusetts, who has stopped in on his way through town. The headmaster is chairman of the university board. The University of Massachusetts was once the Massachusetts Agricultural College, a small institution in Amherst. It had a thousand students in the early nineteen-fifties, and, like all state schools in Mas-

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sachusetts, it was under complete legislative control. The college couldn't make a move—could not even hire a new teacher or schedule a new course—without the approval of the state. Boyden eventually changed that. In 1962, he persuaded the legislature to give autonomy to the university. The university has increased its enrollment to over thirteen thousand, and in a few years it will level out at twenty thousand. New buildings—some by I. M. Pei, Marcel Breuer, Kevin Roche, and Edward Durell Stone—radiate from the original campus not so much by the dozen as by the mile. One new building, the largest gymnasium in the United States, is called the Frank L. Boyden Physical Education Building. Boyden has presided over all this development with a hand that is used to holding reins. He is known among his fellow-trustees, many of whom come from the eastern part of the state, as "the fastest gavel in the west."

The headmaster says goodbye to his fellow-trustee at the Browsing Library door, then, within eight minutes, talks with an alumnus who has brought his son to the school as a candidate for admission; a boy who has just been interviewed by Harvard; another alumnus and his wife; and a master who is eager to tell him—and is given sixty seconds to do so—that a visitor from Groton was impressed by Deerfield's new dormitories. Still another applicant for admission comes into the school building with his father. The headmaster urges the father to sit down and talk, while the boy is interviewed elsewhere. The headmaster's treatment of the man is too excited for this to be, say, the president of Bethlehem Steel, so he must have something to do with a major-league baseball club. The man actually owns one. The headmaster apologizes that he is no longer coaching at Deerfield and starts to talk about Leo Durocher and Warren Spahn. The conversation lasts for more than half an hour and never once touches upon the man's purpose in coming to Deerfield, but his son's chances of getting in are one-in-one. After they leave, the headmaster reviews the afternoon schedule, talks for several minutes with a math teacher, goes into a study hall and touches the arm of a sleeping boy, returns to his desk, signs more letters, and tells another story to the admissions man from Princeton. It is almost noon. He goes over to his house for a short nap. He is not taking the nap because he is eighty-six and needs it in order to keep going. He has been doing this all his life. Even more than fireplace fires,

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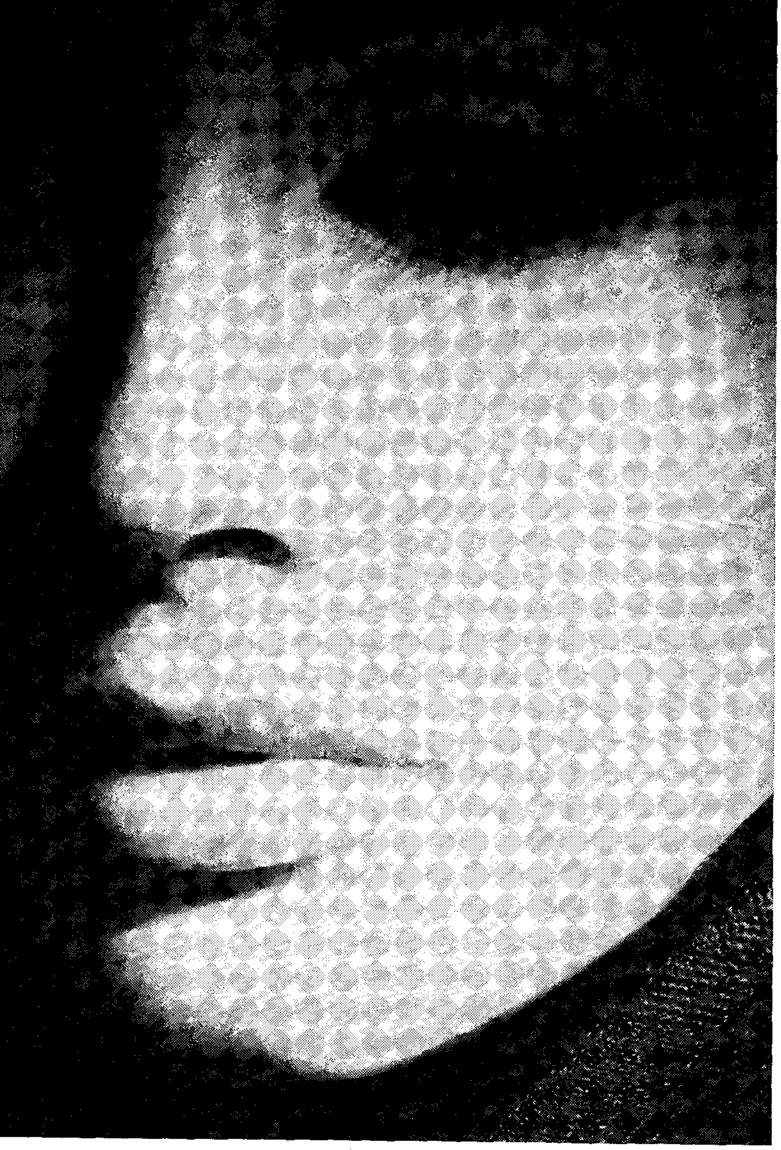

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his naps are the essence of his mechanism, for he can go to sleep absolutely anywhere, at any time, and he can sleep soundly, if he chooses, for less than three minutes. Sometimes, while he is interviewing parents, he will press a button and his secretary will appear and say that he has a phone call. Excusing himself, he goes out, holding up five fingers to indicate the number of minutes he wants to sleep. He pulls a shawl over himself. It takes him thirty seconds to fade out. After five minutes, he is awakened. Up goes the hand again, this time with three fingers extended. Three minutes later, the secretary awakens him again. He gets up—as fresh as if he had slept through a night—and goes back to the interview. The first component of this art is that he can wash his mind free of anything at any time. Then he starts at the north end of the village and tries to remember who lives in the first house. George Lunt. Then he moves to the next house. He has never got beyond the third house. He can go to sleep while he is waiting for an operator to put through a call. Most of the time on automobile trips, he either dictates or sleeps. On athletic trips with his teams, when he was the coach, he used to sleep all the way, and the only things that could wake him up were "kid stuff," as he would put it, or off-color stories. "Cut that out," he would say, and go back to sleep.

The headmaster wakes up from his midday nap and decides to take a quick look around the school before lunch. He believes correctly that the more people see of him—students and faculty alike—the more smoothly his school will run. "You won't see any confusion anywhere, I'm sure," he says. (Recently, he was scheduled to go on a complicated journey from Deerfield to Worcester to Chicago and back to Deerfield. He went to Worcester but decided to backtrack to Deerfield. It was 5 P.M. when he reached the campus, and at that time the greatest concentration of students happened to be in the gymnasium. He walked into the gym, stayed two minutes, walked out of the building, and went on to Chicago.) Getting into his golf cart, he shoots at full throttle along Albany Road, which goes through the center of the campus and forms a right angle with the long town street. He loops, twists, drives with his hands off the wheel, dives downhill, shaves trees, goes up the left side of the street into oncoming traffic, and waves and honks to people without regard to obstacles rapidly approaching. He has never actu-

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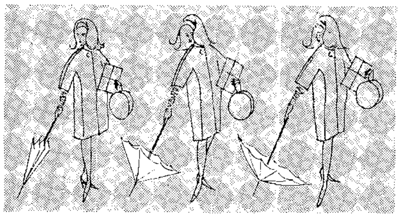
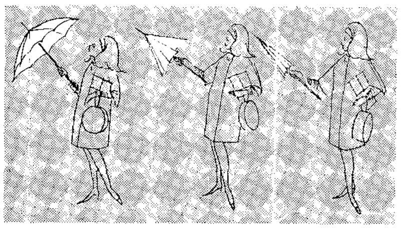


Snaps open when you touch tip to sidewalk



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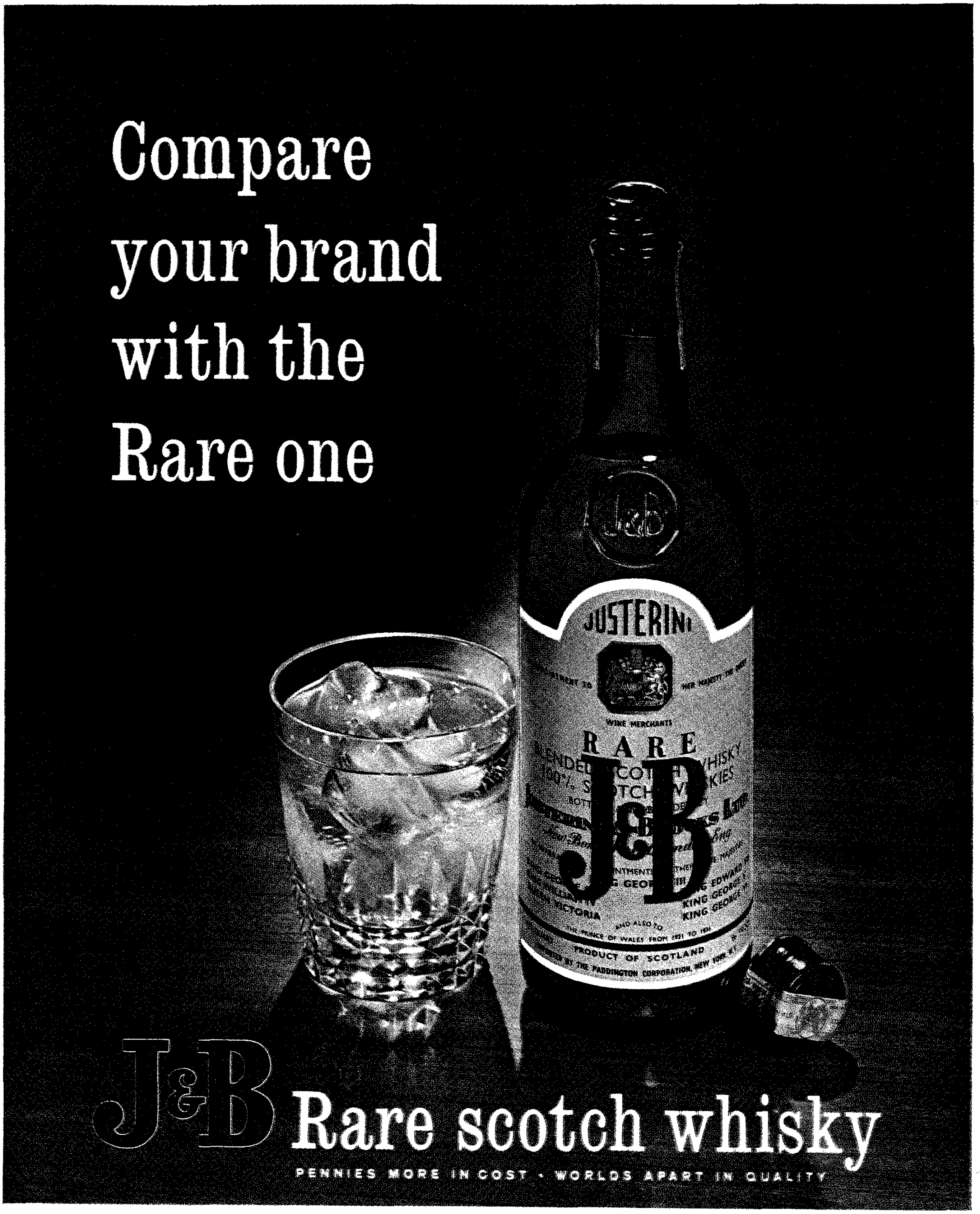
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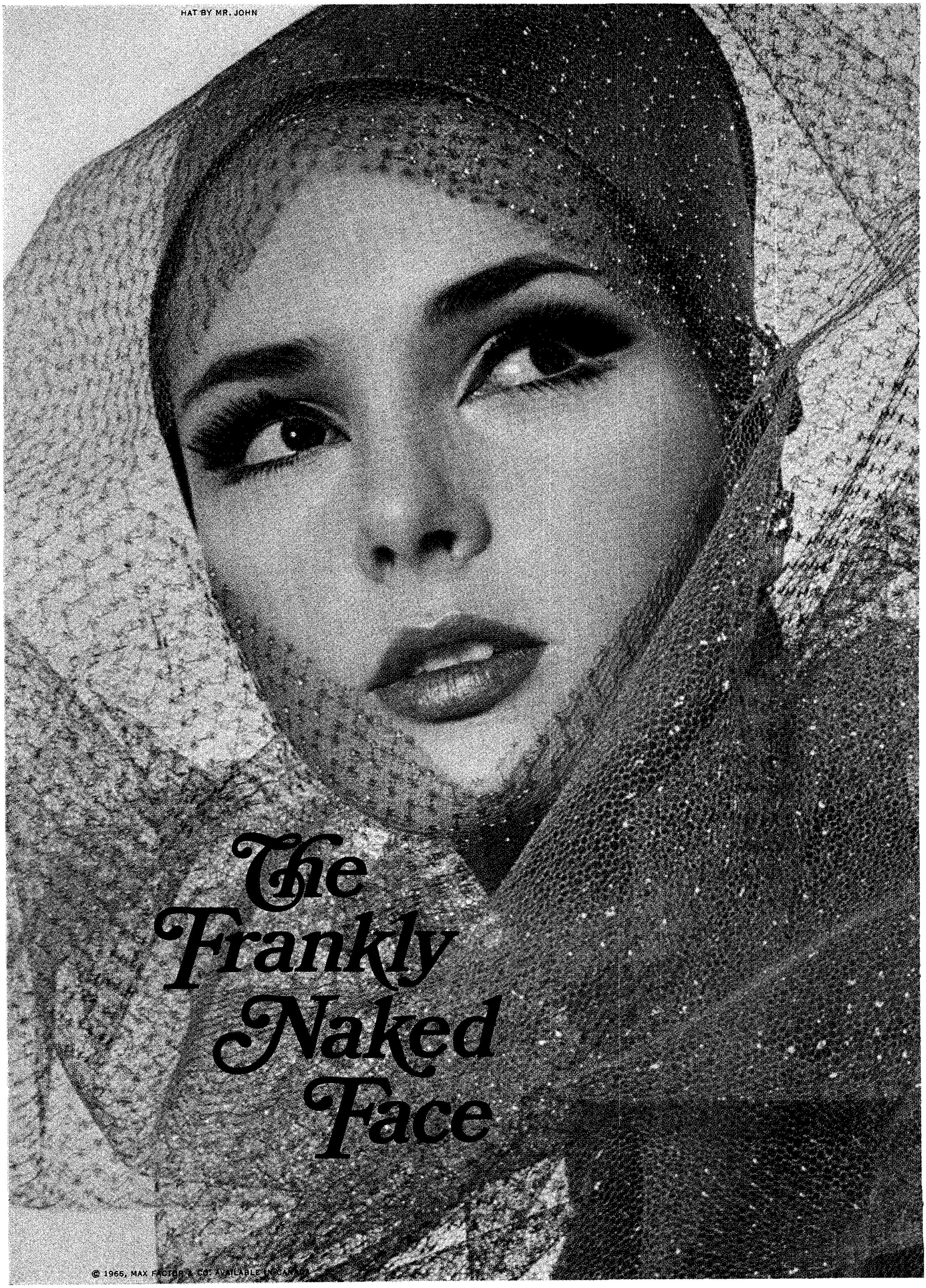
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Naked
Face

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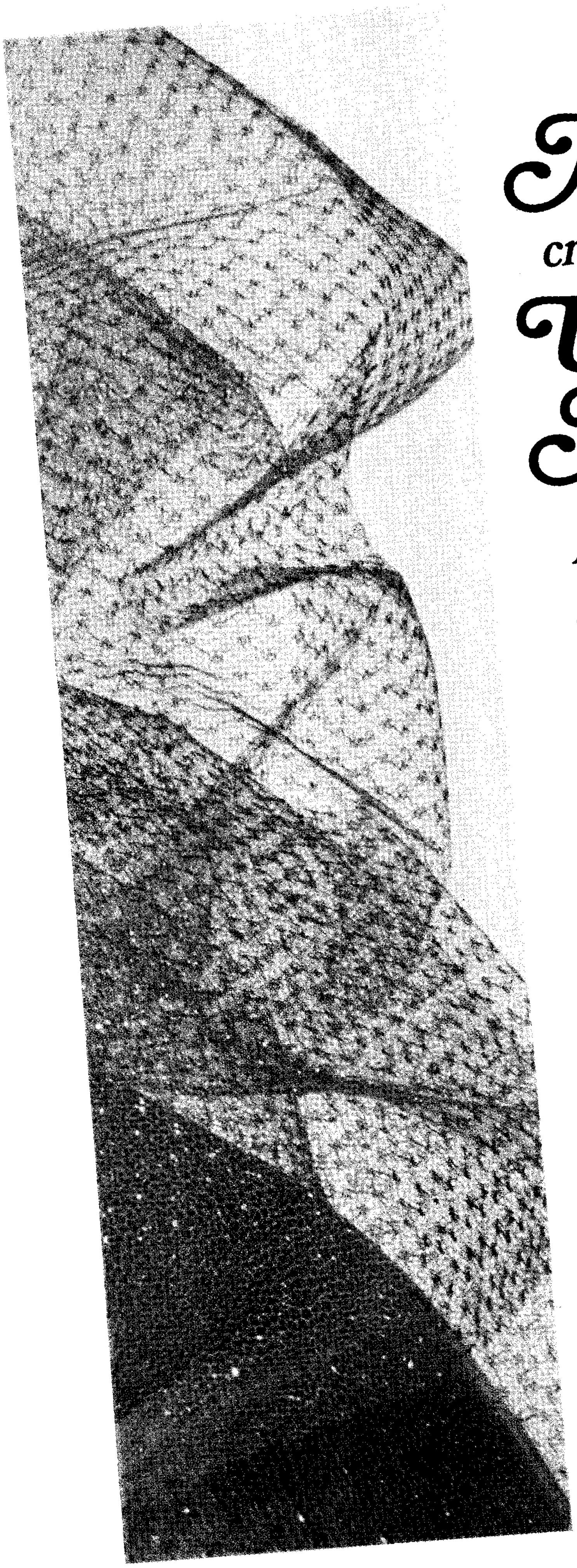

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ally known how to drive a car, but he used to swirl around Deerfield in an old Pontiac he had, going everywhere at top speed in second gear, because that was the only gear he knew how to find. People learned to get out of his way then. Today, although the golf cart is less alarming, everyone remains alert. He goes out onto his baseball field, spins around second base, and looks back at the academy. "Let's not be boastful, but let's be thankful for what we've got," he says. "Isn't it beautiful? We didn't have anything for so long that we had years and years to think of what we would like. I go around as often as I can to make sure it's still there. This is the kind of day when you get the shadows on the hills and the mist on the river. I've been so fortunate all my life to live in the country."

He sees the coach of Junior A soccer and drives about three hundred yards to intercept him and tell him how he wants the reception after the Junior A soccer game a few hours hence to be run. "I like receptions run better than they have been this fall," he says. "I don't like boys getting loose in the store and then wandering into receptions with ice-cream cones." He drives over to the Memorial Building, where the reception will be held, for he wants to make sure that everything has been properly set out. Before he goes in, he removes the keys to the golf cart and puts them into his pocket. On his way out, he wipes a bit of dust off a windowsill. He goes to the gymnasium and downstairs to the football locker room, where he weighs himself. One hundred and forty-four. He is pleased. He notices the blackboard: "BEAT WORCESTER—THEY'LL BE TOUGHER THIS YEAR." "That's high-school stuff," he says, and he erases the sentiment from the board. On the front steps of the gym, he picks up a crushed, lipstick-smeared cigarette butt and carries it back into the building as if it were a dead rat. He puts it in a wastebasket, straightens a bench, and goes home to have lunch with his wife.

After another nap, he gives an hour-long tour of the school to an alumnus from Michigan who has returned, with his wife and son, after a long absence. Then he gets into his Cadillac and departs for Amherst, where he has an appointment. The car is driven by Foster F. Babineau, who is known as Fuzzy and is in his late fifties. Fuzzy's predecessor in the job was his father-in-law. On major highways, the headmaster sometimes gets out a stopwatch and times Fuzzy as he sails past the mileposts. If his cal-

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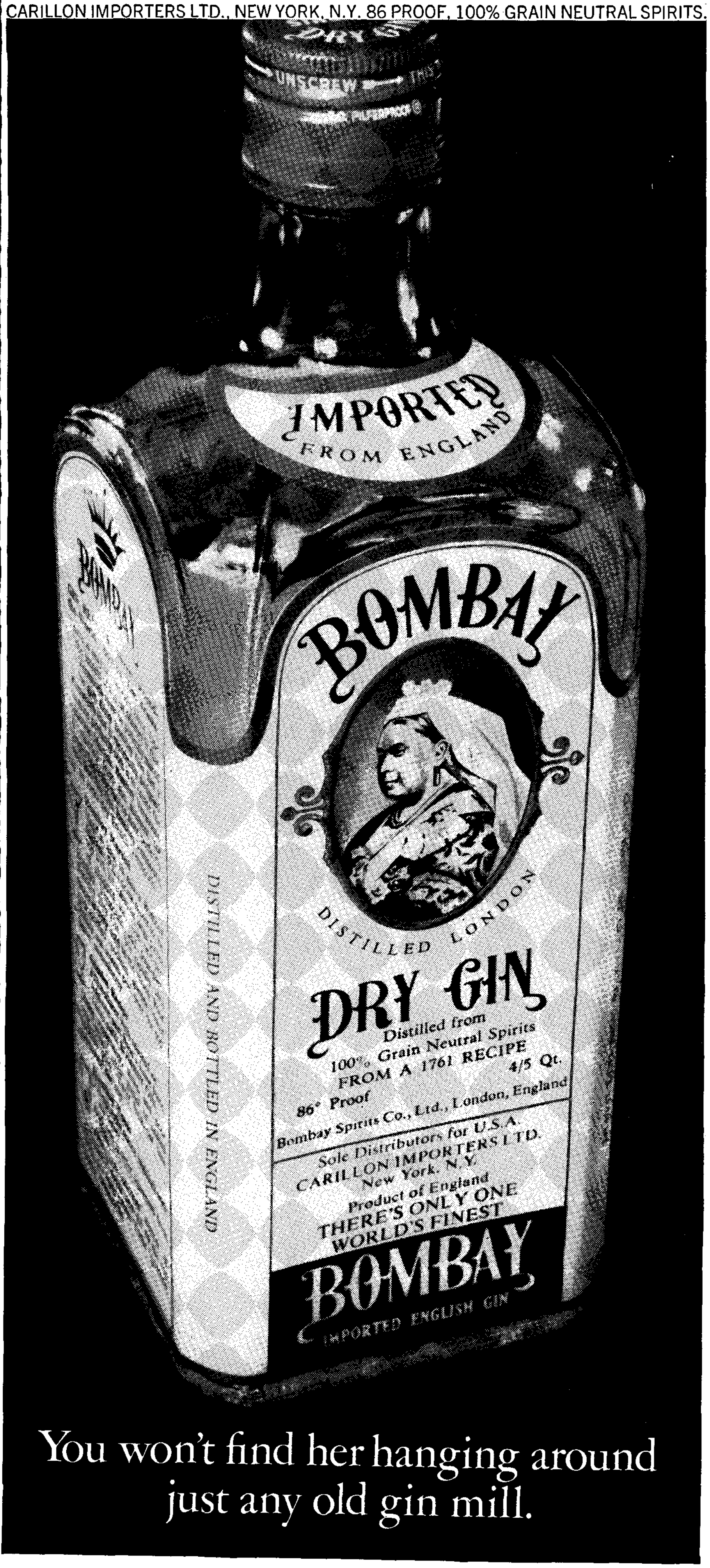
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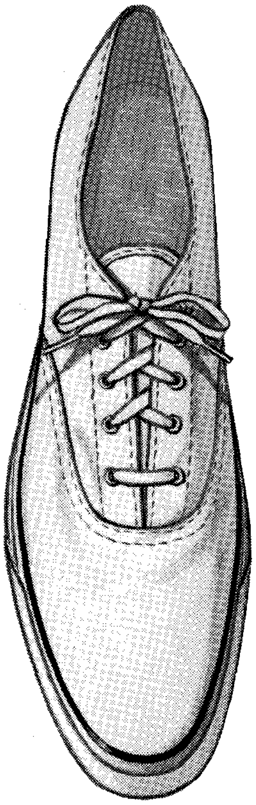

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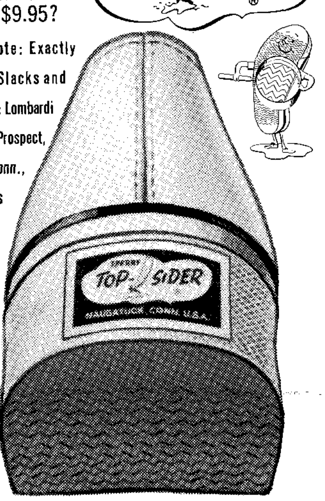

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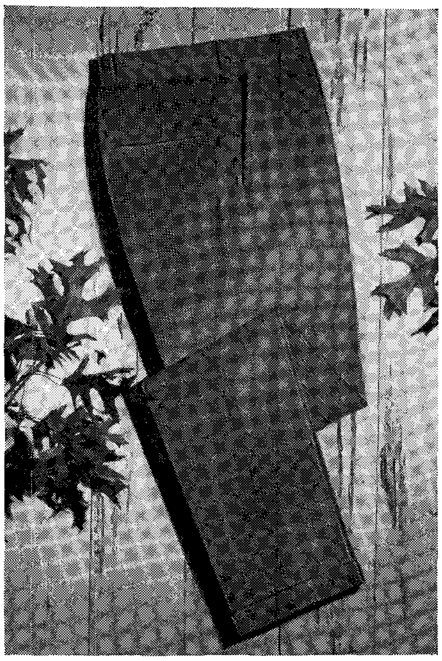
culations don't please him, he tells Fuzzy to speed it up. In twenty-three years, the headmaster has never told Fuzzy to slow down. "And, boy," says Fuzzy, "have we had some pretty good rides!" The headmaster will get into the car in Deerfield and tell Fuzzy what time he has to be where. Then it is up to Fuzzy to get him there, even if the destination happens to be more miles away than there are minutes left before the appointment. It was the same way with Fuzzy's father-in-law. In those days, the headmaster often used a train called the Minute Man for his longer trips, but, of course, he had to catch it. The Minute Man's route went along the base of the hills to the west of the school, across the river. The headmaster would wait until it went by, then go out and jump in the car and tell Fuzzy's father-in-law to go after it. Sometimes they caught the train at the next stop, sometimes two stops down the line, but it never got away. The night of the Brink's robbery, in 1950, a squadron of state policemen closed in on the Cadillac, waved Fuzzy over, and told him to get out, because they were going to investigate the car. The headmaster was asleep, but he sat up and said, "Tell them to go away." They went away. Fuzzy spends more time with the headmaster than anyone else does. "He's never given me hell for anything," Fuzzy says. "If that isn't a record, I don't know. God knows he could have. You know, weather has never questioned that man. We've left Deerfield in blizzards. He's a corker. He's drier than a covered bridge."

The headmaster's appointment is at Amherst's new Robert Frost Library, where he has asked Deerfield's architect, William Platt, to meet him and talk about Deerfield's new library, which will incorporate similar features. He points out to the architect what an exciting opportunity this is to create something unparalleled among facilities at secondary schools. Then he tells the architect exactly how he wants each element to be done. He returns to Deerfield and has dinner with three young admissions men from Harvard. He reminisces about his friend Dean Pennypacker, their distinguished predecessor, who died before they were born. At half past six, the faculty fills up the headmaster's living room, having after-dinner coffee. On some occasions during this daily event, the headmaster has clapped his hands and told everyone to be sure to go to the town hall and vote on zoning, or a bond issue, or whatever happens to be going on in politics in the valley. If the headmaster is an educator



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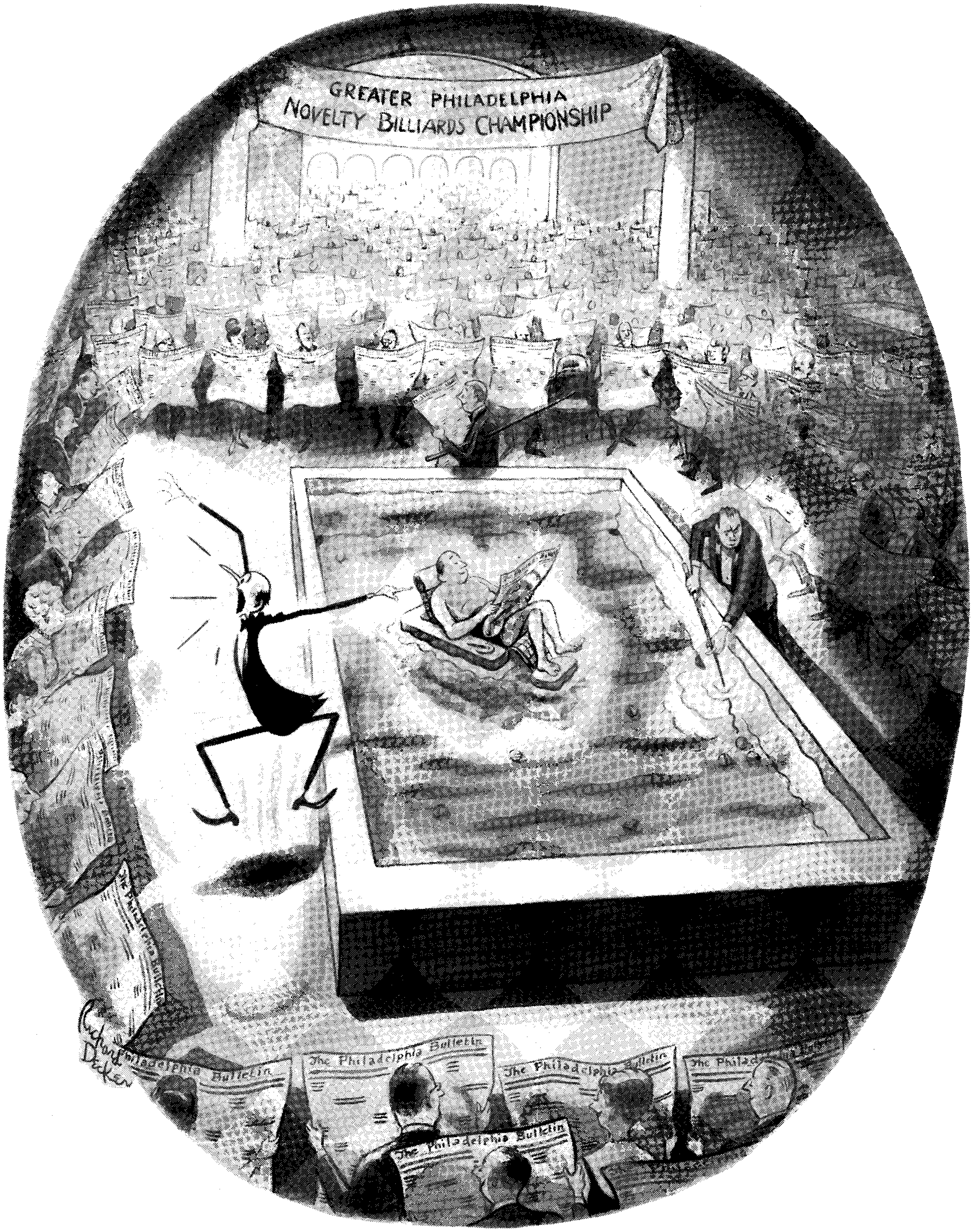
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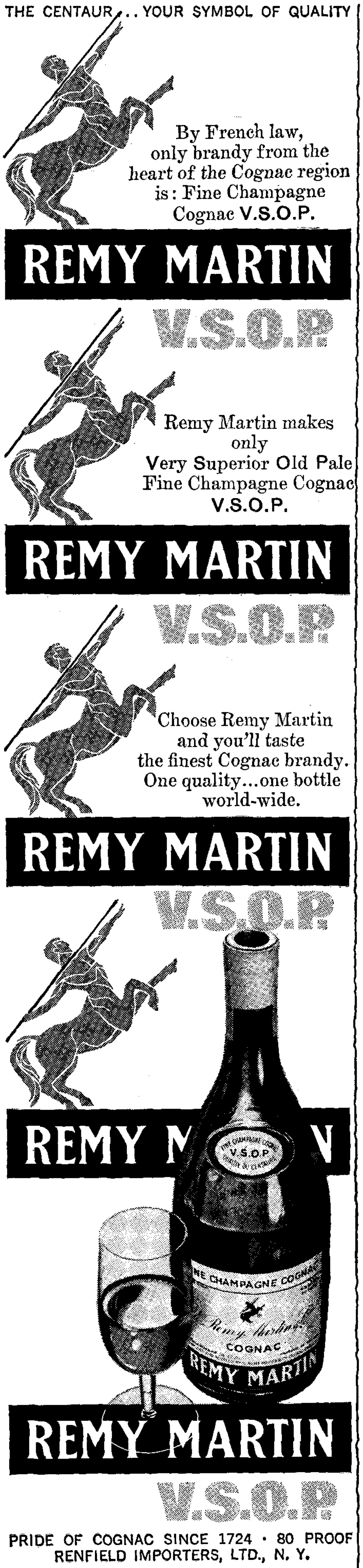
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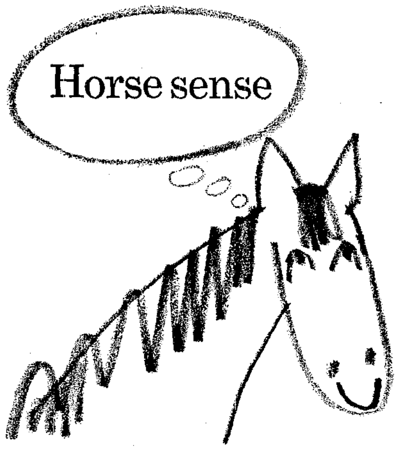
by intuition, he is a politician by instinct. While he was building his school, he built himself into a political force incomparably more powerful than the headmaster of any school would be simply by virtue of his position. Boyden started by going around to church suppers all over the area. Then he served for years as town constable; he represented the district at state conventions; and he opened up his academy for the use of the community. Every three or four weeks, for decades, a banquet has been held there for hundreds of people—Red Cross, county assessors, Community Fund, a tool company's annual blast. The headmaster charges little or nothing. Once a month, the village Men's Club eats gluttonous slabs of roast beef for fifty cents apiece. At Commencement time, the great academy dinner is open to anyone from anywhere, and hundreds of people come. The headmaster is paying them back. When he had no money, the great academy dinner was prepared by the farmers' wives, who brought the food with them. During the First World War, the academy boys saved local businessmen by unloading freight cars, and throughout the Second World War they picked potatoes. The headmaster constantly repeats to his boys the theme of responsibility to the community, of the need for all of them to become engaged citizens. From this base he has risen to be "the master politician in western Massachusetts," as one man in Greenfield puts it, going on to say, "All people in this part of the state consult him when they are thinking of running for office." A Massachusetts state policeman once said, "The headmaster is the only person of importance around here who calls us all by our first names." In 1959, when Nelson Rockefeller was trying to decide whether to seek the Republican nomination for President, he invited ten men from New England to a meeting in New York. Boyden was one of the ten—and not because Rockefeller had earlier sent two sons to Deerfield. The will of Charles Merrill was a complicated one—it involved payments to Deerfield, Amherst, and other institutions, spread out over many years—and a tax ruling was made that was unfavorable to the beneficiaries. They stood to lose millions, and the only way to change the situation was through an Act of Congress. The possibility of such legislation was considered nil by everyone but the headmaster, so one day in 1957 Boyden went alone to Washington. He was there only long enough to look up his contacts in Congress, the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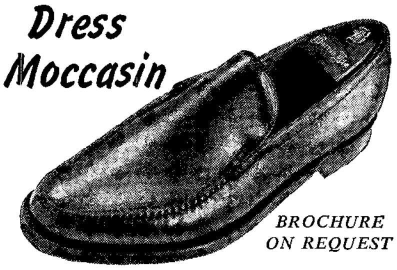

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Senate, the Cabinet, and the White House. The bill was written and passed. The headmaster recently moved a proposed alignment for an interstate highway with a flick of his elbow. No one knows the number of people in the valley who are wholly or partly supported by him, but no one doubts that it is considerable. His charitable instincts have never been reckless, however. In 1940, a man in Greenfield wrote to the headmaster, told him that he was out of money, winter was coming, his children were sick, and he would be immeasurably grateful if the headmaster could send him two tons of coal. The headmaster sent him one ton of coal.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1955

DEAR SHERM:

I am sorry about the President's Birthday Party, for we had such a good time at the one in Pennsylvania.

FEBRUARY 7, 1959

DEAR PRESIDENT EISENHOWER:

Thank you for your letter. As always I am very grateful to you for the appointment to the Jamestown-Williamsburg-Yorktown Celebration Commission. . . . I think back with much pleasure to the half-hour which you gave me when you took one minute to say you could not come to Deerfield and then suggested that since we had twenty-nine minutes left we talk about something in which we were both interested and experienced—namely, the seventeen to eighteen year old boy. I was also very glad that you and Mrs. Eisenhower used my cart for the Birthday Celebration in Hershey.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1957

DEAR NELSON:

This is a letter which does not require an answer, but I did want to tell you how interested I am in your efforts to keep the Dodgers in Brooklyn.

DECEMBER 15, 1923

DEAR FATHER SULLIVAN:

I have just been looking at the Greenfield *Recorder* for December 8th, and have seen the notice of your ordination to the priesthood. Please accept my hearty congratulations on the completion of your studies. I am always very much interested in the progress of any of the boys from this section with whom I have been associated in athletics and otherwise. I always felt during your connection with the high school in Turners Falls that you had real power of leadership.

Tonight, in place of the ordinary Evening Meeting, a visiting alumnus is going to describe to the boys his experiences swimming under the ice in the Antarctic and recording the sounds of seals. The headmaster talks first, telling the boys how nice it is to have alumni return, especially from such remote and unusual places, and as he goes on in this vein he is before his school in his most characteristic attitude. He has gripped both lapels of his double-breasted jacket, and he draws them to-

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gether as if he were cold. He wrinkles his nose. He has a smile on his face, and he interrupts himself with soft, inaudible laughter. He sits down to hear the lecture, resting one ankle on the other knee.

After the evening study period, the headmaster's living room fills up again—this time with varsity athletes, who have come for milk, crackers, and a blackboard talk by the coach. The coach is modern, very able, and technical. The headmaster adds a few words that are not even faintly technical. These brief evening gatherings of football, basketball, and baseball players have been going on at the headmaster's house for about fifty years. When the boys have gone, he sits down, puts his ankle up on his knee, and says, "I don't feel any less power or any less vigor than I did forty years ago. I'm hoping to be able to have three more years."

In the late nineteen-thirties, some prospective Deerfield parents hesitated before sending their sons to Deerfield because they thought that the headmaster, being close to sixty, might be nearing the end of his career. Among these was Henry N. Flynt, who did decide to send his son to Deerfield and is now the chairman of the academy's board of trustees and the head of the foundation that has financed the preservation of many Deerfield houses. The headmaster himself, in the nineteen-thirties, said to a member of his faculty, "One of the things I regret is that I am not going to live long enough to see how Deerfield boys do." In the mid-forties, the headmaster began saying, "If I can only have five more years . . ."—a stock preamble to a discussion of his plans of the moment. He used this same line through the nineteen-fifties and the early sixties. Now, in his living room, he repeats, "I'm hoping to be able to have three more years. I'd like five, but I'm very conscious of my age. Look, I'm not selfish about it. I'm not going to bother anybody by hanging on too long, but I would like to see the library finished. Perhaps I will have to retire someday, but I'm not setting any definite date."

The headmaster recently wrote a long, discursive letter to all Deerfield alumni and parents in which he obscurely used the word "retire." Hundreds of eloquent testimonials and thousands of dollars arrived by return mail. Answering the letters, he thanked everyone and assured them that he had no intention whatever of retiring. "I've got to do an awful lot in three years, if I can," he says. "I have a feeling that if you've got something good

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enough to be preserved, it will be. I just kept working. I have never had time enough to concentrate on any one difficulty. The thing I have tried to build is a unity of feeling. The thing I hope is always retained here is the school's flexibility. We've just kept abreast of the times. We haven't gone wild. There's a sense of permanence in the school." He looks with surprise at some notes about the academy that were written by him in 1906. They have been filed away for sixty years, and he has forgotten that they existed. "The object of the school should be the development of character, to help each pupil to do that for which he is best suited," he reads. "This can be done in the country, because the comparatively small numbers make it possible to do much personal work, and the relationship between pupil and teacher becomes more intimate."

"Not bad," he says. "I was ahead of things, wasn't I? I didn't know I could do it." —JOHN MCPHEE

•

LONDON (WNS)—Three teenage girls—daughters of an Austrian farmer—have been persuaded to sacrifice their long, lovely hair, to make England's Duchess of Bedford three wigs.

The duchess's two hairdresser friends in Austria, Albert and Heinz Griesser, searched for natural hair which had never been treated with lacquer or waving processes. Then they found three sisters—Hilda, Hedy and Notburga Kilingenshid, in a village near Innsbruck—and the search was ended. Indeed, the girls were very happy to have their hair cut off.

The wigs duly arrived at Woburn Abbey, the stately home 40 miles north of London. With its big lawns and superb flower gardens it heads the list of country mansions open to the public in Britain.

Albert and Heinz were greeted by the duke and duchess, and tea was served on the terrace by Portuguese servants. Afterwards the two brothers took the wigs to the magnificent private apartments, where they were tried on. The duke agreed that his objection to the wigs was quite unfounded, for these faithfully reproduced the duchess' elegant normal hairstyle—only more so!

The wigs looked marvellous in the pink and blue bedrooms, in the state rooms, and particularly outside, against the crimson rhododendrons.

Later the duchess supervised the laying of the dinner table, with a maid carrying the wigs on a gold tray.

"I wanted to see how they looked in the candlelight," she laughed, as the duke lit a score of candles in the silver sticks on the table.

Albert said afterwards: "If only the sisters could have been here, too. They would have seen how lovely the duchess looked."—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

And they could have helped lay the dinner table, and washed up afterward.

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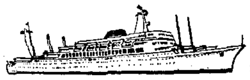

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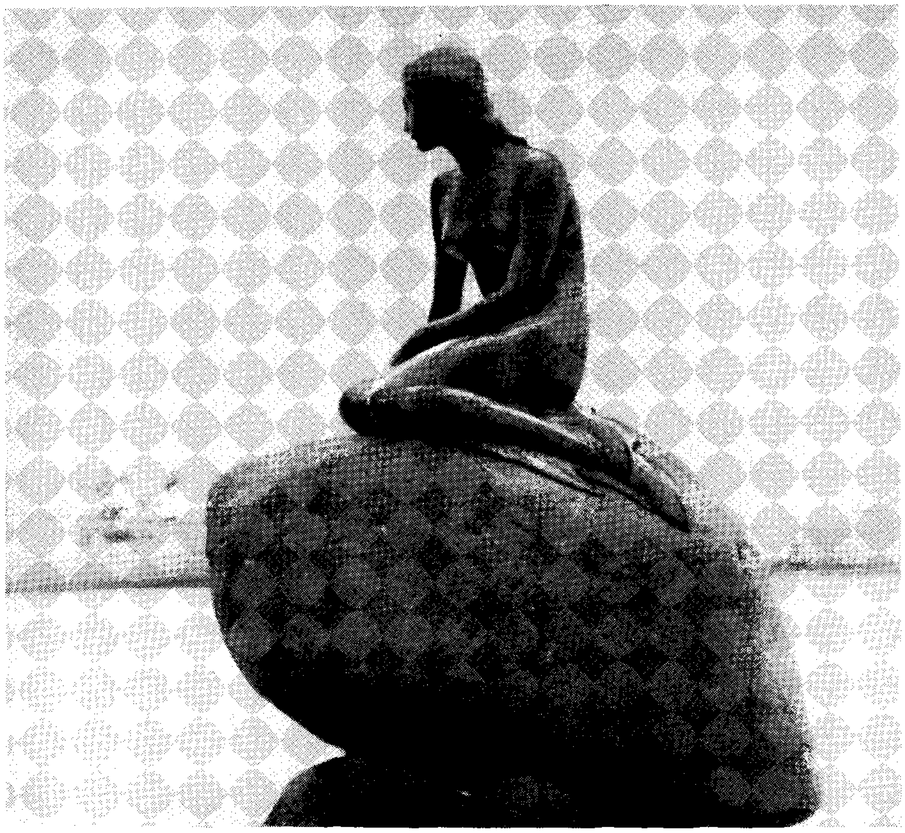

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THE THEATRE

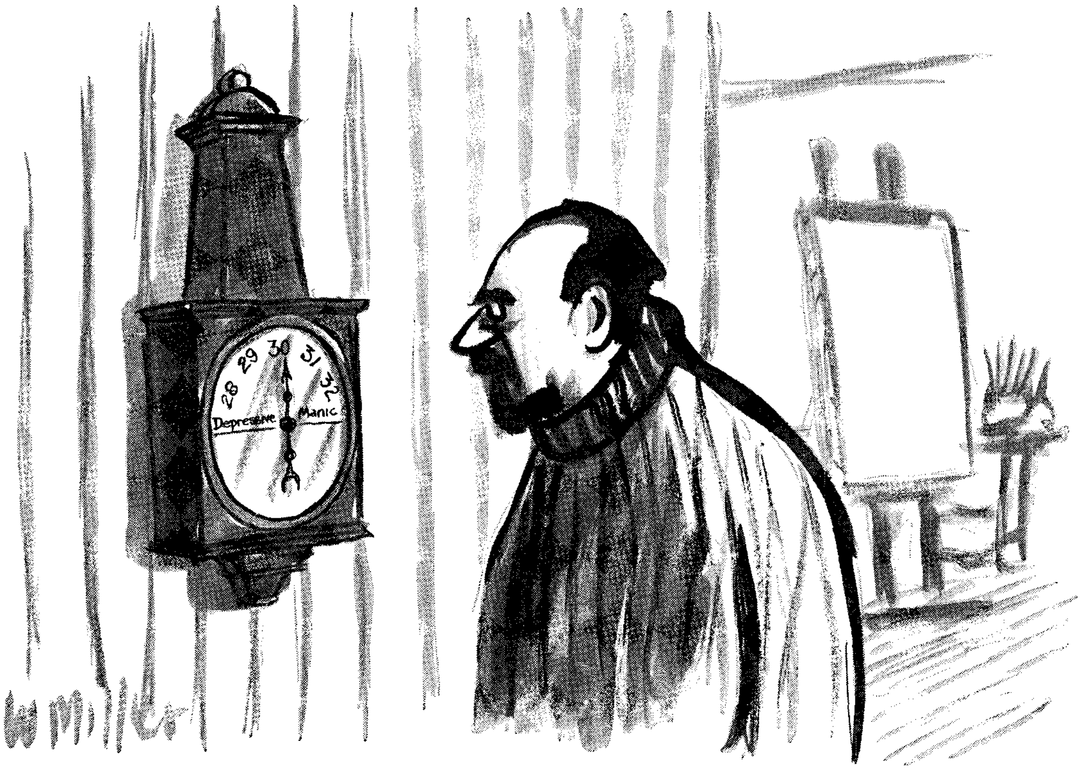
SWEET AND LOWDOWN

“Wait a Minim!,” at the John Golden, is a show with quite a long record of past performances. It originated in Johannesburg in 1962, ran for a couple of years in South Africa, and then moved on to London for another lengthy stay before coming over here. In the circumstances, we might expect it to be a somewhat tired enterprise, but happily it is not. It is bright and ebullient, and the eight entertainers who make up its cast are a high-spirited lot with all sorts of youthful charm. A kind of musical mélange, crowded with folk songs of Africa, Ireland, England, Japan, and Haiti, “Wait a Minim!” is presented in such an easygoing style that it often seems extemporaneous, and after a few minutes have gone by you may find yourself identifying the players by their first names, as if they were old friends. This atmosphere of amicability helps to compensate for the show’s occasional lapses into rather sophomoric satire (one such passage is concerned with whites in South Africa who prattle about racial tolerance while shooting down Negroes), and also for some comic turns that are just a little wheezy. Fortunately, these distressful moments are not too frequent, and when “Wait a Minim!” gets around to spoofing Afrikaner hoe-downs, native dances, and Japanese wrestlers (as you can see, the content is widely diversified), it is amusing indeed.

But it is the music that is all-important, and, as arranged and directed by Andrew Tracey, who also functions effectively onstage, along with his brother Paul, Kendrew Lascelles, Michel Martel, Nigel Pegram, April Olrich, Dana Valery, and Sarah Atkinson, it is consistently interesting. Among the instruments employed by the two Traceys and Mr. Pegram are Chopi timbila, Lozi drums, a Rhodesian mbira, a kalimba, an Indian tanpura drone, a double respiratory linguaphone, and bagpipes. The others in the cast bang, toot, and strum less mysterious musical apparatuses, but they contribute handsomely to periodic uproars, and in the final number they make a real rouser of “Amasalela” (“Baca Fighting Song, Transkei”). The performers on view are all attractive, but perhaps it wouldn’t be invidious to single out for special commendation Paul Tracey, who is a splendid low-key comedian, and Dana Valery, who has a lovely set of pipes. “Wait a Minim!” was devised by Leon Gluckman, who, with Frank Rembach, also saw to its décor and lighting. Both of them deserve our thanks.

Paul Ford dashes about like a worried basset hound in “3 Bags Full,” at Henry Miller’s, but his antics, however comical, don’t dispel the general tedium of the play by Jerome Chodorov, who based his work on a French farce by Claude Magnier. As is customary in Gallic romps, this one includes endless complications, and before long it becomes almost hopelessly confused. Briefly, it deals with the worries and woes of an avaricious sporting-goods magnate (Mr. Ford), back in the early nineteen-hundreds, whose favorite employee robs him of half a million dollars and refuses to return it until the rich man has promised to let him marry his daughter. As it happens, the girl the crook wants to marry has only pretended to be the rich man’s daughter. She is actually the illegitimate child of a housemaid. The legitimate daughter, it presently develops, is pregnant as a result of an affair with the family chauffeur. She’s a great one for spouting Shaw and gabbling about women’s rights, but if she’s a nuisance to have around, she isn’t any more so than most of the others in evidence. After a while, it turns out that the girl pretending to be Mr. Ford’s daughter actually *is* his daughter, although illegitimately. Meanwhile, arrangements have been made for the legitimate daughter to marry the chauffeur. A good deal of hanky-panky finally occurs in which three bags—two containing money and jewelry that the crook has stashed away, and the other containing lingerie—are juggled about in a furious mixup. I guess this sounds a trifle mixed up, too, but that’s the way things are. The cast that shares the stage with Mr. Ford doesn’t give him much support.

“Happily Never After,” which closed at the Eugene O’Neill at the conclusion of four performances, was a comedy concerned with marital disharmony in which there was all kinds of chatter about



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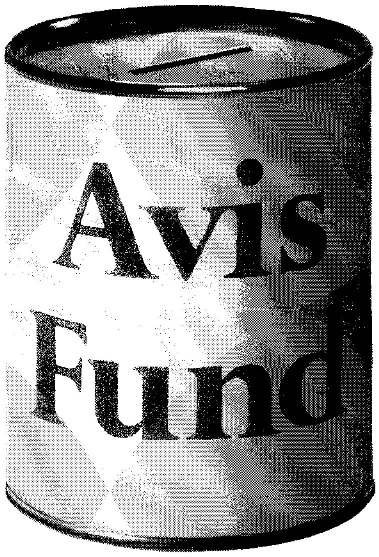

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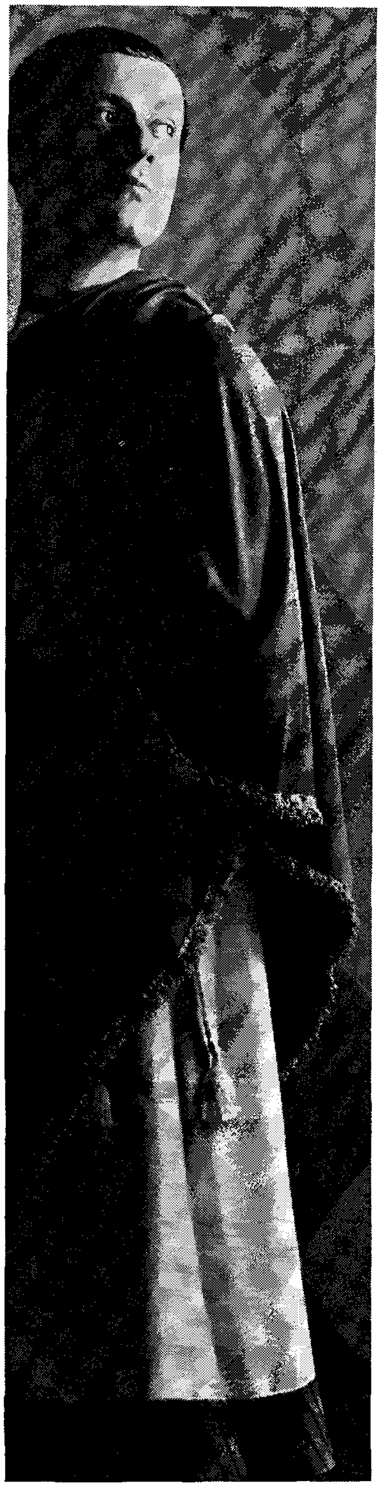

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sex, birth control, divorce, and so on. There were no jokes and no situations worth a second's attention. All things considered, it had a longer run than I thought it would. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Doleful Dance

FOR the past few years, quite a bit of news has been drifting over from England about John Arden's "Serjeant Musgrave's Dance," which opened originally at the Royal Court in 1959. Since then, it has been successfully revived at university and provincial theatres and on television, and Mr. Arden has become one of England's most successful dramatists. Last week, it was put on here, at the De Lys, by The Establishment, which means that it got a much more lavish and finished production than we are used to Off Broadway. Even so, it was a great disappointment. "Serjeant Musgrave's Dance" is a didactic melodrama set in Victorian times and written and performed as a kind of Victorian primitive. The action takes place in various spots—a pub, a wharf, a stable, a graveyard, and the marketplace—in a coal town in the North of England. It is winter, and the collieries are shut down, because of either a strike or a company lockout, depending on which side you're on. All is bleak and angry. Musgrave, who is a deserter, and three privates from his company, also deserters, come there in the guise of recruiters. They have chosen the town because it was the home of a comrade-in-arms named Billy, who has been shot dead. The Serjeant is a fanatic, a religious man addled by grief over Billy's death and over the subsequent massacre by the Queen's Army of thirty-four harmless natives at some colonial outpost. He and his soldiers are conspirators on a mission, and they have brought along four crates, three of them containing weapons. The contents of the fourth crate (which I suppose I should keep secret, although Mr. Arden scatters plenty of hints along the way) are meant to shock the townsfolk—and especially any disheartened coal miners who are considering joining up—into an awareness of the horror of war and violence. Things do not work out precisely as planned for a number of reasons, some of which are drowned in the tremendous general activity at the end of the play. Mr. Arden's writing is not the clearest on earth, and he certainly is a relentless man with an obvious point, hammering away long after

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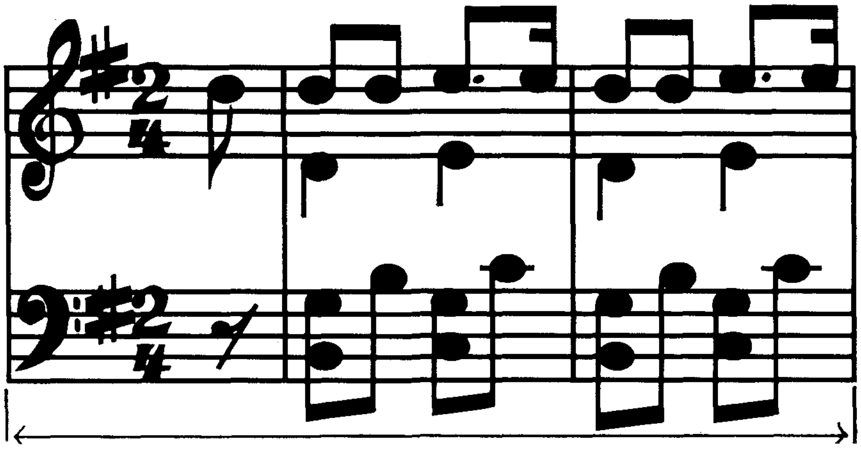
it has reached home. Sifting out his subsidiary ideas and the twists of his plot from all the clatter and clutter becomes a problem.

The play is deliberately styled in the nineteenth-century manner. It is bold and brash (or imitation bold and brash). Characters turn and speak straight front while those behind them freeze to living statues, or they sing, alone or in chorus, on rather shaky provocation. These musical interludes, by the way, are not like the wonderful eruptions of song in Brendan Behan's plays, and I don't think they have much to do with Brecht, either. There is a villainous bargee, named Bludgeon (David Doyle), who confides his evil plans at great length to the audience. The mayor of the town (Dan Durning) is an oily hypocrite who shows his hand at every turn, and so is his crony the parson (Thomas Barbour). The proprietress of the pub (Charlotte Jones) is a motherly soul, as soothing and occasionally snappish as a nanny. Her barmaid (Jeanne Hepple), once Billy's girl, has become a crazy wanton, flinging herself at everyone in sight, and carrying on sort of like Mad Margaret in "Ruddigore." The leader of the displaced miners (W. B. Brydon) is an old-fashioned gruff diamond who knows what's what. The three privates are an eager, sensitive boy (Terry Lomax), a rather stolid, surly young man (Roy R. Scheider), and an idealistic elderly man (Leigh Wharton). All these characters are synthetics, but the actors are not. They make the most of their quiet or amusing or genuine scenes, and there are some. As the rigid Musgrave, breaking into verse or a ritualistic dance, or screaming out his terror in a nightmare, John Colicos does very well. Yet the emotions of everyone concerned stop short of the footlights, and so does the comedy. For all the noise and movement, the play has little real vitality, being neither moving nor stirring. Underneath its jumpy surface, "Serjeant Musgrave's Dance" seems to me—as Mr. Arden's "Live Like Pigs" did last season—conventional, sentimental, and, what is worse, condescending to its own characters, most of whom are of the working class and could have been assembled from old *Punch* cartoons.

THE company of "Hooray!! It's a Glorious Day . . . and All That" seems so pleased with it that some of the pleasure is bound to seep into the audience, and indeed it does—for a while, anyway. The show, at Theatre



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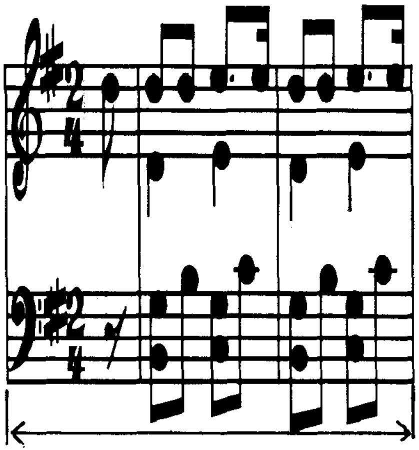

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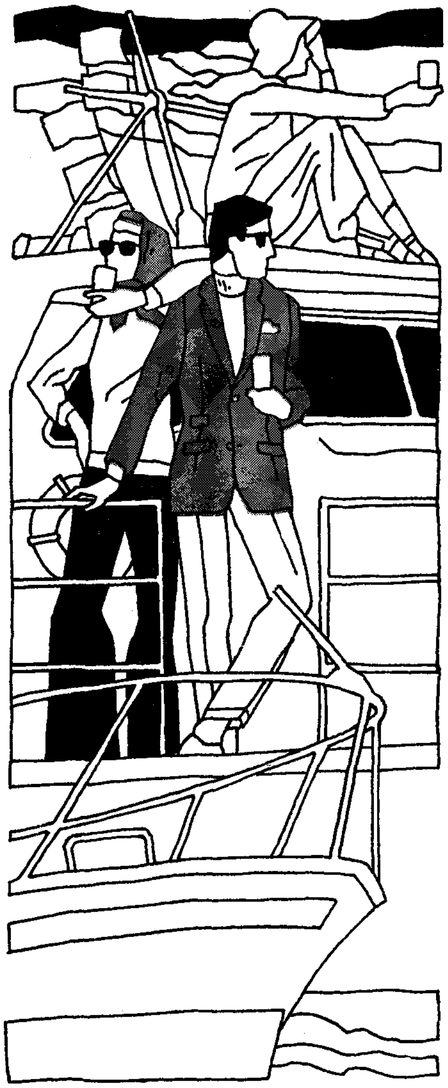

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Four, is yet another musical that kids musicals. The players are for the most part young, appealing, relatively inexperienced, and, heaven knows, good-humored. They sing and dance and speak their lines well enough. Arthur Gordon's songs, purposely imitative, are tuneful and varied enough, and some of the lyrics, by Ethel Bieber, Maurice Teitelbaum, and Charles Grodin, are amusing enough. There are some shrewd moments and some truly funny ones, and there is some bright dialogue. But indiscriminate kidding that makes no distinction between the foolish conventions and the glorious routines of musical comedy is bound to wear awfully thin quite soon. Spoofing the night-club scene from "Guys and Dolls," which was in itself real parody, is just plain point-missing, and doing a time step carelessly for laughs somehow implies that a time step isn't worth doing well, which is damned annoying. "Hooray!!, etc." is a one-joke show—or, if you count letting the audience in on everything as a sort of subjoke, a one-and-a-half-joke show. Whether you would enjoy it or not would depend, I should think, on your feeling about the Princeton Triangle or the Hasty Pudding (I'm for both of them), or your ability to forget that it was at Theatre Four that we saw that revival of "The Boys from Syracuse."

—EDITH OLIVER

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[*From the Encyclopædia Britannica, 1962 edition*]

Iphigeneia, daughter of Agamemnon (*q.v.*); not mentioned in Homer, but by some absurdly identified with the Iphianassa of Il ix, 145, who was alive and well some ten years after Iphigeneia's supposed death.—*Volume 12, page 584.*

By Clytemnestra, Agamemnon had three daughters, Iphigenia (Iphianassa), Electra (Laodice) and Chrysothemis, and a son, Orestes.—*Volume 1, page 345.*

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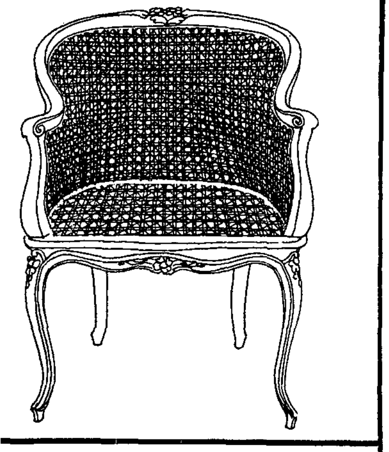

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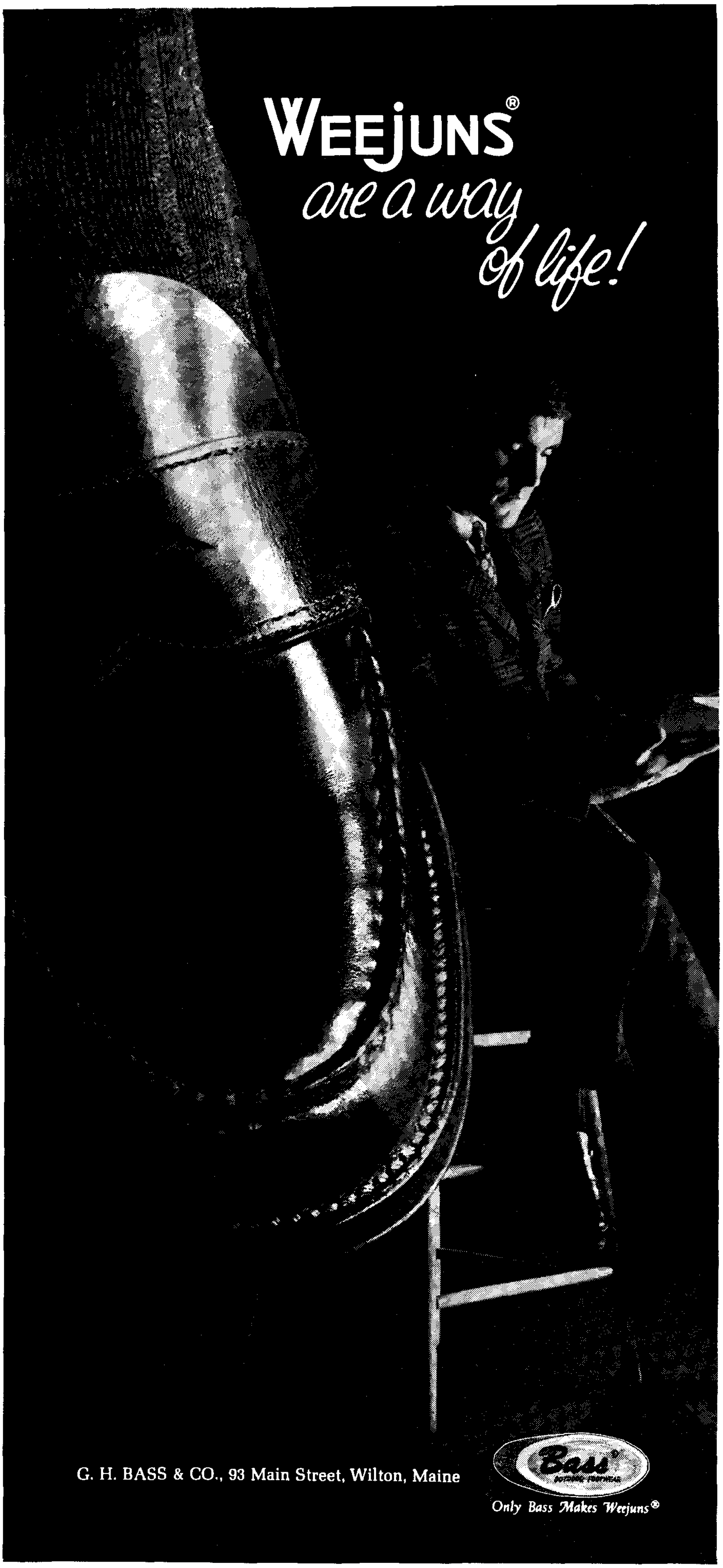
THE RACE TRACK

End of the Line

AS you probably know by now, Kelso's racing days are over. He has a hairline fracture of a sesamoid bone in his right ankle, and Carl Hanford, his trainer, says that it's the end of racing for him. It seems that he rapped the ankle when he swerved sharply during a workout one morning last month, but the hurt didn't appear to be anything to worry about. However, a couple of days after the nine-year-old Kelly, as racetrackers call him, finished fourth in his first start of the season, at Hialeah, there was cause for concern. X-rays were taken, and these showed the fracture. The foreleg is now in a cast, and it may be weeks before he is shipped to the Maryland farm of Mrs. Richard C. du Pont, his owner. Though he is $22,104 short of that two million, which was his goal, he's still the top money-winner of all time, with a total of $1,977,896. One of these days, that figure will be passed, but for a generation, at least, he will be the idol of racegoers. In the many years I've been around the race track, I have never seen such adulation of a horse. He didn't have the commanding presence of Man o' War, or the flourish of long-tailed Whirlaway, or the last-minute rush through the stretch that made Stymie the darling of the Saturday horseplayers, or a catchy name like Twenty Grand. Perhaps it was his even and effortless galloping and the ability to quicken his pace intensively at the right moment that endeared him to the crowd—and the fact that he won thirty-nine of his sixty-three starts. Then, too, there was a glamour round him as the result of his having been named Horse of the Year five times. Curiously, among his admirers are thousands of girls and boys, ten years old and upward, all over the country, who have never been on a racecourse but have seen him on television and read about him, and who write him fan letters and send him ribbons in his stable colors to decorate his mane and tail, and cakes on his birthday.

Kelso's aficionados have definite, and different, opinions as to which was his greatest race. My vote is for the 1962 Washington, D.C., International at Laurel, in which he finished second. In the first six furlongs of that mile and a half, he raced Beau Purple, winner of



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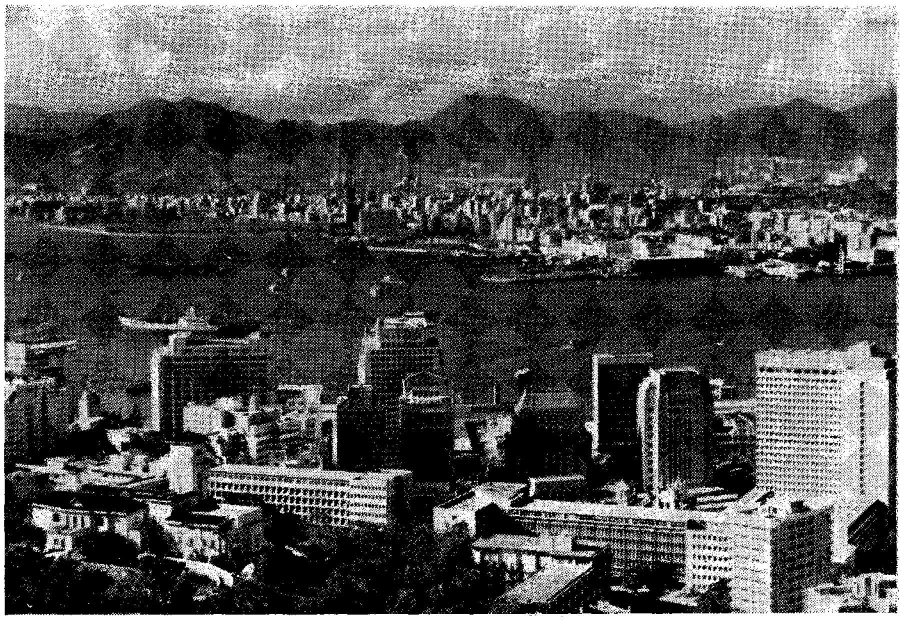

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THE ORIENT IS HONG KONG

the Suburban and the Brooklyn earlier that season, right out of the picture, then fought off the prolonged challenge of Carry Back, who was never in better form. Only in the last fifty yards did Match II, the best of the older racers in France that year, get his head in front. Kelso's effort was that of a champion.

JOHNNY LONGDEN's last ride as a jockey had a storybook ending. Astride George Royal, the Canadian runner on whom he won the race a year ago, he won the San Juan Capistrano Handicap at Santa Anita last Saturday, beating Plaque, a long shot, by a nose after a dramatic drive down the stretch. Tom Cat was third and Hill Rise, the favorite, fourth. It was Longden's six-thousand-and-thirty-second winner. In the forty years he has been riding, he has had more than thirty-two thousand mounts, whose earnings topped twenty-four million dollars—altogether an unassailable record. For some time, the aches and pains from injuries he received in his many spills—so many that he's lost count of them—have been creeping up on him. Besides, he is fifty-nine years old. When he won the Canadian Championship on George Royal at Woodbine in Toronto last autumn, the inevitable question came up: When would he retire? "One of these days," he said. "Then I'll train some horses. Racing's my life. I'd be lost without it."

EDDIE NELOY had horses of Ogden Phipps and the Wheatley Stable all over the shop last Saturday. Time Tested rolled home by four in the Old Line Handicap at Pimlico, but Stupendous was beaten by a nose by Blue Skyer in the Louisiana Derby at the New Orleans Fair Grounds, and Dapper Dan ran fifth, a nod ahead of Pia Star, in the Donn Handicap at Gulfstream Park, which was won by Tronado.

AQUEDUCT won't seem quite the same without Mr. Fitz—James Edward Fitzsimmons—who died at the age of ninety-one in Miami last week. Visits to his stables on the backstretch, where he developed and trained so many good horses for the Belair Stud and the Wheatley Stable, will always be among my most pleasant memories.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

If your alterations on a pattern are extensive, it's a good idea to work on a muslim first.—*Hartford Courant.*

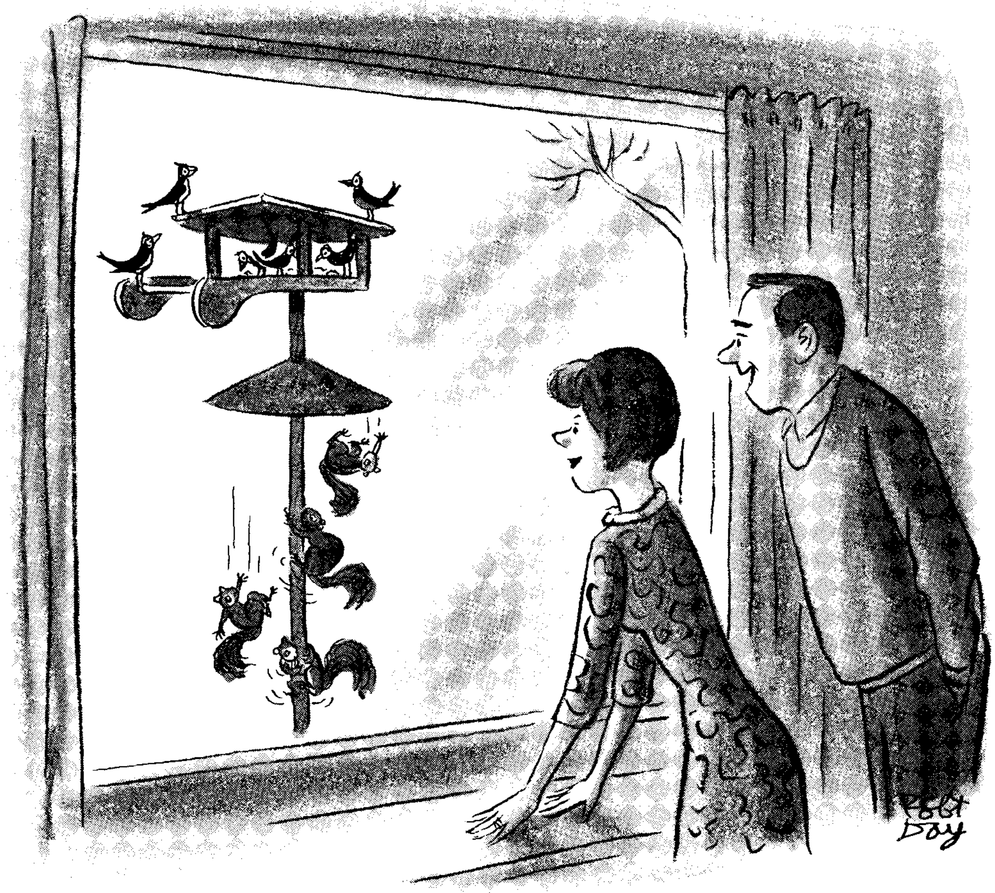
A good roughing up is the thing.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

March 11

Senator Fulbright, a former pedagogue, is once again engaged in an educational enterprise with a political object. He is persuaded that we are headed toward a catastrophic war with China, and it is his hope that the expert witnesses—mainly from the universities—who are now appearing before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee will reveal the folly and the danger of our course and thus lead us to abandon or change it. He and certain of his colleagues on the committee display a Jeffersonian confidence in the political efficacy of public disclosure and debate. For more than a year now, hardly a day has gone by in which Senator Morse, another educator in politics, has failed to announce that the American people, set free by the truth he is imparting to them, "are going to repudiate the policies of this administration." One day last week, he said, "I am satisfied that when the people get the facts, if we can get the facts to them, that this administration will soon understand that it is either going to change its foreign policy, or the people are going to change this administration." It seems unlikely that this month's investigation of China policy will attract the attention that last month's investigation of policy in Vietnam did, for the television networks have decided against live coverage. But if whatever impact it has is anything like that of the February hearings, it will not measurably advance Senator Fulbright's cause. For in those hearings, and in the extensive debate that followed them, it was not the critics but the defenders of administration policy who made the strongest impression. "American public opinion," according to a Louis Harris survey released this week, "is hardening in the belief that only military successes will resolve the war in Vietnam." The percentage of people favoring escalation is only slightly greater than the percentage of those opposing it—fifty-three per cent to forty-seven—but it is on the rise. In December, for example, no more than forty per cent favored blockading Haiphong and other North Vietnamese ports. Now fifty per cent endorse this measure, which the first of Senator Fulbright's witnesses, A. Doak Barnett, a distinguished Sinologist from Columbia University, and a man by no means as much opposed to administration policy as some of the senators before whom he testified, thinks might bring China directly into the war. Of the ten-per-cent gain, two per cent came from those who had earlier thought blockade imprudent or unnecessary, and eight per cent came from those who three months earlier had no opinion. On this particular question, which is currently under consideration in the government, Harris's "not sure" category is down from one American in three to one American in four. The ranks of the uncertain and the indifferent are thinning, and most of those who have acquired convictions seem to be joining the militants.

In the aftermath of the recent controversies, the war party has been strengthened. This might have happened in any event. War breeds impatience and a demand for its sterner prosecution. What seems clearly a product of the inquiry is an increase in intellectual confusion over the origins and nature of our commitment in Vietnam. Before last month, there was general agreement that our military involvement had developed from the Eisenhower administration's effort to assist in building sound political and economic institutions in that part of Vietnam which did not fall under Communist control by the terms of the Geneva conference of 1954. This was a commitment that may have rested on bad judgment, but it was nevertheless made in good faith. It was originally set forth in a letter from President Eisenhower to President Ngo Dinh Diem of South Vietnam on October 23, 1954, and it was reaffirmed in May, 1961, by a statement issued jointly in Saigon by President Diem and then Vice-President Johnson, and again, in December of that year, in a letter from President Kennedy to President Diem. All three American leaders wrote of the commitment as a strictly bilateral agreement between friendly powers. But last month the Secretary of State, to the astonishment of almost everyone here, told the Foreign Relations Committee that we were in Vietnam because our membership in the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization required us to be there. "It is this fundamental SEATO obligation that has from the outset guided our actions in South Vietnam," he said. This was a novel justification, and, in the eyes of many people here, whether supporters or detractors of the administration, an almost comic one. There is an accord—its proper name is the Southeast Asia Collective Defense Treaty—that was signed in Manila on September 8, 1954, and was ratified by the Senate on February 1, 1955; strictly speaking, though, there is no such thing as the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization. That is to say, the "O" in "SEATO" stands for nothing, since



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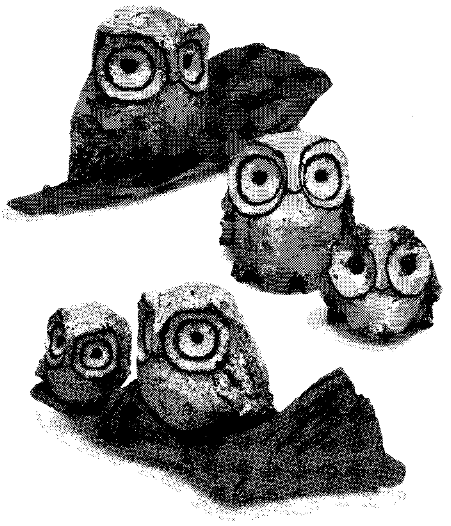
there has never been any "organization"—or, for that matter, any standing force or unified command—similar to that of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Indeed, the use of the word "organization" made the principal author of the treaty, John Foster Dulles, most uneasy. "We are trying to get away from the word," he told the Foreign Relations Committee eleven years ago. "We do not intend to dedicate any major elements of the U.S. military establishment to form an army of defense in this area. We rely primarily upon the deterrent of our mobile striking force. That we made clear to our associates in the treaty, and that is our policy." As it happened, the treaty had grown out of the Eisenhower administration's dissatisfaction with the 1954 Geneva conference, and one of the chief reasons for its negotiation was to legitimize in advance any United States intervention in any of the three non-Communist states formed from what had been French Indo-China. But it became in a very short time a source of embarrassment to most of the signatories, including the United States, for it was almost immediately clear that the treaty was little more than a piece of thin, transparent paper. Most of the Southeast Asian powers had declined to sign it. The Asian members were the client states of Pakistan, Thailand, and the Philippines, and the others, besides the United States, were France, the United Kingdom, Australia, and New Zealand. It was, of course, a legal commitment, and a binding one insofar as its fuzzy language permitted, and neither of the Presidents whom Secretary Rusk has served has been publicly contemptuous of it. But it has always been the prime example of what Democratic leaders have had in mind when they accused President Eisenhower's administration—and, in particular, Secretary Dulles—of "pactomania." It was part of a method of diplomacy against which Kennedy and Johnson campaigned in 1960. Given an opportunity to attack the treaty during his candidacy, Kennedy barely failed to seize it. In an interview with John Fischer, the editor of *Harper's*, he was asked, "Do you think it was a mistake for us, under Mr. Dulles's administration, to try to force a good many of these underdeveloped countries into military pacts with us?" He replied, "I would think that the Middle East and Asia were not the areas that Mr. Dulles was most successful in."

In the floor debate last week, Senator



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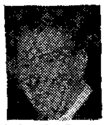

John C. Bruno

Morse said that, in committee hearings on the 1964 joint resolution approving the President's determination (which had already been expressed by naval gunfire in the Bay of Tonkin) to "take all necessary measures 'to prevent further aggression' " in Southeast Asia, Rusk had assured the senators in attendance that, as Morse recalled it, SEATO "was not at issue" and "was not involved in the resolution, and was not being invoked." These hearings were closed, and transcripts of them are not available, but other senators who were there recall the assurance, and the State Department has not questioned Senator Morse's statement. Moreover, the whole logic of the situation seems to confirm it, for it would have been ridiculous for a President to ask congressional approval of his fulfilling his executive responsibilities under what, with the Senate's advice and consent, had already been written into law. In view of all that has happened and not happened since 1954, it is hard to understand why the administration has now, for the first time in its and the treaty's history, unilaterally invoked the treaty as an argument for "collective defense." The likeliest explanation is that it feared attempts to undermine the other documents—the 1964 Tonkin Resolution, which includes a provision for congressional rescission, and the correspondence with Ngo Dinh Diem, whose government, it could plausibly have been argued, has long since ceased to exist. To cite SEATO, the administration probably felt, would put it on juridically unassailable ground. In actuality, though, no ground has ever been more bitterly assailed, or more effectively. In the debate that followed Rusk's recent testimony and preceded this week's votes on funding our military operations in Vietnam, one senator after another—and not all of them dissidents—took the floor either to denounce the thesis or to accept it and then accuse the administration of not following its imperatives. A treaty, it was repeatedly pointed out, is a contract, operative only as long as the parties to it meet specified obligations. If we are honoring the treaty, then most of the other signatories are dishonoring it. Our British ally is clearly in default. Why do we not say so and take appropriate action? Why do we continue to give aid to Pakistan, which is also in default? The only signatories making even a token contribution are Australia and New Zealand, which have committed a few troops, and Thailand, which permits us to base

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bombers in its territory. The French describe our intervention as "absurd." Other signatories describe it as honorable but decline to join us. The government of the Philippines has said it would like to send troops but so far has not done so. The only significant military commitment has come from South Korea, a non-signatory power, which has sent one division, and which can spare it because three American divisions are protecting its sovereignty and because the United States is footing the military bill—a fact that has led some senators to describe the South Koreans as mercenaries.

Anti-administration senators have delighted in going into the history of SEATO—a history that is hardly rich in incident or in texture but is not without contemporary interest. The section of the treaty cited as relevant by the Secretary of State is Article IV, part of which can be read in such a way as to license a unilateral intervention and part of which prescribes that in the event of an actual or potential threat to any party in the area "the parties shall consult immediately in order to agree on the measures which should be taken for the common defense." When the treaty was before the Senate in 1954, some senators foresaw a situation similar to the one that was to arise several years later, and wondered if we were not letting ourselves in for a ground war in Asia. John Foster Dulles said, "We do not have the adequate forces to do it . . . to try to rush American manpower into the area to try to fight a ground war." What he recommended instead was that we "strike at the source of aggression"—a policy that, if it were to be pursued now, would call for a withdrawal from South Vietnam and a great sea and air bombardment of North Vietnam and perhaps China. A 1954 colloquy between Dulles and Senator Theodore Green, of Rhode Island, was read into the record last week:

SENATOR GREEN: Is there not some provision in the treaty—I thought I saw it as I glanced through it—that we join in putting down insurrections in these countries?

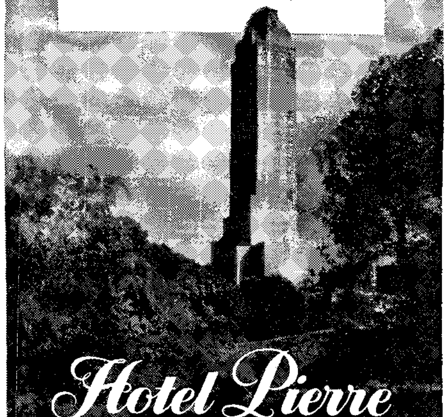
SECRETARY DULLES: No, sir. There is provision that if there is a subversion, threatened subversion of the political independence of any country, then we will consult together what to do about it.

SENATOR GREEN: That is subversion, then.

SECRETARY DULLES: Yes, sir.

SENATOR GREEN: Well, isn't that another word for insurrection?

SECRETARY DULLES: I would think insurrection is a form of subversion, yes.



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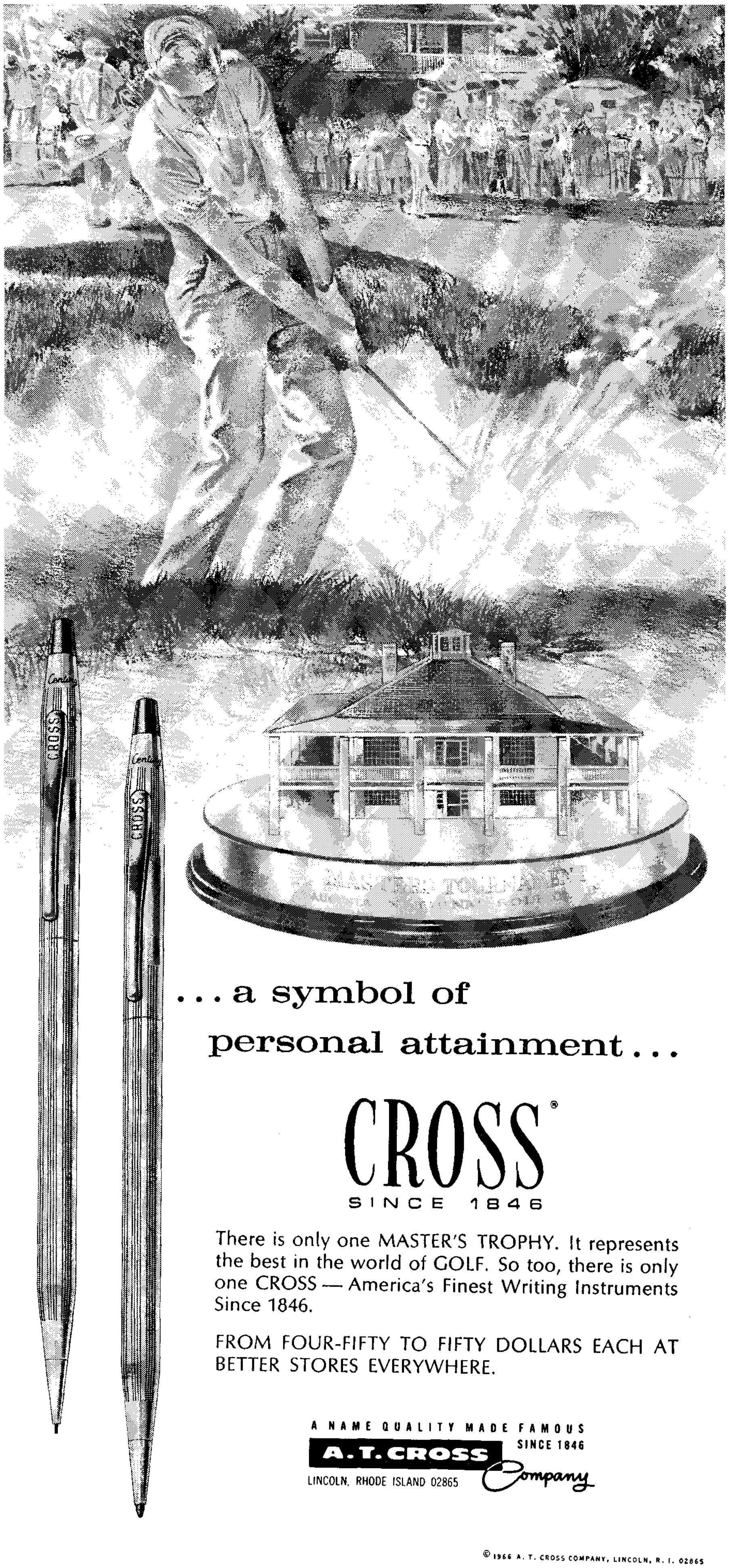
Senator Green: Then we are obliged to help put down a revolutionary movement?

Secretary Dulles: No. If there is a revolutionary movement in Vietnam or in Thailand, we would consult together as to what to do about it because if that was a subversive movement that was in fact propagated by Communism, it would be a very grave threat to us. But we have no undertaking to put it down; all we have is an undertaking to consult together as to what to do about it.

There were times when Dulles spoke softly and carried no more than a twig. Studying this kind of testimony, the Chinese may have felt that they had hit upon a peculiarly apt phrase when they spoke of the United States as a paper tiger.

DESPITE the bad feeling that is said to have arisen between the President and senatorial critics like Fulbright, it is the general opinion here that the White House is far from displeased by the existence of a powerful and vocal opposition. Without it, the President would be almost powerless to resist the pressures for escalation. Unlike President Eisenhower, he is in no position to pit his military judgment against that of the military leaders. In playing consensus politics, he would, in the absence of anti-war and anti-escalation voices, have no political reason for not satisfying the hawks. If he held out alone, relying simply on his own political and diplomatic evaluations, he would be more or less in the position that President Truman found himself in during the second year of the Korean War, when pressure for escalation became intense—but in an even lonelier position, since Truman had two towering military figures, Generals Marshall and Bradley, siding with him, and also a number of allies in the United Nations. Today there are no such towering military figures and no such powerful allies. But an opposition at home, even though it may not show up as very formidable in the opinion polls or in congressional roll calls, strengthens the President's freedom of choice. Because it is a minority, and rather a small one, he is free to ignore it if he wishes to do so, but when his own judgment or his instincts favor restraint, he can point to the opposition as a force he must respect and deal with if the nation is to be united. No one here doubts that most of the time his judgment and instincts do favor restraint. Were it otherwise, the war today would be far larger and bloodier than it is, for such a war is what most of the counsel he gets from military and civilian leaders calls



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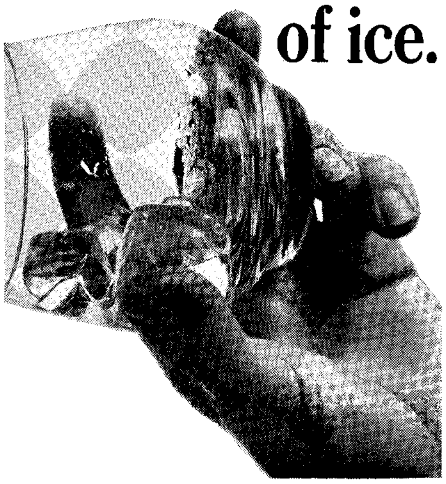

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for. It is likely that the opposition has also served him well in revealing to the adversary powers the real political situation in the United States. Hanoi and Peking, which a few months ago were said to have persuaded themselves that disapproval of the war was sweeping this country, have recently been reported to feel little hope that the domestic opposition could prevail. A cursory reading of the debate would have encouraged that conclusion. Sentiment for unilateral withdrawal is practically nonexistent. Even Senator Morse, who regards the war as having no justification of any kind, has said that he would settle for the Gavin-Kennan strategy of holding fast in coastal enclaves. The others counted as members of the opposition have gone on record as objecting to certain aspects of the war, such as bombing in the north, or to any further escalation. Since the President, too, has been opposing escalation, he has good reason for saying that as far as actual policy and strategy are concerned, he and his critics are not very far apart.

He nevertheless remains under heavy pressure to intensify the war. Some of the pressure, but not much, comes from within the government. His special military adviser, General Maxwell Taylor, has publicly put his prestige behind a recommendation to blockade Haiphong, but, thanks to the firmness of civilian control in the Pentagon and to the fact that the present Joint Chiefs of Staff are men who accept the principle of firm civilian control, there is little open military criticism of administration policy. The pressure comes from Americans and South Vietnamese in Saigon and from the Congress and the press here, and it will be stepped up as the congressional elections draw near, especially if the polls continue to show an increasing public impatience with a policy that seems not only militarily unproductive in the traditional sense but politically confused and confusing.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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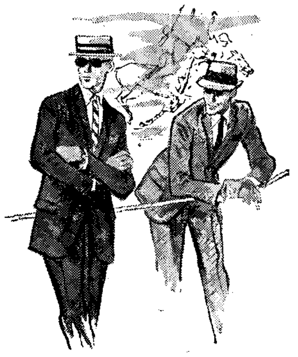

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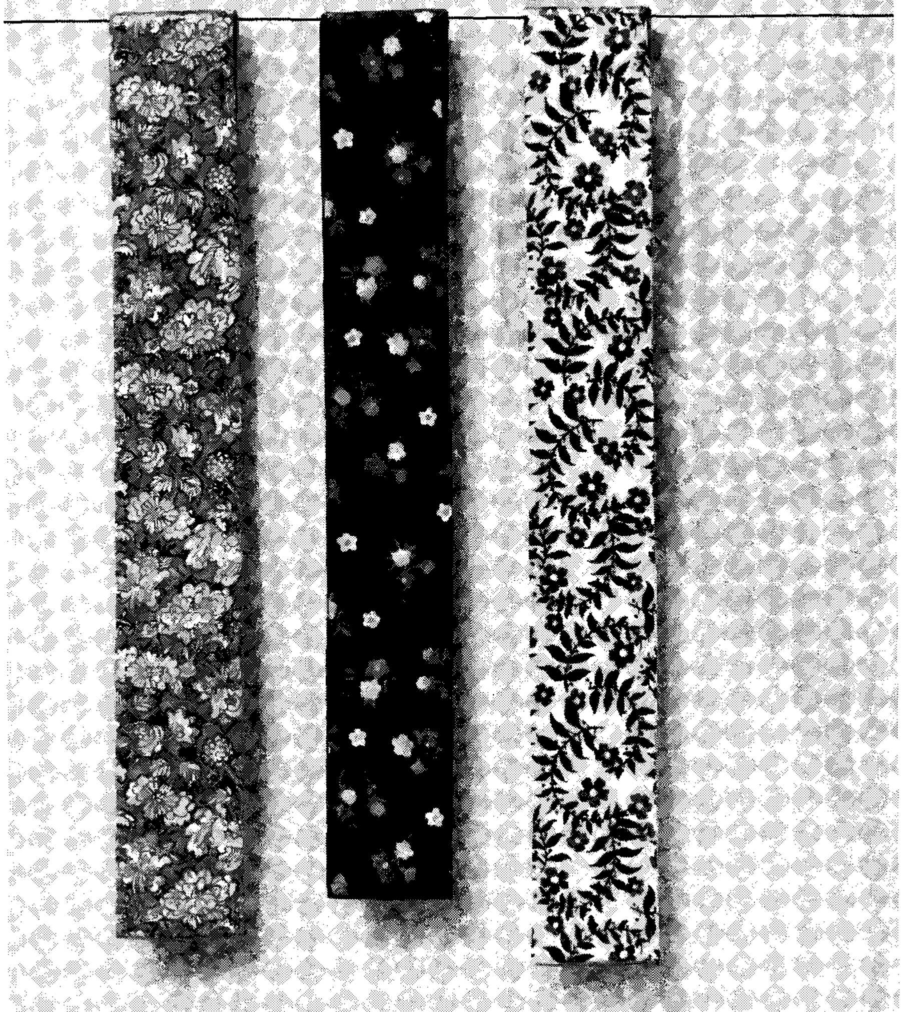
THE CURRENT CINEMA

After the Dorm

A FEW years ago, the world took revenge on Mary McCarthy for her not very loving quarrel with it by turning the most conventional of her novels into a rampant best-seller. The ninnies and quacks and do-gooders whom she had flayed alive in several earlier, commercially inconspicuous works of fiction rushed up by the tens of thousands, giving no thought to their missing skins, and embraced her for "The Group," threatening the astonished author with the last fate she could have wished—to be practically hugged to death by her admiring victims. Now "The Group" has been brought to the screen, and it will be interesting to see how Miss McCarthy reacts to this latest tribute. For the movie is unquestionably intended as a tribute; it makes an obvious effort to remain faithful to the book, even at the risk of occasionally mystifying its audience, and if, as I expect, it proves a great success at the box office, Miss McCarthy will be entitled to feel more uneasy than ever about the original response to "The Group."

It may well have been the respectful attempt by Sidney Buchman, the author of the screenplay, to preserve the structure of the novel that has caused the movie to end up in a sort of limbo of unfulfilled intentions, neither comic nor tragic, though with a few funny scenes and one or two sad ones. Long as the movie is (two hours and thirty-four minutes), it cannot hope to accommodate the multiplicity of lives that Miss McCarthy found room for in her ample novel, and its vain struggle to do so lets us see that neither the movie nor the novel is constructed in such a way as to lead up to a necessary climax and catastrophe. The plot of "The Group" is an arbitrary binding together of unrelated parts, and it comes to an end because a certain accident takes place at a certain time; a sudden earthquake would have served the same purpose. Moreover, in having to cut corners where it can, the movie brings us only the highlights of the lives of the eight heroines, and these flash by so quickly and so often that they approach the level of soap opera—tune in tomorrow,



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they seem to signal to us, for your daily dose of shock and rue.

Still, the chief defect of the movie version of "The Group" is that its story is told without irony. In the novel, the terrible band of girls known to the other members of the Vassar Class of '33 as "the group" were observed through the author's magisterially mocking eyes; in the movie, the girls are observed on their own terms and become their own prosecutors, judges, and hangmen. Instead of being kept at a merciful distance from them, we are surrounded, outnumbered, and very nearly suffocated by them. The movie wasn't five minutes old before I felt as if I had been trapped in a cage of shrilly chattering gibbons; to make matters worse, the assortment of men in the movie—an artist, a pediatrician, a playwright, an editor, and a psychoanalyst—struck me as being very unlike members of my sex and very unlike members of the professions they were supposed to represent.

Let me, having found so much to dispraise in "The Group," note the things I can praise. Given the awkwardnesses imposed by the script, I think Sidney Lumet has done an admirable job of directing the picture, again and again bringing to life short scenes that, handled with less delicacy, would have slipped over into farce. He has secured excellent performances from Joan Hackett, as a proper-Bostonian maiden prepared to give all for love; Shirley Knight, as a dauntless laboratory technician prepared to give *nearly* all for love; and Joanna Pettet, as a crisp Macy employee married to a drunken playwright. (I warned you how close to the border of soap opera the picture continually comes.) The rest of the Vassar group consists of Elizabeth Hartman, Mary-Robin Redd, Jessica Walter, Kathleen Widdoes, and Candice Bergen. Most of Miss Widdoes' role appears to have been left on the cutting-room floor, and Miss Bergen is able to reveal little except how fantastically good-looking she is. The men in the girls' lives are James Broderick, James Congdon, Larry Hagman, Hal Holbrook, and Richard Mulligan. Robert Emhardt is funny as the father of one of the girls—a finely tuned manic-depressive who loves to cook and build and spend money and make people happy, and who is not punished, I am glad to say, for these virtues. The time of the movie is from 1933 to 1939, and Anna Hill Johnstone has evidently enjoyed designing the girls' hideous hats and dresses. Did girls really look like that in those days? I fear they did, and men found them beautiful.

—BRENDAN GILL

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THE ANNIVERSARY

It was your smell that, for a day after, I carried with me.
My body smelled not of me but of you. The train
ticked over its crossings, stopped. In all its noises
I heard, suddenly and bewilderingly, your voice.

That was six years ago, the damp riverbank,
the Midwest storms massed, raining like an incitement,
the attacks of telephones, old interruptions talking.
Out of that, at your voice, I came to this different world.

Now, with the formal furniture, the black puppy quietly
lying at the door, the flames of the candles steady,
we are held by our reflections in the rose-colored wine—
a civilization of agreements, a closed place.

Thousands of miles away, the summer storms
still race in their green light. The night trains hurry on
across Canada, their noise empty of voices.
The old telephones busy themselves with the old words.

Here, in the Pacific evening, the puppy stands up
suddenly in the doorway and barks toward the dark street,
protecting what has come to include him. Six years, now.
I cannot tell his voice from the room's voice.

I cannot tell your voice from my own voice.

—WILLIAM DICKEY

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THREE STORIES

JEROME MOSSBACHER

"DON'T put that penny in your mouth," Jerome Mossbacher's mother told him in 1914, when he was five years old.

"I'm not," he said.

"There's no telling *where* it's been."

"I'm not," he said.

"Don't contradict Mother," she said. Then she left to have lunch with a man who persuaded her to run away with him, and she never returned again except for a visit ten years later to take some gramophone records she missed terribly.

Jerome's father disliked both her desertion and her return for the records.

When Jerome was fifteen, he had his first encounter with sex. A girl named Mary Haas, who was also fifteen, said to him, "What kind of car do you have?" So far, she had made love in the back seat of a Ford, a Chevrolet, a Reo, and a Studebaker.

"I don't have one, but I can get my father's."

"What kind?"

"A Studebaker."

"Oh. Well, I've got to get home. Bye."

As early as January of 1941, Jerome Mossbacher was heard to say, "We'll be in it ourselves before long." He enlisted a year later, and several commanding officers assured him that when it was all over and people asked him where he'd been he could say he'd been in the thick of it, which was true, although no one ever asked him.

When the war was over, he took a job in Chicago selling and installing aluminum screen doors. After three years, he had others install them, and after another three years he had still others sell them, while he stayed in the home office and kept track of things.

He did not marry until he was forty. The lady he chose had a beautiful set of white luggage and a small income, which he and she invested in tax-exempt bonds.

One day in 1955, the driver of a cab Jerome was riding in turned to him and said, "You don't recognize me, do you?"

"What?"

"I'm Burt Lancaster."

Jerome, who could see from the man's license that he was really Clarence Donleavy, said, "This corner will be fine."

"I ought to slug you!"

"Do you have change for a five?"

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PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

"I ought to slug you right in the mouth!"

Jerome got out of the cab and the driver hopped out after him. "Nobody tangles with Burt Lancaster!" he said.

Without a great deal of trouble, Jerome managed to get the man down on his back on the sidewalk and hold him quiet with one knee on his chest and the other knee on his neck until the police arrived.

Jerome retired in 1963 with sixty-five thousand dollars from the company's profit-sharing plan, and a short note written nine years before on a Smith-Corona electric by a secretary asking if he'd like her to show him a good time. He has contemplated buying a small home in a senior-citizen community outside Fort Lauderdale, but his wife has qualms about it because she feels she is not nearly good enough at shuffleboard.

In the meantime, Jerome occupies himself mixing together unusual combinations of food in the blender. Often his wife will awaken in the dead of night to hear the whirring noise in the kitchen.

BEVERLY SNODGRASS

WHENEVER anything bad happened to Beverly Snodgrass, she would climb into bed with a bacon-and-tomato sandwich. Her sister, Irene, told her it was a very Freudian thing to do, but although they were both in their twenties at the time, Irene wouldn't come right out and explain it. Beverly hoped Irene simply meant that crawling into bed with a bacon-and-tomato sandwich was the sort of thing Freud himself liked to do, but she was afraid it was probably more complicated than that.

"Forget what Irene says. You're too dependent on Irene." Beverly's first husband told her this in 1947, when she was thirty-one.

"You've never liked her," Beverly said.

"I like her when she's herself."

"I know for a fact you hate her."

"That's not true. I just think it was a mistake for us to stay in New Jersey with her so close, and especially with her always coming over to use the washer."

Beverly's husband was a disc jockey, and he was very sure of himself. He had predicted the big bands would go, and now he was predicting they would come back. (Years later, long after he and Beverly were divorced, she occasionally received newspaper clippings in the mail about some big band playing at the Atlantic City Steel Pier,

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those
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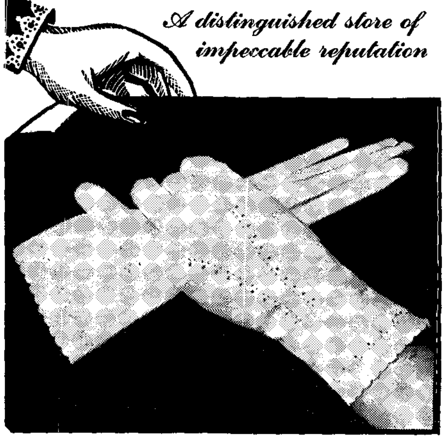

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with a pencilled note in the margin reading, "Was I right?")

It was he who shaped her moderately successful singing career. She cut four records under the name of Sally O'Dare for an East Coast distributor. Her biggest hit was a song called "All's Fair," and for a while it looked as if it was going to make the "Hit Parade," but it never did. She attracted quite a following in the clubs in New Jersey. One night, a man came over to her booth between sets. He said, "No, I mean it. You're really something else."

"That's very nice of you to say so," Beverly said.

Another fan used to call her on the phone and do nothing but breathe heavily into the mouthpiece when she answered. At least, she assumed it was a fan.

In 1952, she was divorced and entered upon troubled times. Then in 1953 she gave up her singing career to marry a second time, and she told everyone that this time was for keeps. Her second husband was Harold Oglethorpe. He owned a chain of frozen-custard stands in the South.

They made their home in Corpus Christi. Harold taught Beverly to water-ski. Beverly taught Harold not to raise his voice.

Irene and her husband visited them last summer, and they all got along wonderfully well except for the final evening. They had just finished dinner when Irene's husband said, "My guess is forty-five thou. Fifty at the most."

"What?" Mr. Oglethorpe said.

"Your net worth. Of course, I may be wrong."

"I'll see what's keeping the coffee," Mr. Oglethorpe said, and left the room.

Irene's husband turned to Beverly. "Was I wrong? Sometimes I'm way off."

"I think I'll see what's keeping Harold," Beverly said.

Less than a month after this visit, Beverly was drowned at the age of forty-nine in what the radio newscaster termed a boating mishap. Her husband, according to relatives who have tried to reason with him, has not yet got a grip on himself. A few weeks after her death, he hired a reporter from Corpus Christi's leading daily, intending that they should collaborate on the story of Beverly's career. It is to be called "Brief Melody." Two months ago, the reporter moved in with Mr. Oglethorpe to facilitate work on the biography. One neighbor who watches them says both men drink bourbon all afternoon

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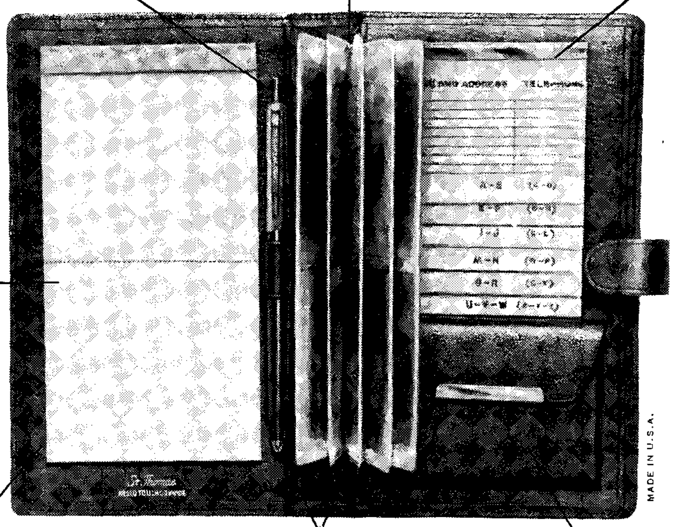

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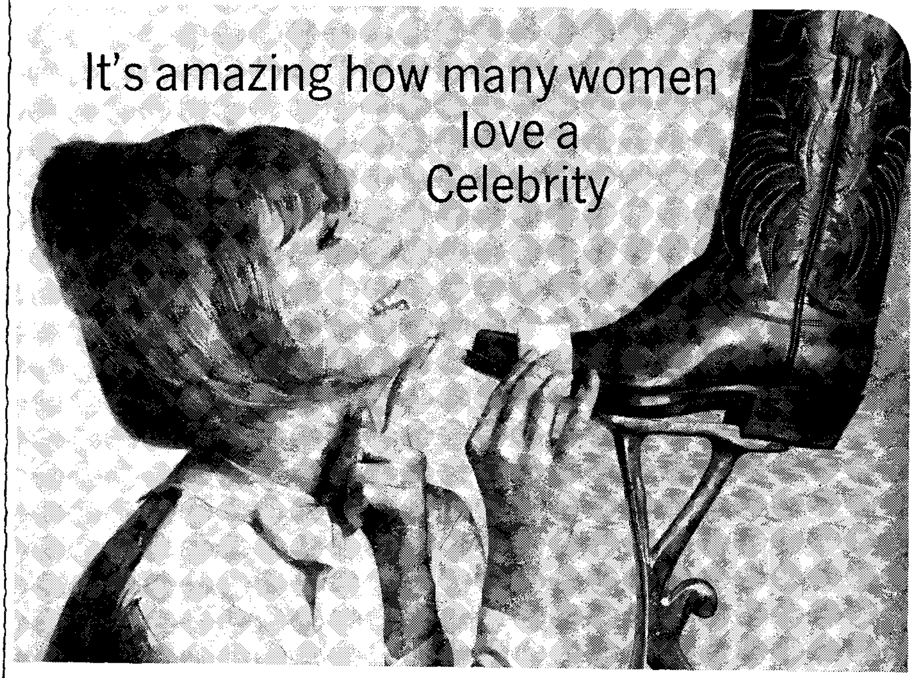
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and then spend the evening hours sitting on the floor playing with Beverly's cat.

GEORGE PIERCE

SOONER or later, people told George Pierce he was bigger than life.

"Oh, I think not," George would say, although it was true that at the age of forty-one he had acquired an aura of inner peace as vice-president of a Delaware firm that manufactured stretch socks. Few realized that only ten years earlier, in 1951, his first wife had deserted him to live in sin in the Bahamas with a professional tennis player. "It's the sort of thing that makes you take stock," George had said.

But George forgot the past and built a new life. In 1954, he married Patricia (Trish) Welles, a lady ten years younger than he, and of good family. Her father, before he jumped or fell from the twentieth floor of one of New York's smartest hotels, had belonged to the second-best club in Boston.

There were obstacles to overcome in the marriage, however. Since her débutante days, Trish had filled the air with wild talk about furnishing her home entirely with wheeled chaise longues and other furniture more properly suited for the garden. "But George managed to work her out of that," friends said. "He's so good for Trish."

The years passed, and George and Patricia Pierce began to look alike. George said it was merely because they'd acquired the same mannerisms, whereas Trish said it was because one always seeks a mate with sibling characteristics. They often wore matching cardigans. And they both thought Norman Mailer was capable of better stuff than he'd been doing.

One evening in October of 1964, George received a phone call from a girl who asked if he'd like to learn one basic dance step that would enable him to do the fox trot, the waltz, the tango, and the exciting cha-cha with ease.

"Do you live alone?" George asked.

"No, the lessons will be given at our modern downtown studio."

"Never mind that. I want to visit you at your apartment. We could drink coffee and listen to records. Then when it got late I'd get the blankets and pillow out of the closet and help you make up the day bed. And then I'd start kissing you and even trying to undo your blouse, but you wouldn't have any of it, so I'd stop misbehaving and kiss you good night very nicely and

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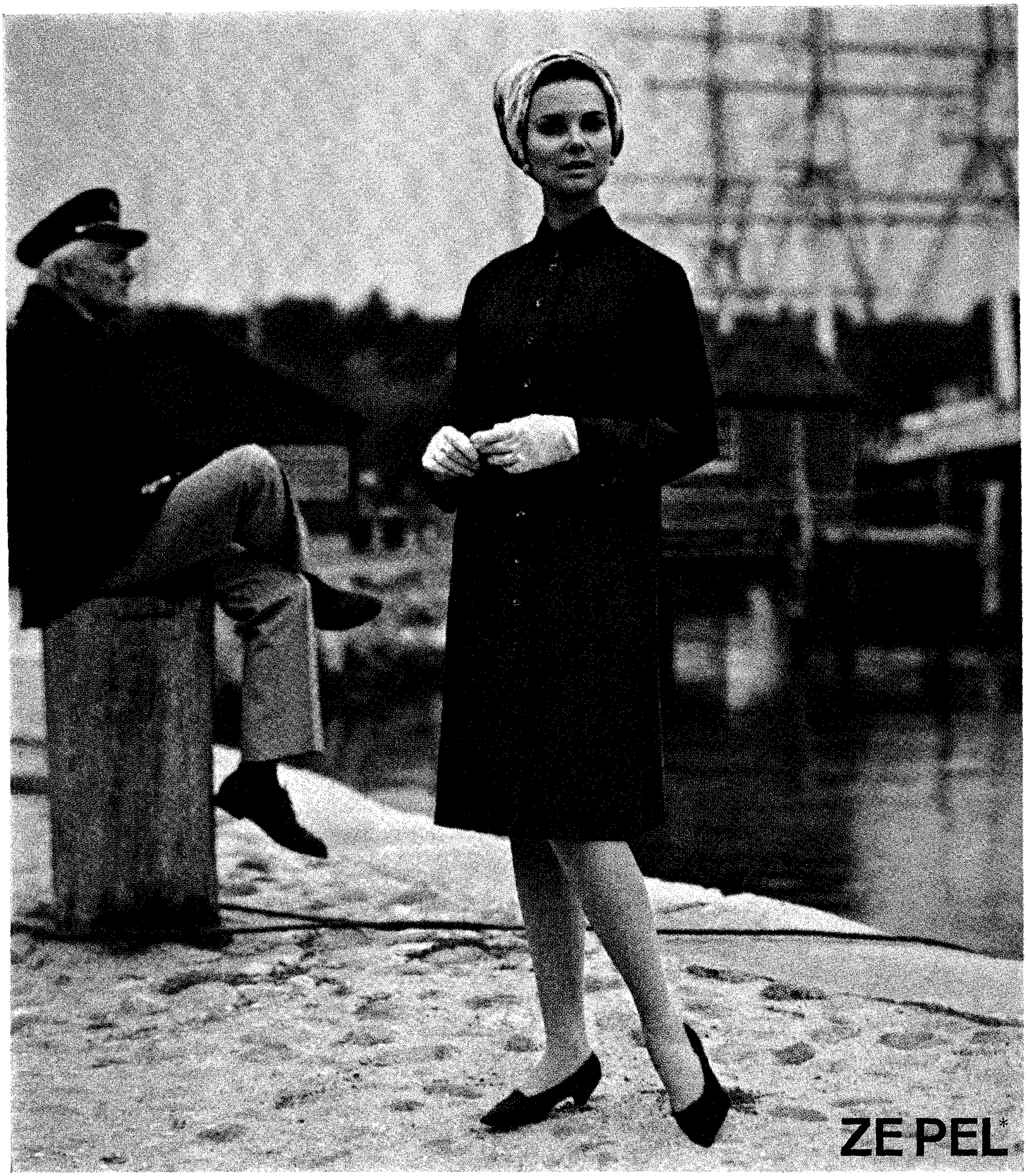

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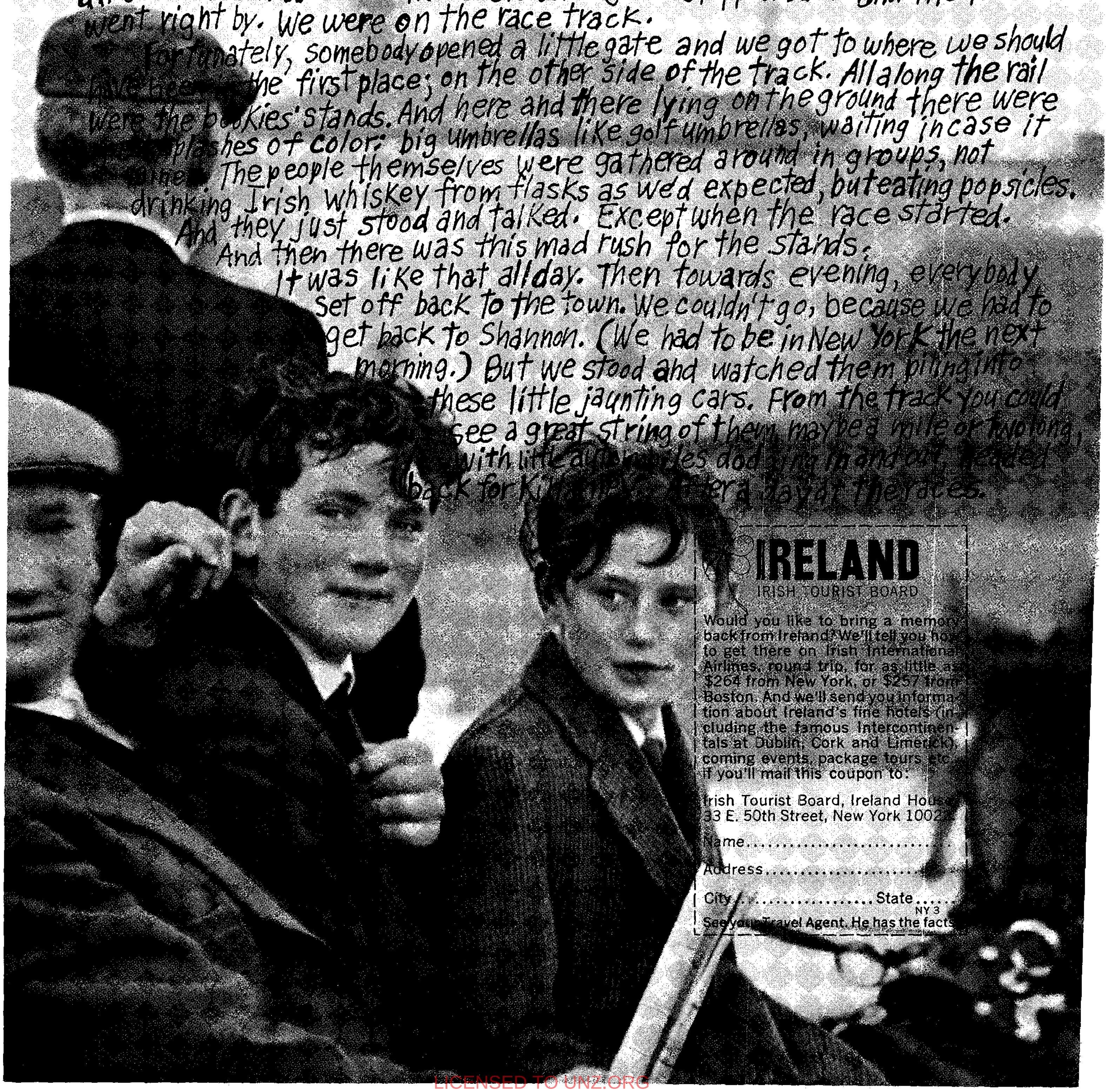

We knew it wouldn't be like any race meeting we'd ever been to before when they told us that there was a jaunting car outside, waiting to take us to the track.

It was a bit like a pony and trap, only five of us sat in it, two back to back, and one at the rear with his feet hanging over the roadway.

Well our first thought was that this was some kind of touristy thing, but it wasn't. The road out of Killarney was packed with them that May afternoon, trotting and jingling along, filled with Irishmen.

The race meeting itself wasn't the serious, organized kind of thing that we have in the States. In fact, because we didn't understand the Irish way of doing things, we were nearly in one of the races ourselves. We were walking across this field on our way in, and we noticed these ruts in the ground, then all of a sudden we heard hoofbeats coming. We stepped back and the race went right by. We were on the race track.

Fortunately, somebody opened a little gate and we got to where we should have been in the first place; on the other side of the track. All along the rail were the bookies' stands. And here and there lying on the ground there were splashes of color: big umbrellas like golf umbrellas, waiting in case it rained. The people themselves were gathered around in groups, not drinking Irish whiskey from flasks as we'd expected, but eating popsicles. And they just stood and talked. Except when the race started. And then there was this mad rush for the stands.

It was like that all day. Then towards evening, everybody set off back to the town. We couldn't go, because we had to get back to Shannon. (We had to be in New York the next morning.) But we stood and watched them piling into these little jaunting cars. From the track you could see a great string of them, maybe a mile or two long, with little automobiles dodging in and out, headed back for Killarney after a day at the races.

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walk all the way home whistling a little tune to myself."

"Who *is* this?"

"Would Wednesday night be O.K.?"

"To qualify for ten free dance lessons, tell me which of our American Presidents was known affectionately as—"

"I thought you'd be different," George said, and hung up.

Four days later, George passed away quietly and unexpectedly while watching television. An "Open End" rerun was still in progress when the maid discovered him.

In the time since his death, a strange sight has been witnessed on five or six occasions late at night at the country club. Members have reported seeing a man bearing an uncanny resemblance to George Pierce doing gainers from the high board. Apparently it is his ghost, which is puzzling, since diving was a thing George did neither frequently nor well.

—JORDAN CRITTENDEN

◆

CLEAR DAYS ALONG THE ROOT CANAL

[*From the Times*]

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 22 (AP)—Dentists here have been advised that plain talk will get them nowhere with a public presumably accustomed to polysyllabic palaver from other professionals.

Dr. John L. Bomba, writing in the current issue of the Bulletin of the Philadelphia County Dental Society, says a patient will have more respect for a dentist if the dentist uses fancy talk. He advises his colleagues to use a vocabulary that shuns the vernacular.

People do not take plain talk seriously, Dr. Bomba contends.

"The choice of words," he says, "can have an effect on both the patient's willingness to undergo treatment and the respect they have or do not have for the profession."

Medical doctors, he said, have not shied away from using scientific terminology in dealing with their patients. Dentists, he suggests, should follow.

By relying too much upon the native idiom, he submits, "we have been guilty far too long of minimizing the conditions that exist and the treatments we provide. This we have done in an attempt to alleviate fear and encourage acceptance of treatment."

◆

Two highlights of interest to the group included personal reminiscences of James Joyce given by a member of our group and a special program on *Dante* reviewed by the daughter of the author in celebration of Dante's 700th anniversary.—*Bulletin of the Arlington (Va.) Branch of the American Association of University Women.*

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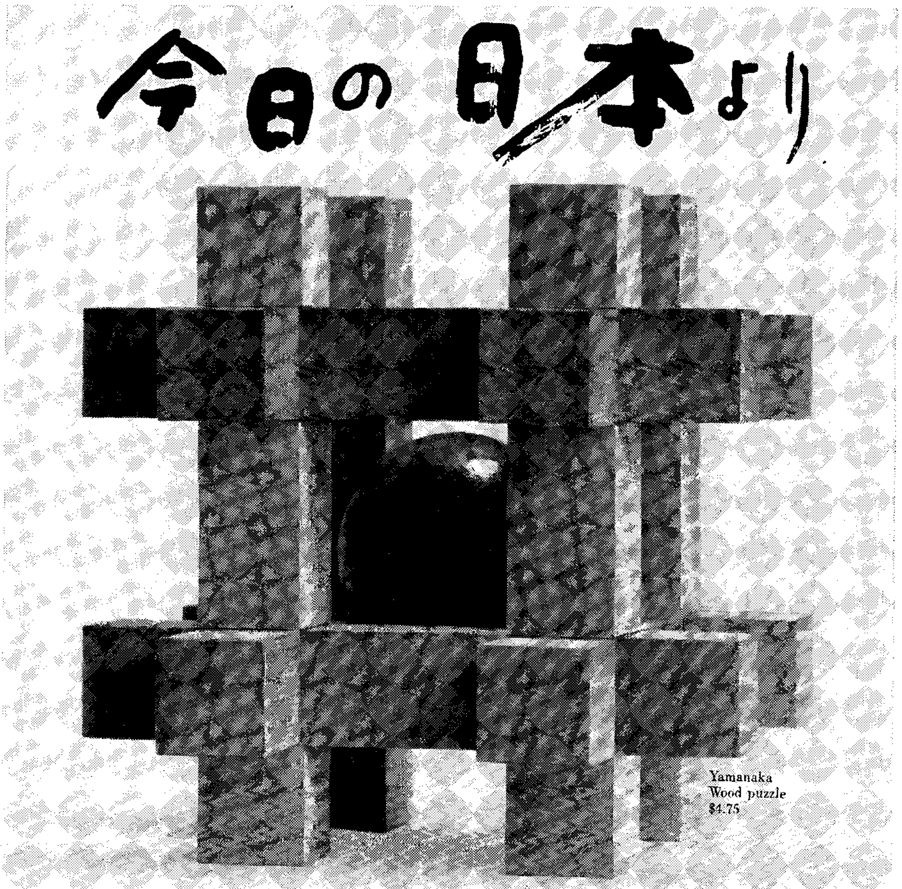
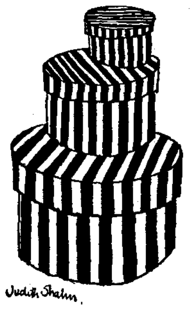


A small, almost inscrutable part of "From Japan Today," a special exhibition of our new collection, March 16-26. You may also wish to visit the Japanese Art Festival at the Union Carbide Building, 270 Park Avenue, March 22-April 23.

BONNIERS, 605 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, PL 9-7985

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

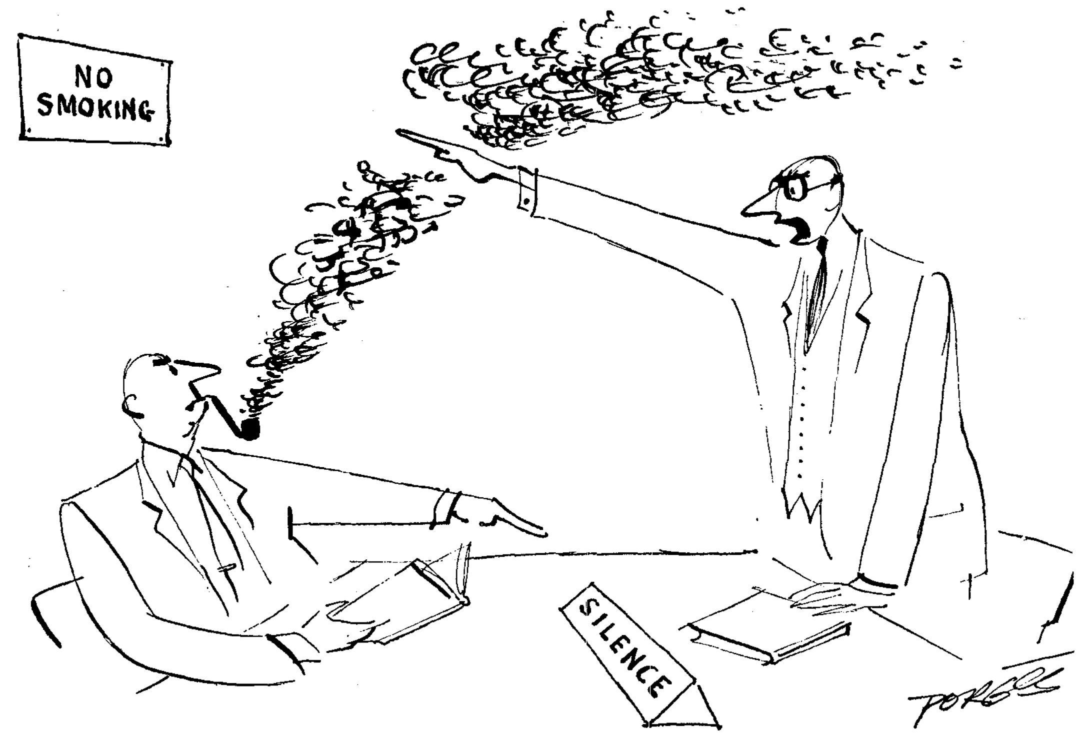


“STUFF for daytime,” I was remarking knowledgeably a week ago in the course of a monumental monograph on ready-to-wear American clothes, but now that I think back on it I realize that I was embarked upon a foolish enterprise, for we have gone back to the nineteen-twenties in more than mere simplicity of line; we have returned to that era, too, in that many a dress, many a costume, is again compatible with early morning, midday, and (for that matter) late evening, unless an event of great formality is on the roster; those sleeveless shifts, for instance, in black or in pale hues are, in the main, proper for any time of day, give or take a diamond or two. And when that event of great formality turns up, no matter how urban it is, there are puckered white cottons to be worn to it—cottons that are, though, well removed from the category of the country-inn bedspread. Ben Zuckerman, who long ago barged out of his perfectly tailored classification and began making dresses, has turned to these fabrics and used them in a way that is especially delighting because it results in that baby-girl aspect that is so rampant—round bound neck and short bound sleeves, a waist that is extremely high at the center front, curving seams going outward into a trapeze line at the hem of the brief skirt, a pink camellia at the middle of the bosom. (Sometimes the dress is almost unnoticeably a long tunic.) De Pinna and all around are where you find the things. Bumpy white cotton is employed by Talmack for a costume that includes a long coat with raglan sleeves over a sleeveless oval-necked dress. Bergdorf has this one. Kiki Hart actually goes in for baby-girl *colors*—pale pink, blue, yellow, and such—for her high-waisted puckered-cotton trapeze act with little steel buttons down the back. A mere baby-girl $90 buys this. (You will find her clothes at Lord & Taylor.) And, for grown-up dramatics, Rosette Pennington weighs in with Geoffrey Beene’s long, sleeveless, boat-necked dress of white piqué with a savage black-leaf pattern all over it. This has a very long *señorita* torso, and gathers start down on the hips, and even lower in back. Anyone who prefers speakeasy tablecloths to these remote cousins of bedspreads need only move on to Evelyn Byrnes, who owns one of the darnedest, also a production by the indomitable Beene—a shiny red-and-white checked cotton, likewise bateau-necked, the waistline rising in an inverted V on the stomach but descending toward the hips, below which gathers congregate. It’s $250, but it does appear in formal length, which is more than can be said for most of what has gone before. Dressed-up afternoons and evenings are also being handled in beautiful, adult white crêpe. Donald Brooks is represented at Altman by a straight dress with no decoration at all aside from the two-and-a-half-inch scallops across the neckline in front. Lee Hano has Beene’s little honey of a dressmaker skimmer of white crêpe with a low V in back and white satin bows behind the shoulders. No one can consider you dissipated if you order B. & B. at any time of day now, for Brooks and Beene are the Toast of the Town.

I have been rather opaque so far, but now we get to laces—“young” laces, the trade calls them, to get away from that mother-of-the-bride suggestion that so often goes with lace. Larry Aldrich’s masterpieces of the stuff are at Bonwit Teller and Saks Fifth Avenue, notably his very low-waisted job of navy or white reëmbroidered lace with a wide set-in belt and circular fullness below it. This one is sleeveless and bateau-necked, and the lace is mounted on silk for sleekness. Another of the genre (this at Bonwit) is in delicate pink or orange, with short sleeves and a trapeze flare in the skirt.

And there are chiffons and chiffons and chiffons, some of them the stuff that romantic dreams are made on and some of them nightmares. In the showrooms and in the photographs, these dresses swirl gracefully with the slightest motion, and it may be that the Persian Room will be installing wind machines to keep the chiffoned girls on its dance floor in a constant cloud of the goods—machinery holding the mirror (and the skirts) up to art. We’ll all have to give up ringside cigarettes then, for safety’s sake. The trade, which invents words and meanings faster than *Variety* does, now calls many of these dresses “cages”—that is to say, there is a fairly close-fitting slip underneath the yards and yards of floating fabric.

You must have heard about beading this year. To begin with, Norell’s fantastic all-sequin mermaid garments, which are pretty expensive, and his (and St. Laurent’s) fishermen’s shirts



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*Not everyone agreed with this tape watcher that Auburn Motors was a blue chip. But on June 2, 1931, for example, it sold as high as 151¾, while Superior Oil was around 15.

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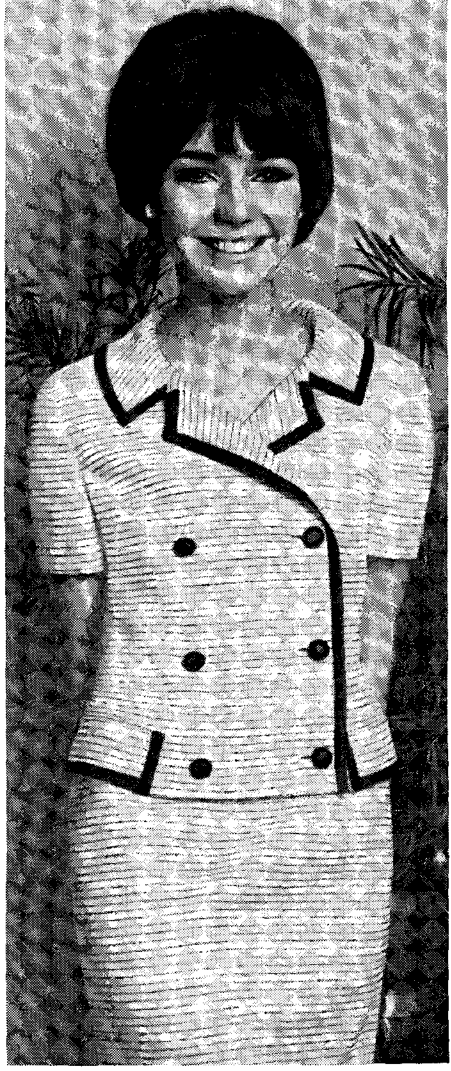

At last—thank heaven!—the short-sleeve, lower neck season is back. Greet it in a slim skirt and double-breasted top that is lightly striped, solidly banded and buttoned. A wear-well mixture of rayon, cotton and silk. Navy or brown on white.
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with bugle beads in horizontal stripes—that sort of thing. A current hotshot is the little white chiffon sheath done by Mollie Parnis, who has practically concealed the item under white bead daisies with rhinestone centers. Even at $895, it is already a Ford. Evelyn Byrnes and De Pinna are two shops that I remember for sure, and there must be others. It can be *ordered* in floor length, I should add.

Well, I've had enough of Prologue, so on to the door-by-door accounting. As follows:

ONE of Bendel's important house guests is Hanae Mori, whose evening dresses are planned and executed in Japan. She's a fairly new girl in town, and a colorful one. Floor is the length of her surah slip with a wide shirred band around the neck and shoulders. Twin-print chiffon is gathered on this band (orange and purple is the color scheme for the whole thing), and a red bow sits under one shoulder; $545, for a gauge. And brief is the extent of a bunchy number by Tom Parker, who is part of Bendel's household guard. Outward-standing petals of white organza and a white satin tie across the front are the noticeable characteristics. Among the fine long tailored things is Richard Tam's costume of navy silk twill with a bateau neck. White organdie with white appliqué in a mimosa pattern makes its raglan sleeves, and the Empire jacket, likewise white, is sleeveless. From Walter Holmes, another Bendel householder, comes a formal shirtwaist dress of pale-gray organza that is all one-inch horizontal tucks across the top. A belt of navy moire is visible amidships, and the skirt is slightly gathered. Ingrid Cato, one more bit of Bendel's private property, makes a specialty of long, slender two-color efforts, such as something with an oval-necked top (if you can call it a top, for it is as minuscule as the ones the Empress Josephine wore) of pale-blue satin and the rest of it of apricot crêpe under an overskirt of blue chiffon.

UP at Bergdorf Goodman is Teal Traina's anytime-anywhere two-piece dress of white cotton that is covered with charcoal pinwheels—like polka dots, only jagged. The skirt is softly pleated and the hip-length top wears, low down, a white leather belt. T. T. also makes baby smocks of chiffon, one of them in melon color with big chartreuse flowers all over it (the sleeves are long), and he does them of crêpe, too, especially in

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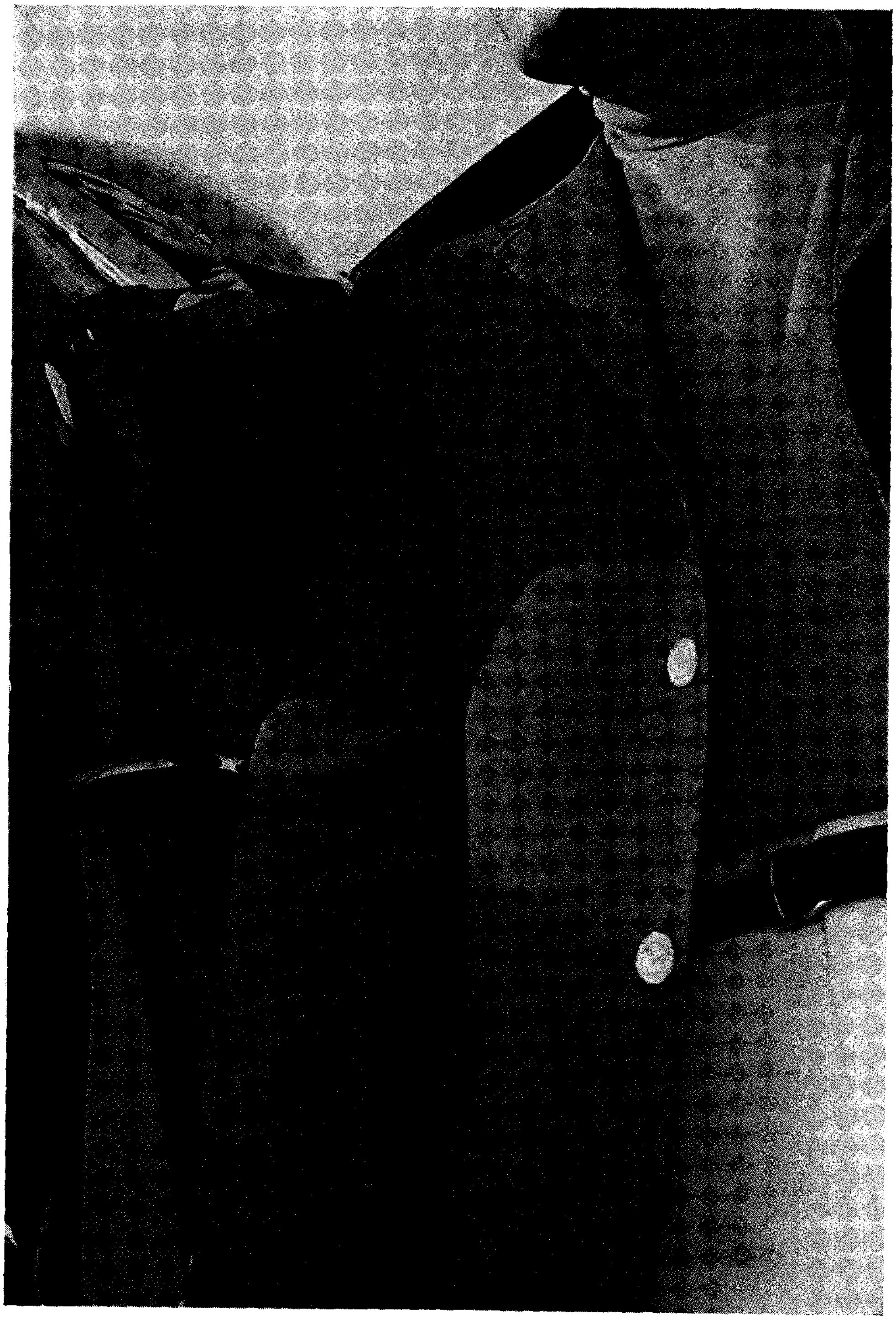

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hyacinth blue. From the Beene stalk comes a beautiful costume of white silk-and-wool. White satin bows appear on the outer sides of the sleeves of the jacket, and—for the dealer's arm—there is a jewelled pin on each side of the bow; the dress has no sleeves. One of the prettiest, gauziest short dance dresses in town is Talmack's white organza with a big gray-blue machinery pattern—lots of drapery around the strapless top, ending in a huge bow in front, a high waistline, and a skirt that is entirely of inflated godets; $495. Hanae Mori is here, too, with a dress in a remarkably good-looking print—violet chiffon with tiny white flowers on navy stems—with four violet panels floating from the shoulders. This deal is full length.

THE sixth floor of Bonwit Teller is enamored of the things Stavropoulos has done in chiffon, and why not? A short one with a strapless underpinning is in peacock blue. Its overdress crosses upward, in surplice style, to the shoulders, and the back is a complete cascade of bias-cut flowing panels; $395, to give you an idea. To prove that the Greeks, classic and otherwise, know their flowing lines, he produces a tall, slender dress of navy chiffon with a full, circular back and wide bands of navy lace in front. Another of his long columns is of beige chiffon with panels of black lace over it. John Moore's peekaboo ideas are in favor here. Consider, if you will, the eyelet embroidery ornamenting white cotton that is applied over a shift of Shocking-pink or peacock satin. It is short and sleeveless, but this ingénue look is contradicted by the deep V in back. The works of Jean Louis are likewise admired here; witness a brief and narrow tube of black silk that is entirely covered by flowers of black organdie and black braid berries. The sleeves go below the elbows, and the neck is deep and bateau.

JEAN LOUIS and Tassell hassle for the honors in the shop of Evelyn Byrnes. "Young" laces have their place in Louis's cage of tomato lace with long sleeves and a high neck; Tassell puts green lace over white lace to construct an edifice with sheer sleeves and vertical scallops down the back. Both are day length. Formality is taken care of by a Louis dress (done for Mrs. Byrnes alone) of silk in strawberry ice cream, fitted to create a high bustline and decorated by heavy, heavy crystal-chandelier detail that is interlaced with pink braid around the high neck, the hem, and the ends of the below-

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elbow sleeves. This challenge to Tassell has not gone unnoticed; the answer is a dress of a crinkled white sort of georgette silk with Dominion insignia—maple leaves (you can guess what Dominion he has in mind), lions, and the rest—in red. The dress has sleeves and a high sash; the matching coat is collarless and billows and billows and billows. Cotton occurs in odd disguises, one of them a polished Talmack fabric (blue with white flowers) that is quilted into tiny bubbles. The dress it makes is short, and it is accompanied by a ruffled capelet and a self belt. Bill Blass converts cotton twill that bears a giant Paisley pattern in turquoise, yellow, and grass green on a white ground into a long dress with an arching high-waist seam; the jacket is trim. One of Norell's flapper doings appears in red linen—a deep U décolletage, a white leather belt across the front, and a stole shaped like a curved bertha. I know that it is not polite to interrupt, but at this juncture I must stop myself for a dissertation, while I have Norell in hand, about the perfect slacks suits that *he has put together for just about any* get-together. (We *were* in the middle of the night, and night clothes, a moment ago, remember?) These involve a really long shirt top that covers you down below the hips. Byrnes has one with the shirt, which is long-sleeved, in turquoise silk crêpe with a round collar and five buttons down the panel shirtfront, plus narrow pants of white gabardine. A dressy version of this concerns bugle beads in a band, seven inches across, at the base of the slacks, which are wider than the first set, and around the neck. (Bergdorf likes Norell slacks suits with half-and-half shirts—vertically separated segments of pink and banana silk crêpe, with five banana buttons—and narrow pants of white wool.)

IN this town now, lots of armholes are cut so that they bare the whole shoulder, often with big bead necklaces above them, but the one that stands out in my mind is the crinkled black Bill Blass crêpe I saw at Lee Hano. It's a slim little thing with a shirred band around the neck; it is fastened at the top in back by a single button, and then slashed to the waist below. As for cages, there is Sarmi's dance dress of white organza strewn with white piqué flowers, which are also massed at the neck and on the hem. As for the baby-girl attitude, there is Zuckerman's off-white silk dress bearing beige and pink raised flowers, making the goods look like old-fashioned

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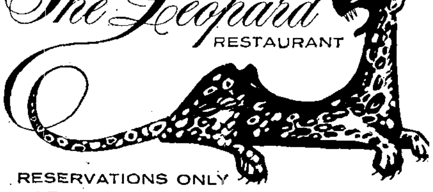

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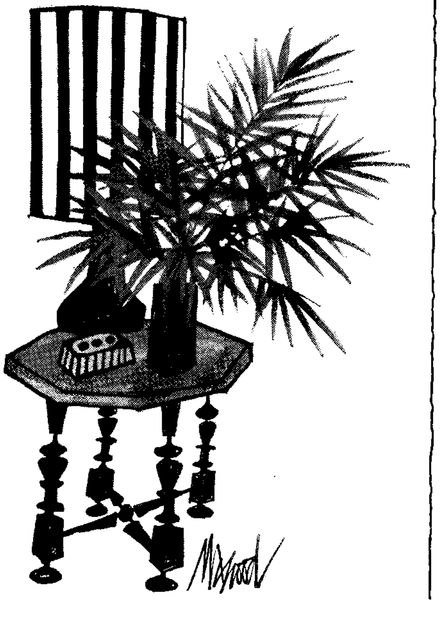
brocade. The dress is skinny and slightly fitted, and pink binding goes about the short sleeves and the round neck.

LORD & TAYLOR's Michael Dayan has thought up a white crêpe smock whose standup collar and band cuffs (on wrist-length sleeves) are solid with white nailheads. The thing is gathered all the way around an oval yoke, and it costs $160. In the filmy division is Adele Simpson's chiffon in a tiger print—no sleeves, a loose cowl collar that ties in back; $185. It rests over a pale silk slip. A Larry Aldrich dance sheath of chiffon in pale beige is all crystal beads except for occasional wriggles of rhinestones; $325. A Dior-New York floor-length pillar is of bright-blue chiffon with yellow blobs distributed thereon. It has a high neck in front and a deep V in back with a bow at the bottom of this; $295, which is not bad for chiffon these gala nights.

SEEKERS of formal dresses that do not require a visit to the mortgage department of a friendly bank can always ask for the works of Bob Bugnand, of which Rosette Pennington has collared a couple of beauties. One, of white ottoman whose ribs are horizontal, is strapless. Two one-inch bands covered with crystal embroidery arch high under the bosom, and a three-inch band of violet cotton faille is in between these two; more of the faille makes a substantial stole. The price: $185. The other Bugnand commences with a strapless top of azalea silk. A sleeveless jacket of azalea chiffon is draped over it, and a violet band crosses the chest. (Can you follow me so far?) The full skirt is of white net that has been covered with tiny swirls of white nylon and lace. And there's a reversible



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stole as well, switching from violet to azalea; the material is a silky cotton.

Mollie Parnis is visible by proxy at De Pinna—a coat and dress, for one, of silk in pale oyster upon which minute red floral bits have been embroidered. The coat falls straight and unbuttoned; the dress, sleeveless, carries bows on top of the slanting hip pockets. Parnis is additionally responsible for the simplest possible white crêpe shirt dress, which sports very high small lapels above a lofty yoke seam. Rosette buttons go down the front of this.

The Park Avenue Room at Saks Fifth Avenue goes in for white crêpe, too, but in stuff that is made only for the P.A. Room by Donald Brooks, such as a sleeveless sheath with a deeply draped cowl neckline. Fairly formal lunches and teas still exist, in spite of this and of that, and for these the Brooks "complexion" suit should do nicely—a peach gabardine jacket with four twisted gold-metal buttons down each side, a shell of tea-rose silk crêpe, and a sharply tailored skirt of gabardine in camel's-hair hue. Really flattering to the face. Women who plan to gleam like a mermaid at night are directed to the one-piece pajamas (the architect is Brooks) with bell bottoms; big, overlapping iridescent paillettes are the wherewithal. This operation is truly scaly and $565. Hanae Mori is here, too, in the province devoted to formal-length clothes. Hers is a smashing thing done solely for Saks. It is a quite slender happening of surah in broad stripes of orange and violet or (and this is more for me) Kelly and royal. The stripes slant down one side of the high surplice top and then go vertically to the floor; the other side combines the two colors in a small floral design. Mori can also be glimpsed, in briefer length, in the Designer Shop, where I came upon her shirtwaist dress of white crêpe—full sleeves, a circular skirt with a mammoth solid charcoal circle in the center of it, and magenta stripes down the sides. This shop stocks many short dresses of "young" lace, one of them Winston's, of yellow silk overlaid with sheer white lace; with this goes a scallop-edged jacket of the lace. Then, there is Sarmi's job of cotton-and-nylon in pale beige and a large daisy pattern; its flaring, round-necked jacket buttons down the back over a sheath with shoestring straps. There is, too, more Parnis glitter, this time in the form of a short pink chiffon, sleeveless, and covered with crystal embroidery and fat embroidered flowers of pink floss. Sophie,

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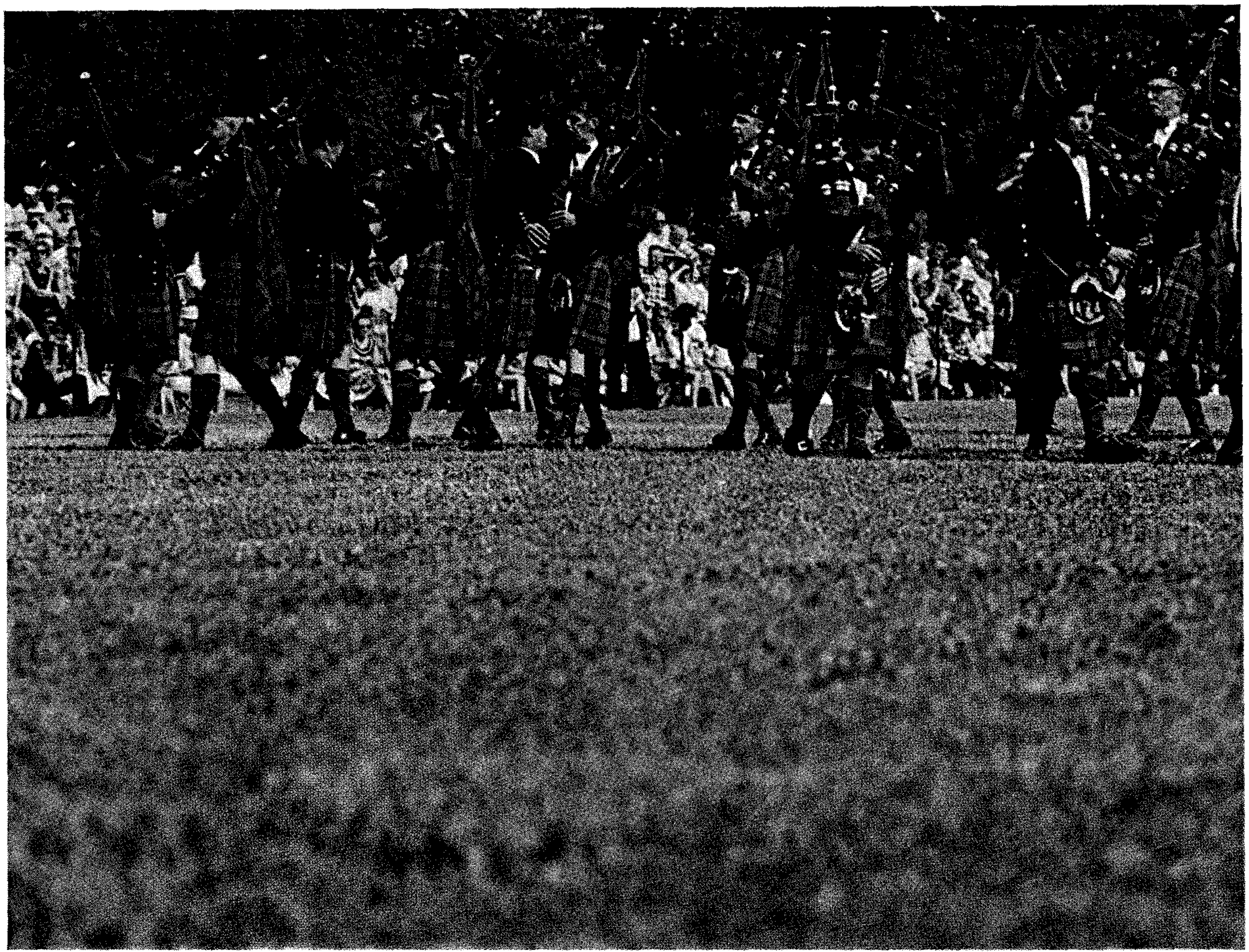

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the leader of them all at Saks, has done a dress, short or long, that is completely studded with plump pearl beads, and she is still doing those long, slim charmers, among them a dandy of white surah on which is imposed a formidable storm-cloud design in dark grays and blacks. The neck is high and bateau; below that, the thing is slim indeed, and the stole that is part of the *mise en scène* is edged with black-and-white ostrich.

MIMI TUTHILL believes in "young" lace, too, and so there is a Sarmi dress of fairly heavy lace in a vivid turquoise. The skirt is A-line; a satin bow appears on the diaphragm, and the neck is high and scalloped. Most women do not bother about being dressy for bridge afternoons anymore (the ones I know just wear their wool suits or dresses), but the once celebrated "above-the-table" neckline is still valid for dining in restaurants, and for this purpose Tuthill has acquired from Pattullo two handsome affairs of black crêpe. One has been given a wide oblong neckline, on which are massed white beads interlaced with black satin ribbon; the other has a broad square yoke of white chiffon upholstered with beads among which satin ribbon is entwined.

WE have all been reading and hearing about clothes with lots of big cutouts in them, but reading and hearing, I have discovered, is not seeing. I guess we will have to wait for them until the good and giddy old summertime. For nobody, no matter where I went, showed me any.

—LOIS LONG

•

WASHINGTON—About 10 per cent of single-family housing started in the United States last year consisted of "second homes." Most of these were vacation homes, put up for summer use, and many were prefabricated. Altogether, builders did $500 million worth of second-home business in 1964.

One has a title, "The Substitute Speaker." The others concern Attila the Hun, and how much togetherness human beings can stand.—*Charleston (W. Va.) Daily Mail.*

All homes concern that.

•

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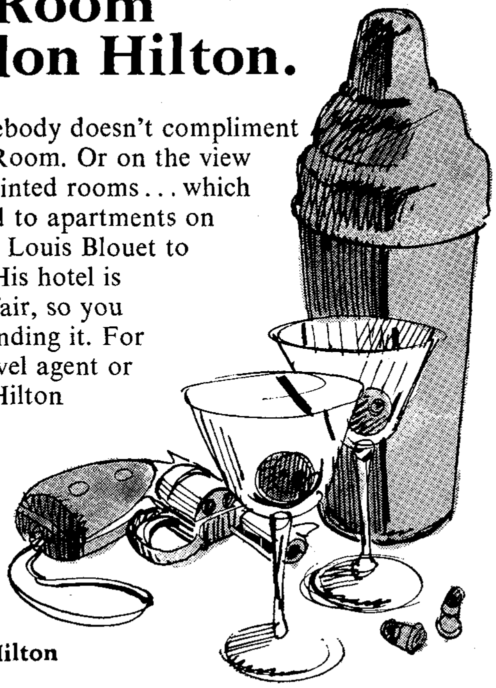

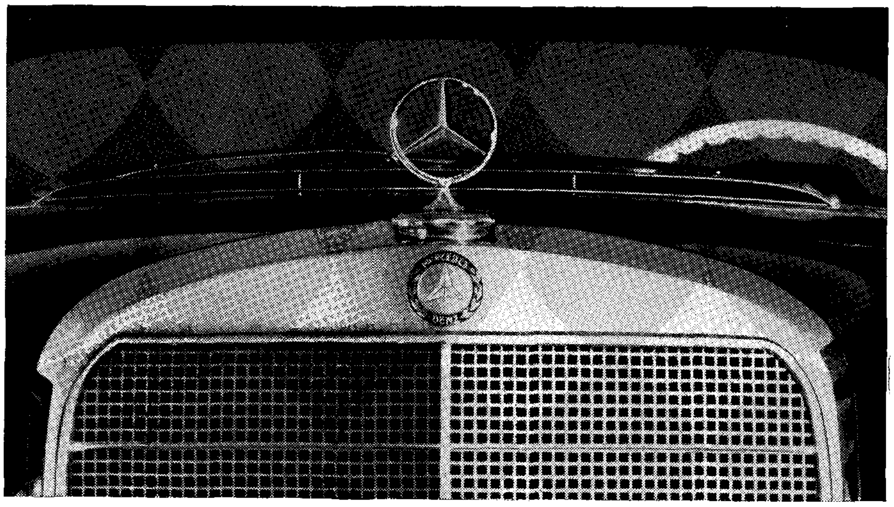

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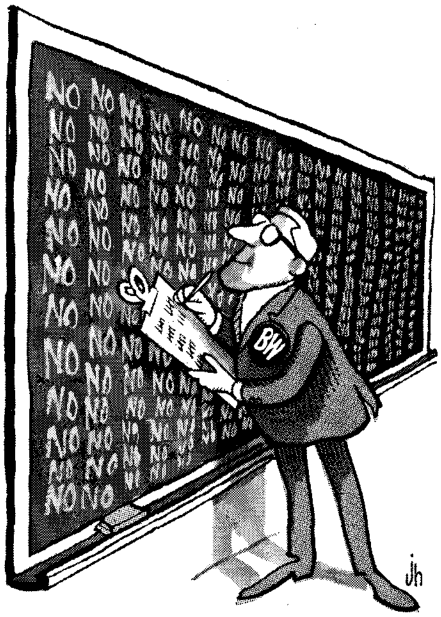
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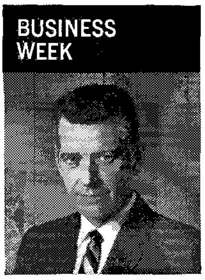

MUSICAL EVENTS

Poor Danton

"DANTON'S DEATH," the opera by Gottfried von Einem, based on the play of the same title by Georg Büchner, had its New York première on Wednesday evening of last week at the hands of the New York City Opera Company in the State Theatre. I am sorry to report that though several excellent singing actors strove manfully to make something of it, it turned out to be something you can't make anything of. I daresay that the play by Mr. Büchner—the Bertolt Brecht of the early eighteen-hundreds—has its points, though, to tell the truth, I have never discovered the "humanity" that Mr. Büchner's work is said to exude; it has always seemed to me a variety of very Germanic *Schrecklichkeit* rather than an appeal to the tenderer emotions. But that is not the main point. The main point is the music in which Mr. von Einem has clothed the Büchner play, or what is left of it following a simplification for operatic purposes by Boris Blacher and himself. This music is almost entirely tonal, and it is eclectic in style. Usually these characteristics are not disparaged by me; I like my music tonal, and we live in an era that is necessarily eclectic, since we are aware of every musical style in history and since no distinctive style that might represent our own era has appeared during the past fifty years. The trouble with Mr. von Einem's music is not that it is eclectic but that it is vulgar, and that it seems to have been written by the yard, with derivations from so many sources that it resembles an omelet stuffed with leftovers. In one or two places, such as the extended aria allotted to Danton in the last act, you can see that the composer is aiming at an effect of dignity, but the clutter of jumpy music that surrounds and competes with his main melodic line causes him to miss the target. I think that Mr. von Einem might, with profit, study "The Ballad of Baby Doe," which at least has an engaging simplicity about it. "Danton's Death" contains scraps of jazz, scraps of Richard Strauss, a long scrap in one entr'acte that sounds like Ravel's "Bolero," and even a scrap of atonality preceding

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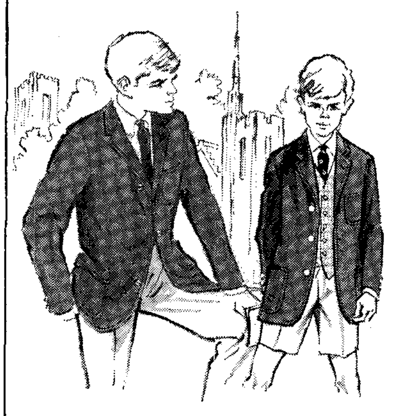

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Act II, Scene 2. It is possible for an eclectic composer to have a certain individuality, based on the taste and coherence with which he does his borrowing. Mr. von Einem lacks even this sort of individuality. His score sounds like the collective effort of half a dozen entirely different composers who didn't bother to hold a conference before they went to work.

No amount of fine singing or imaginative scenery could have saved what went on the other night. John Reardon, an intelligent baritone, did what he could with the role of Danton; William Dupree, as Camille Desmoulins, showed a potentially beautiful tenor voice, which he is in danger of losing if he keeps on forcing it the way he did; Mauro Lampi was the Robespierre and Sylvia Grant the Lucille. The stage direction—severely cramped by a raked stage within the main stage—was awkward at some points, particularly where Mr. Dupree's cock-a-doodle-doo posturing was concerned. The scenery, by Wolfgang Roth, was made of boards nailed together and resembled a chicken coop, which I suppose was grimly appropriate. Finally, the guillotine chopped away. I wish Mr. von Einem's score had been beneath it.

APPARENTLY New York concertgoers do not realize that it is an honor when the Chicago Symphony, under its conductor, Jean Martinon, visits us. This incomparable orchestra appeared in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening before an audience that filled scarcely a third of the auditorium. Its program was an unusually interesting one, containing a great deal of music that is both seldom heard and well worth performing, and Mr. Martinon again showed himself to be one of the two or three finest symphonic conductors now appearing before the American public. He is not a self-dramatist, and his appearance on the podium has none of the theatricality that lends glamour to an artist in the eyes of the innocent. He is concerned simply with drawing results from his orchestra, and he has reached a rapport with it that is extremely intimate. Moreover, he is a musician of long experience who does not need to distort his interpretations in order to attract attention. He presents the music simply and logically, allowing it to speak for itself. The program started off with Brahms' "Tragic Overture," which was given as fine a reading as I have ever heard, and continued with Schubert's Symphony No. 4 in C Minor—known also as "Tragic," for reasons that are not particularly

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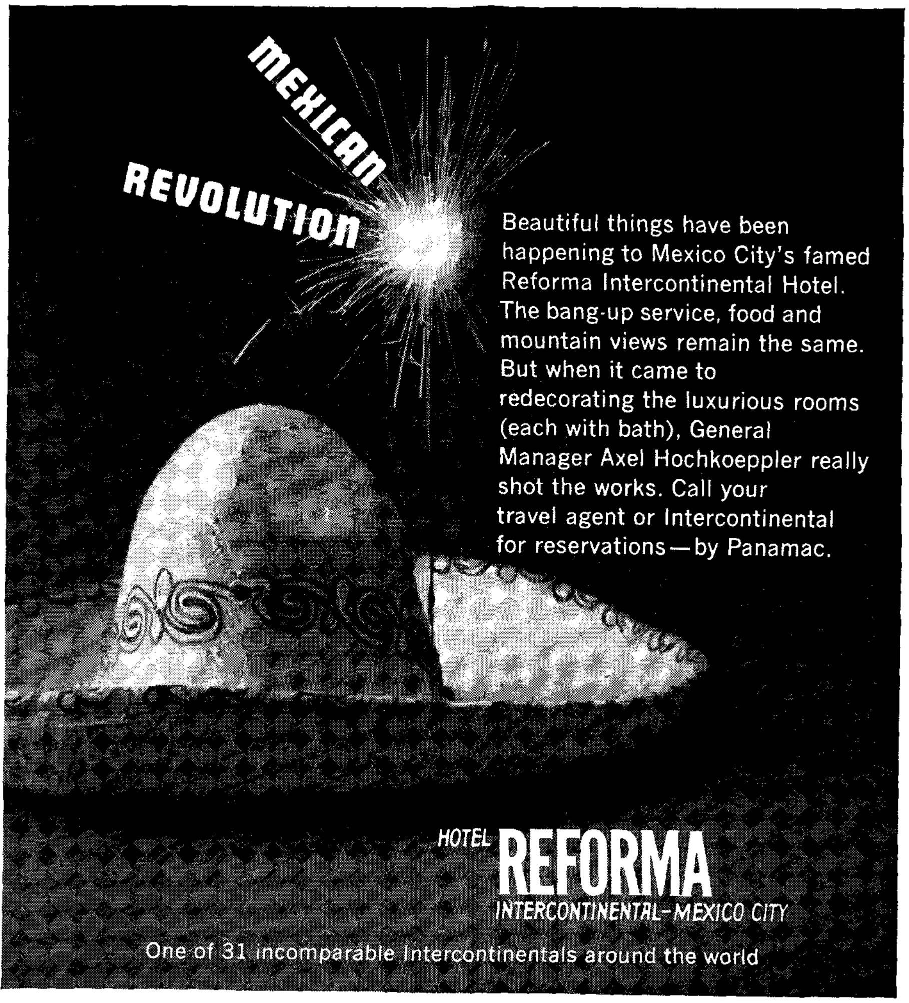

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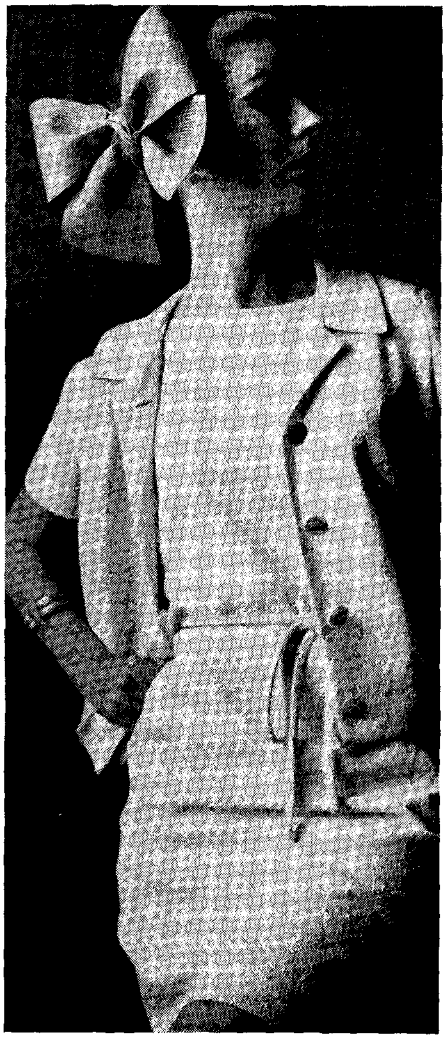

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obvious. This beautiful composition, dating from the nineteenth year of the composer's life, is so seldom performed that I cannot, offhand, remember encountering it in many years of concert-going. It consists of a fresh, exuberant first movement, an andante that is perhaps a bit too long drawn out for the material it contains but is nevertheless melodious and appealing, a menuetto that has some of the fire that Beethoven handed on to Bruckner (most of Schubert's other menuettos take the form of waltzes), and a finale that is pure delight.

After the intermission, Mr. Martinon, with the help of the admirable cellist Janos Starker, presented his own Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra, Opus 52. Please note the opus number, since it indicates that Mr. Martinon has been busy at composition for some time. This work is an impressive one and should be done more often. It is very French in its taste and its consistency of language, but it does not derive from the impressionist school of Debussy. It grows from a hardier and more seminal branch, which starts with César Franck and can be traced through the work of Chausson and Roussel. Its idiom is tonal but exceedingly chromatic in a highly original manner, and it is knowingly written for the cello. It proved to be an illustration of a theory of mine—that today's music would be healthier if performing artists did more composing. Most of the great compositions of the past were written by great performers; the advent of the composer who is a mere amateur as a concert artist is a recent development, and a bad one, because only professional performers are acquainted in a large way with the traditions of their art. But I am getting away from the main point, which is that the concerto is a work of genius by today's standards, and that Mr. Starker played the solo part with the style and technique of a master cellist.

TOWARD the end of the Chicago Symphony concert, I left to go to the Metropolitan Opera House, where my quarry was just one thing—the singing of Régine Crespin as Kundry in Act III, Scene 1, of Wagner's "Parsifal." I was not disappointed. Miss Crespin is a wonderfully authoritative Wagnerian soprano, with a style that frequently recalls Lotte Lehmann, and I found what I heard of her Kundry quite imposing. I listened to only one other singer—Sándor Kónya, who was doing the title role. His voice appears to

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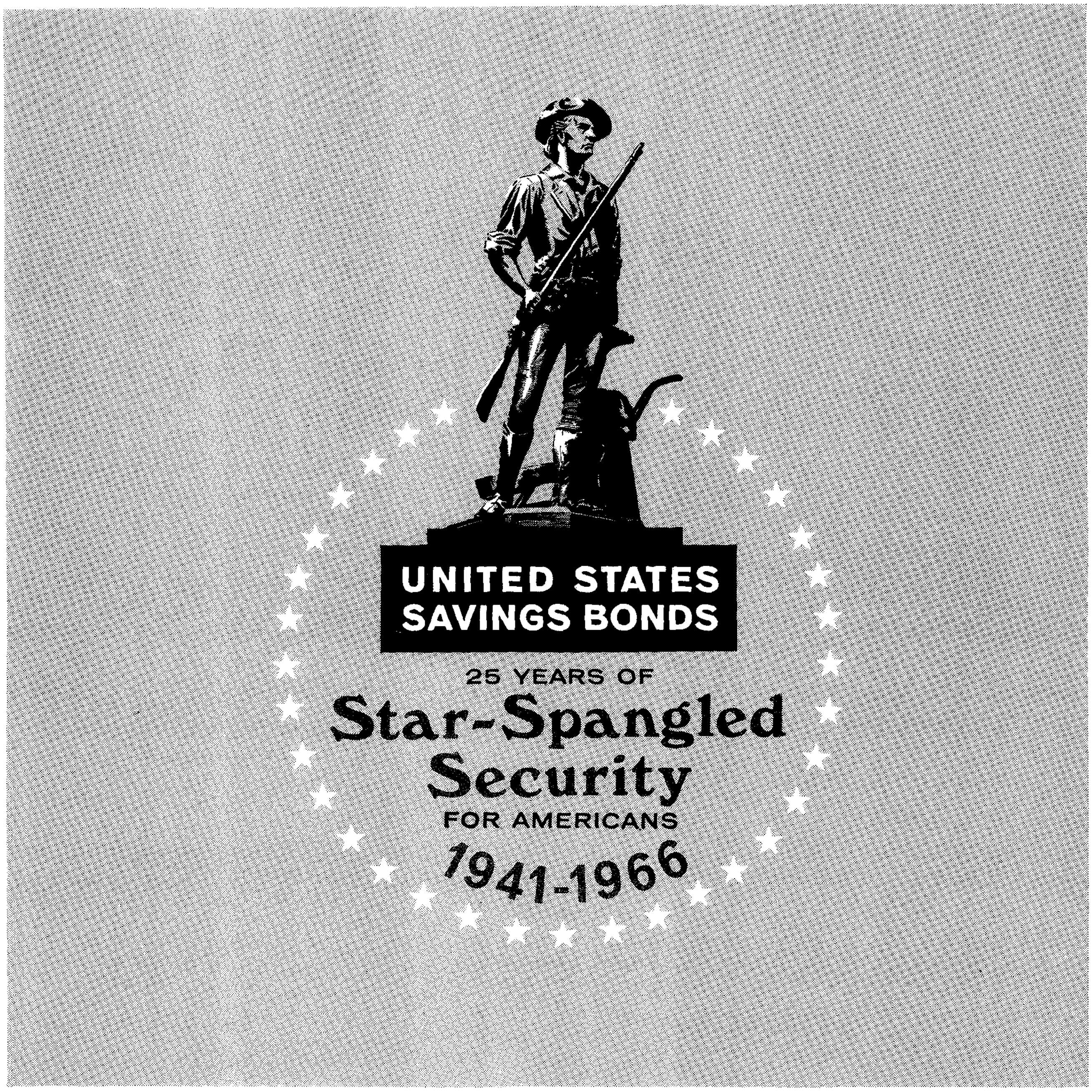

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be growing to *Heldentenor* proportions. While I am on the subject, I might say that I consider it a disgrace that the Metropolitan has discontinued its "Ring" cycle, and that all we are to expect in this department is a "Die Walküre" two years hence, conducted by Herbert von Karajan. The "Ring," until Mr. Bing's time, had always been one of the proudest productions of the Met's repertory; even Edward Johnson, bedevilled by a small budget, managed to put on impressive performances of it. Mr. Bing would doubtless argue that he hasn't a proper *Heldentenor*. But even with a lesser *Heldentenor*, the "Ring" should be done. Last time it *was* done (which was five years ago), it was booked so thoroughly that extra performances had to be arranged. I don't think that Mr. Bing's frequently expressed dislike for Wagner should enter into the question. There is an audience that is hungry for this music, and the Metropolitan is one of the two companies in America that can present it. (San Francisco has the other.)

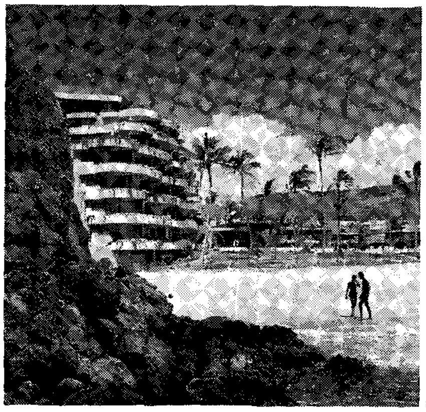
ON Tuesday evening of last week, the Philadelphia Orchestra turned up in Philharmonic Hall with yet another guest conductor, the German maestro Wolfgang Sawallisch. He had a program neatly devised to exhibit his abilities in different styles of music—a classical piece, a romantic piece, and a modern one. The first was Mozart's "Prague" Symphony, K. 504; the romantic item was Schumann's Fourth Symphony; the modern one was Wolfgang Fortner's "Symphony 1947." All were set forth with great expertness and an infallible feeling for proportion, and I must therefore judge Mr. Sawallisch a conductor of considerable stature. The Fortner symphony, though, was one of those infinitely boring atonal items of the type that, I am told, clutter the shelves of Germany's Universal Edition and that are being shoved into the unwilling ears of Germans and Austrians via the radio stations there.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

POPULAR RECORDS

Something Is Happening Here

I RECENTLY listened very carefully to Bob Dylan's last two recordings, "Bringing It All Back Home" and "Highway 61 Revisited," both Columbia products. The influence of this dishevelled-looking young folk-protest songwriter, singer, and instrumentalist has, of course, been growing for some time. (For a while there one could scarcely turn on the car radio



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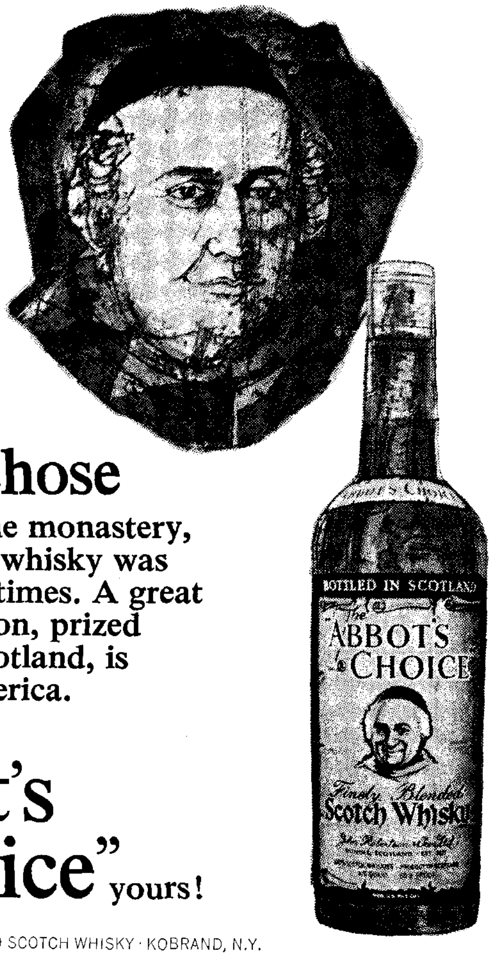
without hearing that edgy, insistent voice raised in the scornful measures of his own "Like a Rolling Stone.") As I am sure everyone knows by this time, Dylan writes all his material, employing an unruly talent that is decidedly in a formative stage. (He has gone as far as to do the essays on the backs of both record jackets, affecting the chatty, maundering kind of free verse that characterizes a large part of his lyrics.) His songs range from fairly simple plaints in a familiar folk vein to diatribes in which musical form—rudimentary in his work at best—is forced to yield to his pell-mell exhortations. Thus, in "Ballad of a Thin Man," a piece of stern admonition to be found in the "Highway 61 Revisited" collection, we meet with the following construction:

> You have many contacts among the lumberjacks to get you facts when someone attacks your imagination:
> But nobody has any respect—anyway, they already expect you to all give a check to tax-deductible charity organizations;
> (Aahh!) You've been with the professors and they've all liked your looks;
> With great lawyers you have discussed lepers and crooks;
> You've been through all of F. Scott Fitzgerald's books;
> You're very well read, it's well known;
> But something is happening here and you don't know what it is, do you, Mister Jones?

The attitude is a classic one—that of the young rebel shaking his fist at the complacent older generation. The interesting thing that has come about in the past year is the acceptance, by the youthful audience for such compositions, not only of the bitter comments expressed but of the bitter voice that conveys these comments. Before Dylan's emergence as a popular performer in his own right, his pieces depended for their success on the melodious delivery of such folk singers as Peter, Paul & Mary or Joan Baez. The sudden assault of "Like a Rolling Stone" changed all that. At the same time, between the making of "Bringing It All Back Home," in which the singer is heard accompanying himself on guitar and harmonica, and "Highway 61 Revisited," he adopted the rock-'n'-roll apparatus, and in the latter recording a sizable combo (amplified guitars, piano, organ, drums, and bass) helps create a considerable racket, insuring even closer identification with the earsplitting world of the young.

The prevailing climate of both records is stormy; the impression left is of a recalcitrant, untutored youth angered by American mores but only flicker-



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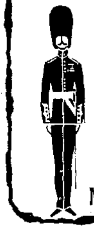

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ingly able to transmute this anger into verbal imagery. In "Love Minus Zero/No Limit," a brief song of praise for an adored one, which is on the "Bringing It All Back Home" record, he reports, "She knows there's no success like failure, and that failure's no success at all," and "The wind howls like a hammer." In "Maggie's Farm," a bit of black comedy on the same record, he reiterates that he "ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more," because, among other things, Maggie's pa "puts his cigar out in your face just for kicks" and "his bedroom window it is made of bricks." And in "Bob Dylan's 115th Dream," also on this record, he gets caught up in the saga of Moby Dick and, as he keeps referring to him, "Captain A-rab." On the other hand, in a piece such as "Desolation Row," in the "Highway 61 Revisited" recital, he manages to convey a sometimes striking picture of a skid row. Each record, by the way, includes one Dylan hit—"Like a Rolling Stone" in the "Highway" collection, and "Mr. Tambourine Man," a gentle, nostalgic song popularized by a group called The Byrds, in the other.

One thought that kept recurring to me during all this was that Dylan's protest songs, not to mention those of his imitators, are much less interesting, both musically and lyrically, than such notable songs of the depression days as can be found in, say, Harold Rome's "Pins and Needles" score. They lack, among other things, the artistic detachment and the attendant humor and grace that distinguished the latter. But then it is obviously their immediacy—crudeness of expression and all—that appeals to their young admirers.

Dylan (the surname, by the way, was adopted out of admiration for another poet, the late Dylan Thomas) has become, we are told, rich as all getout during the past year. Where all that money and his unbridled gift will take him remains to be seen. As matters stand, his is the roughly arresting voice of the evangelist riding a modest musical talent.

JOAN BAEZ, Dylan's principal interpreter for quite a few years now, has a Vanguard recording, "Farewell, Angelina," that is named after a soothing Dylan effort and includes several Dylan pieces. One of them is a sardonic love song (folk-torch, perhaps) entitled "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue," which can also be found in the "Bringing It All Back Home" set. Dylan sings it with mockery in every syllable,

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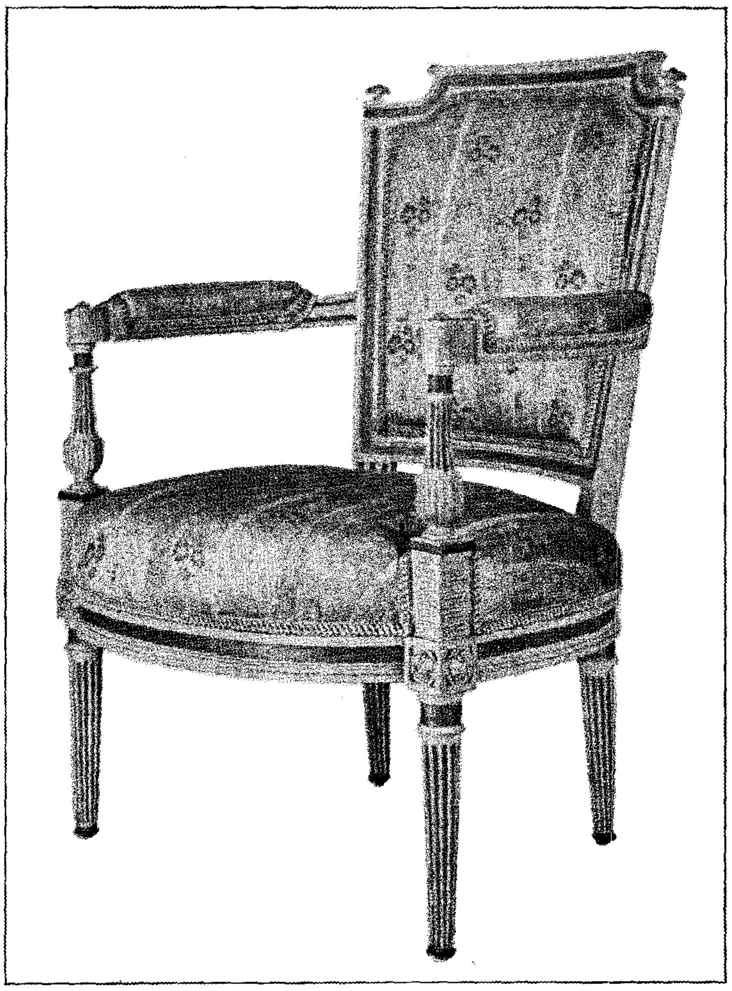

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Silk

Washington Chair, 18th Century, The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, Gift of the Washburns, 1908 whereas Miss Baez in her sweet soprano floats it with a supreme gentleness that lets the words speak for themselves. On the whole, I found her treatment much the more effective. A disciplined artist, she offers an enjoyably varied concert in which she has the support of her own guitar and, in various groupings, that of an electric guitar, mandolin, and bass. The back cover carefully states that a traditional piece, "The Wild Mountain Thyme," is being offered "as sung by the McPeake Family." Another item is "Sagt Mir Wo die Blumen Sind," a German translation of a Pete Seeger work, "Where Have All the Flowers Gone," that was inspired by the Sholokhov novel "The Silent Don." She closes her recital with Dylan's "A Hard Rain's a-Gonna Fall."

I have also dipped into a Vanguard set, "Evening Concerts Volume One," recorded at the 1964 Newport Folk Festival by some of Miss Baez's cohorts. Here is quite an array, as Pete Seeger, that senior citizen of the folk-protest movement, gets off two innocuous folk songs; young Buffy Sainte-Marie sings a piece about her "belly's cravin' codyne" and a less urgent message called "Melora;" old-timers like Frank Proffitt, Sleepy John Estes, and Jim Kweskin and the Jug Band go about their business straightforwardly and with country skill; and an alert and appealing exponent of show business, a youth named José Feliciano, gives suave guitar-and-voice performances of "La Bamba," "El Pastor," and, for a wow Charleston finish, "I'm Satisfied with My Babe." —DOUGLAS WATT

•

Fire, believed to have started in a mattress, Thursday morning did extensive damage to a bedroom at the Richard G. Heaviside home, 19361 San Marcus Rd., Saratoga.

There was smoke and paint damage throughout the house.

Saratoga firemen responded to a call at 9:50 a.m. The fire is under study.—*Los Gatos (Calif.) Times Observer.*

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•

For 11 years, she [Dr. Mary S. Calderone] was medical director of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America. She resigned in July, 1964, to help establish SIECUS (Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S.), whose objective is to do for sex what voluntary agencies have done for polio, tuberculosis, mental illness and other areas of human health.—*Look.*

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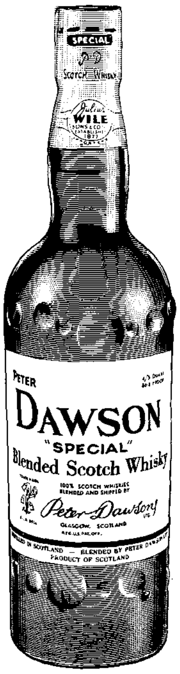
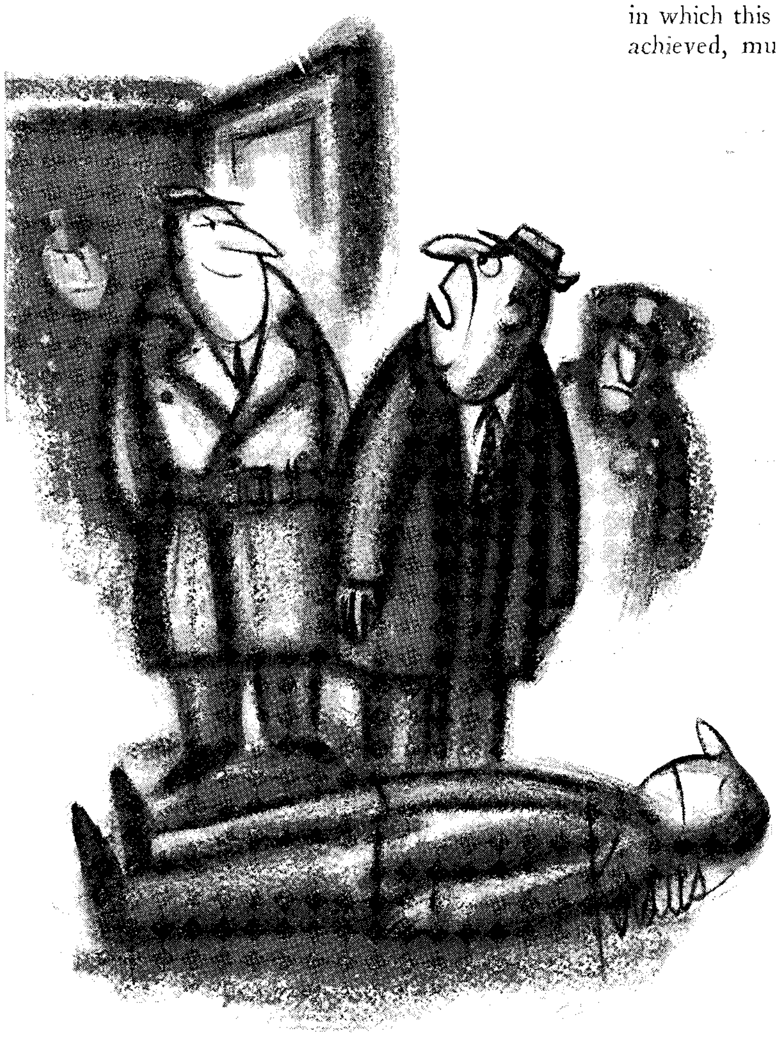


BOOKS

Games That Are Played for Keeps

"The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" (Knopf) is described by its publishers as a novel, but it has all the characteristics—in particular, that of brevity—of a short story. As such, it is one of Yukio Mishima's more adroit and polished performances, and one cannot quarrel with anything about the book, which has been translated from the Japanese by John Nathan. But anyone who expects to find in its pages the sort of penetrations and analytic complexities that make Mishima's "Temple of the Golden Pavilion" such a fascinating and satisfying work will certainly be disappointed. On this occasion, this most talented, and most dangerously facile, of Japanese writers is in a lyrical mood, and he is singing a brief song about a single emotion and the phase in a child's growing up that is dominated by it.



"Don't 'Elementary, my dear Watson,' me, McCloskey!"

There is often a moment of crisis between childhood and adolescence in which a child revises his opinions of the adult world in the light of the fresh insights he is able to derive from an enlarged experience. He is, as a rule, enormously disconcerted to find that he is surrounded by self-seeking and self-regarding individuals who habitually say what they do not mean and who make promises that they do not intend to keep. Disgusted by these discoveries, the child determines to begin a general betterment of the entire world—and for a few weeks, or a few months, he maintains a fierce crusade, the object of which is to force all the adults with whom he comes in contact to reform and to live beyond their moral resources. Mishima is concerned in this story with such an episode of disillusion and conflict in the life of a thirteen-year-old boy whose widowed mother is one of those middle-class vulgarians who have been the principal beneficiaries of the so-called economic miracle that is eroding the foundations of Japanese tradition. She is making a pot of money selling otiose European luxuries to the newly rich from a shop in a pseudo-Moorish building in the Motomachi district of Yokohama. Five years after her husband's death, she meets a ship's officer and begins an affair with him. Mishima's story is about the effect of what follows upon her son. For the boy, as for most Japanese and other island peoples, the sea is the great elemental adversary, the threshold at which man is faced with the uncontrolled and uncontrollable forces of a universe that was not made for him and that has nothing in it to care about him, one way or another. The seafarer consequently stands, in the boy's mind, for all the nobility and greatness of which men are capable; he is someone who has accepted the challenge of the gray, heaving wastes of meaninglessness and has volunteered to carry out the human role as a creator of order in chaos. This romantic view is unlikely to survive even the briefest of contacts with sailors, of course, and it is easy to see that the boy is in for disillusionment of a classic variety. Before long, the fate-defying samurai of his imagination has left the sea to become his stepfather and an appendage of his mother's boutique. How can the man be redeemed and restored to the world of heroism? This problem would be insoluble for most thirteen-year-olds, but this thirteen-year-old is an invention of Mishima's and finds a solution that is at once extremely unlikely and altogether credible. With the aid of a group of his school friends, the boy rescues his sailor from the corruptions of a life on dry land once and for all. Mishima leaves the story at the moment in which this release from mediocrity is achieved, much as if Conrad had left Lord Jim to the reader's imagination in the instant of his realization that he was about to abandon his ship and its passengers. We are told nothing about the boy's subsequent relationships with his friends, his mother, his society, and himself, and yet Mishima is able to make his readers feel that they are already deeply involved in the invisible depths and ambiguities of the unwritten novel for which this short story is a brilliant curtain-raiser. This ability to shape the unstated is a characteristic trait of the best Japanese fiction, and it is interesting to see as fierce a rebel against his country's literary tradition as Mishima working so beautifully and effectively within it.

Leonardo Sciascia is a Sicilian writer who has turned from sociology to fiction

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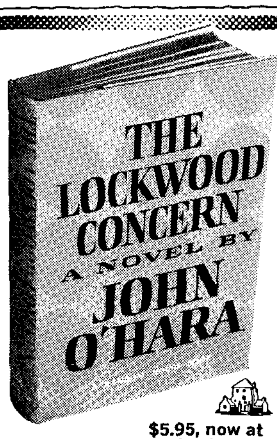

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with—to judge by his first novel, "The Council of Egypt," translated from the Italian by Adrienne Foulke (Knopf)—the happiest results. On the face of things, Sciascia's book is an urbanely written light comedy, telling, rather in the manner of Anatole France, the story of a grotesque imposture that was actually perpetrated in Palermo during the seventeen-eighties by a certain Giuseppe Vella. This individual, who was of Maltese origin, lifted himself from indigent obscurity when a twist of fate made it apparent to him that he was the only person in Palermo who could speak, read, and write Arabic. Armed with this knowledge, he was able to take a commonplace biography of Mohammed from the archives of a local monastery and doctor it until he could pass it off as a history of the period of Arab rule in Sicily. As the discoverer and translator of this text, he was able to secure himself a place at the court of the Italian viceroy and some acceptance as a scholar in the salons of the nobility. Emboldened by success, he went on to a second exploit, this time fabricating from whole cloth something he called "Il Libro del Consiglio di Egitto," an account of the conquest of Arab Sicily by the three sons of Tancret d'Hauteville and their three hundred knights, and of the strangely happy marriage of Norman power and Muslim culture that followed it. The events that Vella described were genuine, but no accounts of them written from the point of view of the conquered Arabs were then known to European scholars. Had Vella's document been what it purported to be, it would have been of the greatest importance as objective evidence bearing on the crucial question of the powers of the Italian Crown and the source of the privileges of the local nobility in the Kingdom of Sicily. The Crown argued that the privileges of the nobles had been granted to their ancestors by the d'Hautevilles, who had established themselves as sovereigns in their newly conquered territory. If this was so, the Crown, as legal successor to the d'Hautevilles, could annul the privileges at will. But if, as the nobles contended, the d'Hautevilles and their knights had been equal partners in a joint venture, they would then hold their privileges as matters of right, and not of favor. With the simple-minded intention of pleasing the viceroy, Vella faked his history so that the d'Hautevilles emerged from the supposedly objective Arab record as sovereigns. Like most great frauds, Vella was a mixture

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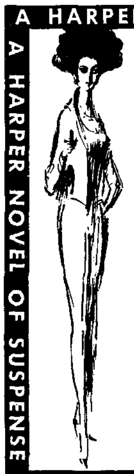

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of intense shrewdness and great naïveté, so his texts and translations were at once absolutely convincing to those who wished, for whatever reason, to believe in them and transparently fraudulent to those with any reason to suspect them. Consequently, there were those who had their doubts from the first, and arguing for and against him became one of the favorite pastimes of Palermo's society, an agreeable addition to a restricted round of pleasures. Even those who were most certain of Vella's dishonesty could condone his profanation of scholarship on the ground that he had added to the flavor of life as a stupendously industrious practical joker—he appealed to the connoisseurs of fraud. But with the appearance of "Il Libro del Consiglio di Egitto" Sciascia's comedy abruptly becomes a tragedy. Vella, in his criminal innocence, has laid his hands on the ark of the covenant of the existing social order, and brought on just such a collision between crown and nobility as was a prelude to the Revolution in France. The fantasist of history is suddenly faced with all the realities that he has been playing with, and becomes horribly and horrifyingly involved in the historical process. Sciascia leaves him in prison, shaken to his depths by the sight of what torture has done to a friend of his who is about to be executed, and then shocks the reader as deeply by taking him to attend that man's killing—the formal political murder to which all the persiflage about the sources of legality and right has been a prelude. It is plain in the end that Sciascia has really been writing not about Vella and his imposture but about the responsibilities that the writer takes on when he sets out to satisfy himself by playing with the words and ideas from which sentences of death are made in the everyday world. It is a fine and disturbing book. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

TO CRITICIZE THE CRITIC, by T. S. Eliot (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Seven of Eliot's lectures, along with two 1917 essays previously uncollected—one on Pound and the other on free verse. Nothing top-drawer, but nothing discreditable, except for a boring four-part piece on "The Aims of Education," a subject about which Eliot knew little. Perhaps the most interesting remark in the book has a Madison Avenue tinge—"It is a view which I should like to launch in order to see what becomes of it"—and reminds us that Eliot

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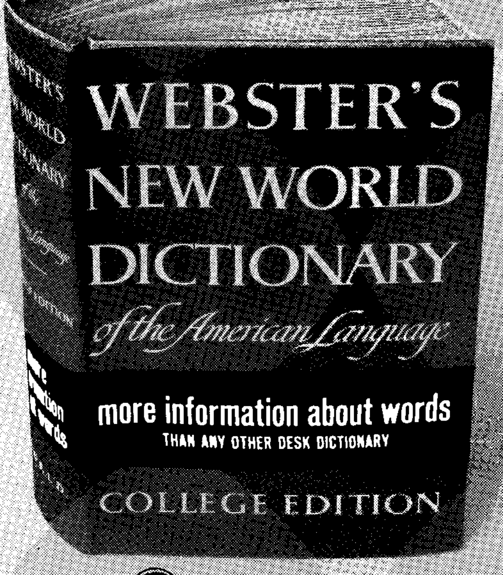
THE GREAT WHITE FLEET, by Robert A. Hart (Little, Brown). A description, in satisfying detail, of the 1907 world tour of President Theodore Roosevelt's "Grand Fleet." This naval extravagance was America's contribution to the arms pageantry of the time, when the fleets of those Western nations that could stand the expense, and some that could not, competed by visiting each other's harbors and bases, putting on lavish entertainments, and generally showing (and sounding) off. T.R.'s motives in sending his sixteen battleships, painted white, to such sensitive ports as Yokohama, Amoy, Marseille, and Gibraltar at a time of mounting international tension were feverishly pondered abroad, and arcane diplomatic ploys were suspected (and appropriate countermeasures secretly provided for), but, on the evidence, all our fun-loving Chief Executive wanted was to make a big splash and noise. Mr. Hart follows the forty-five-thousand-mile cruise through the censored reports of the correspondents with the fleet and the less reverent accounts of foreign observers and some cynical American stay-at-homes. The result is a comedy of vainglory and vulgarity, diverting as such, but it is also watching a yard full of children playing at war with real guns. Illustrations.

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA, by John Stoye (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). This thorough, lively history of the Turkish siege of Vienna in 1683 is the first modern account in English of that great event. Stoye, who teaches at Oxford, explains what impelled the Turks to expand in Europe, as well as what slowed down the Hapsburg Emperor Leopold's response to the menace from the East: Louis XIV was nibbling at his domains in the West. Stoye's narrative gift does justice to epic material—the Viennese were as admirably brave as the Trojans—and the reader cannot quite bear the suspense as the forces of Christendom come, poking and dawdling, to the rescue. The famous characters are interesting and various. Stoye also brings to bear good historical judgment and fine literary taste in his use of the accounts by humble bystanders.

QUISLING: PROPHET WITHOUT HONOUR, by Ralph Hewins (John Day). This book achieves a booby-prize eminence. Its purpose is to rehabilitate the Norwegian traitor, a task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involving the claim that the Nazis fought for Christianity. Hewins insists that Quisling was not a Fascist, but the man he describes is hardly anything else: Quisling had a panic obsession with Bolshevism; he believed in the rule of one party (his) that was above the give-and-take competition of democratic politics; and his race ideology exalted Nordics while despising Norwegians as they were. Since Hewins is English, one suspects a subtle British legpull. But that isn't it—the book is a disgrace, and one that insults the memory of Hitler's victims and of Norway's Resistance.

THREE FACES OF FASCISM: ACTION FRANÇAISE, ITALIAN FASCISM, NATIONAL SOCIALISM, by Ernst Nolte, translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). This large, sober work is anything but easy going, partly because the author writes like a German professor (which he is), and no translation can help that. Then, too, Nolte has so many good, new, striking, fruitful ideas, and he argues so closely, that the reader must go very slowly to catch up. But the book is worth effort: Nolte is a thinker who can extend the reader's grasp of ideas. Practically nobody has matched his just appreciation of the roots and the historical influence of French Fascism—and that is only one example.

SANTO DOMINGO: REVOLT OF THE DAMNED, by Dan Kurzman (Putnam). The author, a well-known foreign correspondent who last spring reported the Dominican Republic's troubles for the Washington *Post*, believes that American intervention there was a mistake, and in a businesslike, informative, news-writing style he most persuasively explains why. He also provides a useful summary of Santo Domingo's past and a good sense of what it is like now, as a geographical place and as a nation or culture. A sorry tale, but a nearly indispensable book.

THE POPE, MY BROTHER AND I, by Penny Howson (St. Martin's). When she was a French schoolgirl entering on adolescence, the author had an attack of religious fervor and attempted to reform her family, who were lax rather than lapsed Catholics. The memoir is mainly concerned with her efforts to have her five-year-old brother baptized, a rite the family kept postponing until the boy's godfather-to-be returned from South America. The book is less

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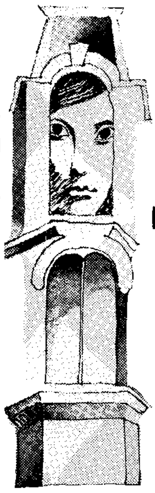

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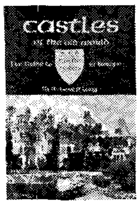

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a story than a series of funny vignettes—sweet but not saccharine, for the author has re-created the scruffy, passionate, desperately honest existence of children.

THE DUEL, by Robert Baldick (Potter). A history of the touchy sport that inspired the phrase "Pistols for two and coffee for one," from its innocent sixth-century beginnings as a judicial duel (or trial by combat) to its disappearance early in the twentieth century, when it finally became apparent to even the hottest-headed officers, actors, and *bons vivants* that "duelling, as a punishment, is absurd, because it is an equal chance whether the punishment falls on the offender or the person offended; nor is it much better as a reparation—it being difficult to explain in what the satisfaction consists, or how it tends to undo the injury or afford a compensation for the injury sustained." Dr. Baldick is perfectly aware that the duel was a brainless institution—and, for all the mouthing about honor that accompanied it, a generally shabby one—but he finds the subject fascinating, and his enthusiasm has turned up a multitude of entertaining anecdotes, contemporary accounts, and pertinent fictional set pieces. The result is an agreeably instructive book. Many fine contemporary illustrations.

ALDOUS HUXLEY: 1894-1963, edited by Julian Huxley (Harper & Row). Twenty-seven biographical essays by men and women who knew Mr. Huxley at various stages of his life—in England, in the south of France, in southern California. They are variously celebrated people: Lord David Cecil, Yehudi Menuhin, Christopher Isherwood, T. S. Eliot, Anita Loos, Gerald Heard, Igor Stravinsky, Stephen Spender, Sybille Bedford, Robert Hutchins. The essays, as might be supposed, are very different. They range through the formal, the clinical, the domestic, the literary, and even (notably in the case of T. S. Eliot) the blandly self-absorbed. But for all their differences they testify with extraordinary unanimity to Huxley's unbounded curiosity, his generosity of spirit, the sweetness of his nature, and the temper and edge and polish of his intellect.

THE HIGH VALLEY, by Kenneth E. Read (Scribners). In 1950, the author, an Australian anthropologist who now teaches in the United States, was given a grant by the Aus-

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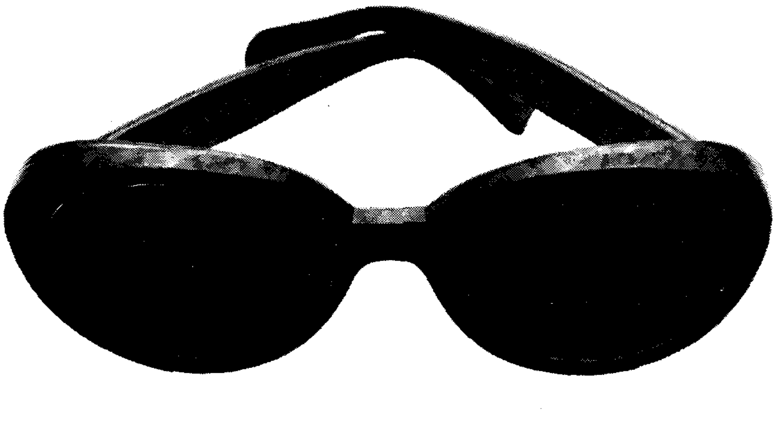

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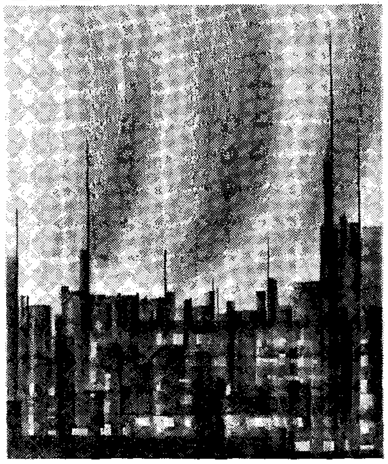

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tralian National University to settle in the highlands of New Guinea and make a two-year study of a native village. As a modern behavioral scientist, Read was aware that an observer brings along not only his cultural prepossessions but his temperamental assets and deficiencies, and he tells us how much it worried him that he, a shy man with a liking for his own company, should be investigating a people who admire aggressiveness and enjoy noise, drama, and publicity. His account of his stay is an excellent description of a primitive society, and a remarkably well-written literary work. There will never be another book like his; several years before his visit, Australia had forbidden the natives their main pastime—war—and civilization as New Guineans knew it had lost its meaning. Mr. Read sounds this elegiac note more often than necessary, but, luckily, it has an inescapably comic accompaniment—the bumpy encounters between the timid scientist and the dashing objects of his study.

NOTE: Knopf has published "The Old Man at the Railroad Crossing and Other Tales," by William Maxwell. Twenty-five of the twenty-nine stories included in this volume appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

•

Analysis of the findings on the last periodic health examination of 181 persons who later died of coronary heart disease compared with the findings on living persons matched with the dead for age and time of last examination revealed certain differences between the dead and the living.—*Annals of Internal Medicine.*

Less active, for one thing?

•

After these steps are taken, make sure the boot fits properly in the binding. Readjust the binding for release: step into the ski and try with all your effort to make the binding release. If the binding releases, it is too loose. If it does not release, it is too tight.—*Boyne City (Mich.) Boyne News.*

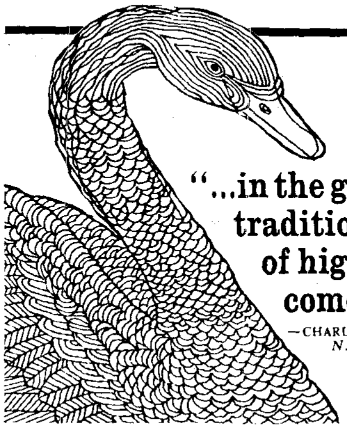
Back to the chessboard and a cozy fire.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Nyack* (N.Y.) *Rockland County Journal-News*]

NORMAN, Okla. (AP)—A graduate in the 1965 summer session at the University of Oklahoma holds the distinction of having the longest name in the alumni files.



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(Most of these stories first appeared in *The New Yorker.*)

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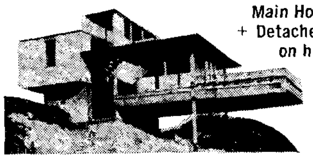

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